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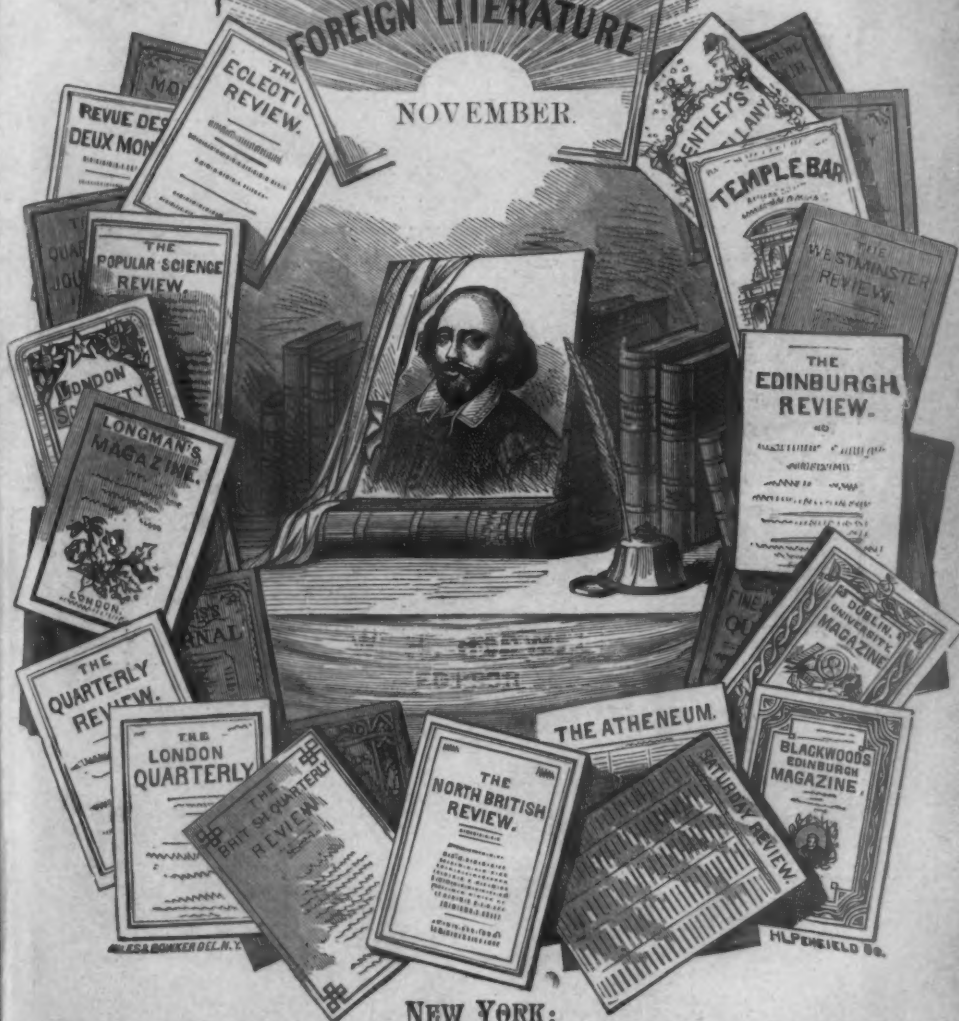
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NOVEMBER.



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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, {
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NOVEMBER, 1889.

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plete in 63 vols. }

THE PROGRESS OF CO-OPERATION.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE AND M. MILLERAND.

I.—IN ENGLAND.

In these days, when electric currents, established by science, seem to run through the national mind, social movements are regarded with apprehension, since they march to their destination with a rapidity heretofore unknown. The hitherto indifferent are now curious to discover what any new movement means, and desirous to discern what direction it takes, what changes it may lead to, and what interests it may affect.

As, however, apprehensiveness often breeds error, popular agitations are often taken to have a policy which really have none, being begotten of impulse alone. Some sense of wrong, some intellectual unrest, will become contagious, incite common action, and all the while be without definite aim or conscious policy. Nevertheless, there are movements which have both. The Socialistic advocates on

the Continent have both policy and purpose. The reader has doubtless seen in accounts of the co-operative societies in France the aims by which their adherents in that fertile-minded country are animated. Since the pernicious days of Richelieu all movements in France have had a policy, and sometimes the policy kills the movement. In England we commonly have the movement first and the policy afterward—and the policy does not begin with us until the movement has taken determined root. Robert Owen, who was the founder of Socialism in England, was inspired by French theorists, and he began with a theory and a policy. His theory was the possible, predetermined formation of character by education and well-selected material environments; his policy was the creation of opulent, self-supporting, industrial communities. The English, as a rule, distrust theories. What they say they want is "something practi-

cal," and co-operation, as we know it now, did not arise until Owen's theory and policy were regarded as dead. He incited co-operation and put it into men's minds, and his disciples subsequently put it into force, and it is now mainly carried forward by persons ignorant alike of his name and ideas.

In Owen's days co-operative stores were conducted largely with the intention of devoting any profit made to founding industrial communities, of which that of Queenwood, in Hampshire, was the chief and last. When that failed two sentiments survived—dislike of competition as a cause of waste and social strife; and a conviction that the middleman intercepted profits and increased the cost of provisions to the working class. Disciples of Mr. Owen, in Rochdale, had twice or thrice failed in establishing a store on the plan then prevalent, that of buying provisions wholesale, and selling them retail. Those who held £1 shares, or made loans, had the disposal of all profits. The society was a joint-stock shop, at which the purchasers had no more interest in dealing than at any other shop. In those days the law did not protect the property of the shareholders, and theft, apathy, or bad management frequently destroyed the stores. The merit of the Rochdale co-operators was, that they introduced the plan of limiting the profits of the shareholders to 5 per cent. interest, and dividing any surplus among the purchasers, in proportion to their purchases. As these societies seldom made profits it excited ridicule to propose to divide the profits among purchasers, when little or none were made. But this device was, nevertheless, the beginning of modern co-operation. The hope of profits attracted new members after a time, and retained them when profit did accrue, for accession of members made more profit, as 500 could often be served at the cost of management necessary for 100.

In a few years Professor Denison Maurice, Edward Vansittart Neale, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, Mr. Frederick Furnival, known as "Christian Socialists," came into the movement, procured improvements in the law, and aided in the organization of co-operation. Then the grocers did as much as these new allies to establish it. The grocers did it by boycotting the stores. They would neither sell to them, nor al-

low the wholesale dealers to do it—for if any did, they boycotted the dealers by taking their orders from them. Englishmen love a struggle; conflict inspires them, and the Co-operators had now a concrete foe to fight. Mr. James Smithies, the chief leader of the Rochdale Co-operators, and mainly Mr. Abram Greenwood, of the same town, Mr. James Crabtree, of Heckmondwike, and many other stalwart Co-operators, took action, and established a wholesale buying society. Mr. Lloyd Jones, Dr. John Watts, and other former lecturers, under Robert Owen, incited the stores to support the project, and now the Manchester Wholesale Society are able to enter the markets of the world with six millions of ready money yearly. They have ships of their own to carry produce from the chief markets of Europe and America. Thus Co-operators, who would have gladly dealt with grocers, are now independent of them and supersede them. Wholesale branches exist in London, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and elsewhere. Scotland has a separate buying society and branches of its own, whose business, compared with the population, is greater than that of the English wholesale.

Co operative societies, thus enabled to command an unlimited supply of genuine provisions, grew in the land. It soon transpired that any society of 4,000 members could make £10,000 of profit a year, which showed that the workmen's families, where there is no good store, are paying to local shop-keepers £10,000 a year for being supplied with their humble requirements over the counter. This large sum now goes into the pockets of working people where they have the sense to establish and sustain a substantial store of their own, besides having better commodities and paying no more for them.

This form of co-operation has been introduced into all the great nations of Europe and America. It has risen from the banks of the Roch, as Rogers describes Rome as rising from the banks of the Tiber:—

"From nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by a river side)
Grew into everything: and year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly working her way
O'er brook, and field, o'er continent and
sea."

The principle, practice, and policy of English co-operation are manifest in their

results. The effect of store co-operation is to set the workman free from adulteration, false measure, and debt; and, by saving dividends, accumulate funds with which to commence workshop co-operation, in which capital shall receive due interest on its use and risk, and the workers and thinkers receive the profit, divided upon the wages of all who produce it, by labor of brain or hand. Thus store and workshop co-operation contributes to health, independence, and income. In England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland the co-operative societies number nearly 1,400, the members nearly 1,000,000, and the profits exceed £3,000,000 annually. On this practical ground a policy of industry is now growing. The amazing success of distributive co-operation has been all owing to the equitable division of profits in the store. The new object of co-operation is to secure the equitable division of profit in the workshop. The object is "new" as regards the day which is, but not new absolutely, for it was, as we have said, the earlier aim of co-operation to emancipate industry from subjection to the capitalist, as well as set commerce free from the exactions of middlemen.

The Rochdale Pioneers declared * that:—

"The principal object of the founders of this society [in 1844] was the equitable division of the profits arising from the manufacturing of cotton and woollen fabrics. They believed that all who contributed to the realization of wealth ought to participate in its distribution."

The Christian Socialists, already named, and others, as Lord Ripon, Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P., Mr. Hodgson Pratt, Mr. Sedley Taylor, the late Mr. Lloyd Jones, Mr. Edward Owen Greening, have been unchanging advocates of equity to industry. Mr. Vansittart Neale, in earlier years, and Mr. Walter Morrison, in later years, made splendid sacrifices to promote this object. It is the principle of profit-sharing to which general concurrence is given. Statements, theories, and arguments as to the claims or "rights" of labor vary with different interpreters. But all agree that industry must share in profits if pauperism is to cease.

The co-operative principle is distinct from socialistic or anarchical theories, yet

it goes a long way. The advocate of equity to labor maintains labor to be the industrious man's capital, and that it should be respected like the rich man's capital and rewarded like it. Until this is done, there will always be "poor in the land," dwelling in unhealthy cottages, in unhealthy lodgings, and perishing of overwork, privation, and disease, in the midst of their days. How can the priest in his temple give God honest thanks "for all His mercies to the children of men" when he knows they are dying of poverty and squalor within a few yards of the altar? How can a gentleman sit down without remorse, in the splendor of his home, while those who make his wealth lead cheerless lives, and the curses of the hopeless are heard in the air? Co-operation proposes to make the world fit for a gentleman to live in it. It is not so now. But it will be so when every man has an equal opportunity of competence according to his condition, and not till then. This can come about only by profit sharing—on the sea, on the field, in the mine, and in the workshop. We hear persons chatter of the claims, risks, and rights of capital. What are they compared with those of labor? Capital lends it money—demands ample interest, that its interest be well secured, has priority of claim, and commonly a second and third claim for interest. But labor is taken without security, is given no interest, has neither first nor second award of profit, and can be cast off at a week's notice. Co-operators maintain that labor is the workman's capital, and has the same right to profit, as capital to interest. They deny that wages are an instalment of profit. Wages are merely a business charge. Interest is the rent of capital; wages are the rent of labor. Profit is made between them, and should be divided between them. Wages do but provide the food and house-shelter of the human machine necessary to keep it in working condition, just as the fuel and engine-house have to be provided for a steam-engine. And if these are not, the steam-engine will not work, showing more sense than many men. Co-operation holds that labor is property, and entitled to protection and interest like any other property. One-half of all existing property is made up of the earnings of unrequited workmen. Capitalists have their wages just as workmen have. The wages

* In their Almanack of 1864.

of capital are the current rates of interest. But in addition to interest, capital seeks profit, and in like manner labor seeks profit in addition to wages. Capital is the lesser agent but it has the better fortune. It neither thinks nor feels nor exerts itself. If England does not suit its owner, he can sojourn in sunny climes, and his interest follows him; and in the end he usually dies with great riches. All the while the workman is, as it were, chained to the workshop. All the best hours of the day, all the best years of his life, all his strength and skill, have been invested in the workshop. But when his strength decays he is left penniless to perish. Capital could not have made a shilling of profit without labor. Nevertheless, capital carries away all the profit.

Is this fair play to labor? Is this equity to industry? Is it common honesty, or common humanity? Co-operation intends that there shall be the same equity in the workshop it has put into the store. Since labor performs the harder part, it should get the larger part. The co-operative doctrine is, that both labor and capital should live and prosper. Capital, the nursing mother of labor and prosperity, should be paid adequately for its risks, but it should be paid only once, and what remains should be divisible among those who earn it. Nobody would begrudge capital its honest interest, if it would but be content with that. It is its aggressiveness which sets workmen against it. Even in co-operative industrial enterprises it not only bargains for 5 per cent. (which is considered fair where there is security and no special risk), but will take $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and then, out of the profit which may remain, it stipulates for another half of the residue, and leaves the workman a sum too small to give labor encouragement, or hope, or chance of provision for the day when labor shall be impossible. Then hatred of capital arises, and anarchic sympathies are created. Capitalists describe this as ignorance and suicidal distrust of wealth. All the while they themselves create the distrust by loading their boat with all the fish, and leaving those who caught them dinnerless on the bank. It is not Socialism or Dynamitism which creates discontent. It is industrial injustice which creates the Socialistic and the Nihilistic dissatisfaction. The working men have capital in their labor, and its

earnings are taken from them. If they took profits from gentlemen they would be called thieves, but if gentlemen take profits from workmen they are called smart employers, are said to act "within their rights," and are accorded repute for business capacity.

Labor is no longer stupid and defective in vision. It reflects, and it sees clearly. Industry discerns its place in the production of wealth. Co-operation has taught many that who did not know it before. The workman is no longer beguiled by the treacherous assurance,

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Workmen have come to see how much more "sublime a thing it is" not "to suffer" at all, and to be "strong" nevertheless, like other people, who contrive to pass through life without the inconvenience of suffering, and yet who "toil not, neither do they spin." Those who both toil and spin are better entitled to be "strong" without "suffering."

The Co-operator reasonably asks those who would understand the worth of common labor—to suppose it entirely to cease. Few can realize what that would mean. No more garments would be made, and the world of fashion would be shabby in a season; no more food would be produced, and famine would set in in a month; there would be no more enjoyment for the rich, their luxuries would be no more renewed. Within three months after common labor was no longer performed, the money of the wealthy would be as worthless as though they lived under the siege of Paris; their comfort and security would be ended; the lordly mansion would crumble and decay; the proud navy would rot; the Imperial army might be bought for a wagon-load of flour; the Queen's palace would be worth no more than a poorhouse.

When the humble toiler ceases to serve, it means that the doctor will be no longer driven to your door; the newspaper train will not arrive again; the omnibus will cease to run; the post-cart will come to a stand in the road; the locomotive will rust in the station; the ship will be arrested on the sea, and the captain and passengers will perish in their cabins. No news would come any more from kinsmen in distant countries; no message could

go out from us to them; the telegraph would be mute. No labor means desolation. When toil ceases, the fire will go out on the hearth; light will be extinguished in the dwelling and in the street. Every town will be in darkness; no protection will then be had; the dead will lie unburied where they die. Then loathsome odors will arise; deadly exhalations will spread themselves about unchecked; fevers will crawl about human dwellings like snakes, piercing with stings that kill; the Angel of Death will move over city and hamlet, over land and sea, unhindered, unimpeded, undelayed. If higher forms of artistic labor continued it would not last long. The author would have neither paper nor ink, the painter no pigments; the singer of "undying songs" would have to get in his own coals; and the artist, who paints "immortal pictures," would have to empty his own dustbin.

Of course labor cannot cease; if it did the poor would die as well as the rich; but since, as any one can see, labor largely and mainly ministers to wealth, wealth should have the wisdom to take care that labor shall have security and enjoyment in the life which is. It is the policy of co-operation to bring this to pass. There would be no Whitechapel whose squalid monotony is only relieved by murder, were labor adequately required.

We all know that profit cannot be made always, nor in every business. We do not ask that profit should be divided when there is none, but when there is, Co-operation claims that the workman shall share it in the proportion in which his labor creates it. Profit is made in business and trade, else whence come the palatial warehouses, the costly equipages, the princely country seats, the well appointed yachts, luxurious living, the enormous—the "scandalous" fortunes, as the mother of Archbishop Trench called them, which the millionaires amass out of unrequited labor?

Co-operation is not for State help, it is for self-help. It is not Nihilistic—that is, anti-utilitarian and profitless. Co-operation teaches capital how to save itself. The boy to whom a visitor had given a crown piece asked for a penny instead, giving as his reason that "his father would take the five shillings from him, but if he had a penny he could spend it himself." So it may be with capital. If

it gives in time the penny of equity it may keep its crowns. Accord the workman living wages and the means of moderate competence when Labor is no longer possible, and capital may enjoy its riches unenvied and unalarmed.

Church Convocations and Nonconformist Councils now recognize that neither morality, nor honesty, nor piety can prevail so long as wealthy idleness can bring abundant riches, and honest labor bring only precariousness and despair. Now the children of workmen grow up, disliking labor, and drifting, or seeking to drift, into the ignominious classes who live on the labor of others, seeing no reason to prefer the more honest vocation of labor themselves. Young men and women now regard work as mean, because it has no prospect save toil, penury, and pauperism. Secure to labor the right of profit and competence, and labor will be the only dignity, because there will be self-earned prosperity in honest industry.

"The dignity of labor" is the cant praise of capitalism, used to reconcile workmen to unrequited industry. The workman is to have the "dignity," and capital the profit. Co-operators hold that there is no "dignity" in labor until labor is endowed with the right of profit. The ordinary outcome of capitalism is seen in the sweating system. It gives to the workman the wages of misery, and leaves him to perish when it no longer needs his services. It denies any legal or moral right of labor to participate in profit. Many generous employers show more consideration, and often pay wages in full when they make no profit. This is Employers' Socialism, which is no more respectable than State Socialism, since it subjects those who accept it to the humiliation of existing by sufferance and charity. Co-operators object to live by charity. They make little complaint of the aggressiveness of capital—that means feebleness; they make no supplication for better treatment—that means helplessness. If they are true to their self-helping principles they need not depend for subsistence upon the condescension of capitalists. They have a better way. They act on the maxim of Lindsay Gordon:—

" Question not, but live and labor
Till your goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbor,
Seeking help from none."

The aim of workshop co-operation is all expressed in a famous sentence of Carlyle: "I know no better definition of the rights of man than, THOU SHALT NOT STEAL; Thou shalt not BE STOLEN FROM. What a society were that! Plato's Republic, More's Utopia, were emblems of it." Few people are as yet aware that co-operation has an industrial policy. That is it. It is—not to steal, and to create that condition of things under which the workman shall not be stolen from. Distributive co-operation established in the stores a Profit Bank from which those draw out money who never put any in. Thus labor has come into possession of means, and means have inspired it with a purpose. I have known modern co-operation from its birth. I stood by its cradle and saw that the occupant was alive. It grew up robust because we fed it with profits—the most nutritious diet known. Hence I have had opportunity of knowing what the policy of the movement is. The Co-operator with such light as he has, "does the duty nearest hand." He decries none who take another method, but wishes them all rightful success, for the world has need of many improvers. He blames persons little, but seeks to supersede the "system" which gives any the opportunity of ill-doing.

Though not entered upon here, it is not denied that there is another side to co-operative argument. More can always be said in favor of that which is, than of that which ought to be. Those in possession are always eloquent in defence of their advantages. Nevertheless, profit-sharing is coming. Three associated agencies are engaged promoting it. Some eighty-six co-operative workshops are in operation. Festivals of profit-sharing labor are being held. The Scottish Wholesale Society has workshops in which profit is shared. The Co-operative Builders of Brixton (Curtis and Co.) have executed important works and have built a costly house at Wimbledon for the Misses Meinertzhagen which would satisfy Mr. Ruskin. It contains a quality of work which has not been done in England for a hundred years. "Each remote and unseen part" of the house is executed with equal conscientiousness, as only men with pride and interest in their work would do it.

Co-operation is of no party, for Lord Derby as well as Mr. Gladstone has been

friendly to it. George III. promoted the earliest forms of it. The Duke of Kent took Mr. Owen's view of it. The Queen and the Prince of Wales have taken interest in its progress in their day, manifestly understanding it. There must be more dignity in reigning over "well-found" artisans than over paupers, actual or expectant.

Profit-sharing can come in two ways—by co-operative workshops, or by industrial partnerships, in which, when working expenses, interest on capital, and a reserve fund are provided, the residue of profit is shared with labor. This form is extending in England, though not so rapidly as in America. The ordinary employer pays the least he can for labor, and labor, taught by that example, gives the least it can in return. The workman has in him qualities of thought, contrivance, interest, pride, and goodwill in work. These no employer buys. In an industrial partnership they are bought, and workpeople make profit by economy in material, by increasing the reputation of the firm; they make profit by putting character and honesty into their work, and by diminishing in a thousand ways the anxiety and care of the employer. An industrial partnership is not a sentimental but a good business arrangement, which pays. Those disposed to blame employers for not generally adopting this plan, must remember that neither employer nor workmen all at once appreciate the unaccustomed advantage. Workmen who become little capitalists frequently do as larger capitalists do—seize all the profits of the workmen under them. Or if they accord profit they treat profit as a gift, although they well know it has been earned, and even propose to withhold it if it be not spent to their satisfaction, just as their employers did by them. Equity is an education and imposes trouble and patience both upon employers and workmen. Mr. George Thomson, of Huddersfield, a disciple and friend of Mr. Ruskin, has converted his woollen-cloth works into an industrial partnership, with the condition that honesty and excellence of work shall be as heretofore the characteristics of all the manufacture of the Woodhouse Mill. Profit with honesty—work which can be trusted, cheapness measured by excellence, not excellence measured by cheapness—are the qualities of genuine co-operative

manufacture. Workmen having small capital, and therefore unable to bear losses, and, by reason of limited capital, unable to conduct large businesses, in which large profits are made, can but very slowly cover the land with independent co-operative workshops. Profit-sharing will sooner make progress by employers establishing partnerships of industry with their work-people, which will enable them to retain their best workmen. It is in the direction of industrial partnerships that Co-operation wistfully looks. Confiscation of wealth, or forcible redistribution of it, is as contrary to English habits of thought as it is impossible save for a very short time. Nevertheless, "Distribution" must "undo excess" somehow, and in no way can it be done with more simplicity and justice than by increasing the income of labor in the workshop. Participation in profits involves no recasting of society, disturbs no business administration. It does not impair the authority of employers—it needs no State interference; it confiscates no man's property; it equalizes fortunes without spoliation; it renders capital secure by rendering it just; and can make precariousness and pauperism impossible, by putting the means of competence into every industrious man's hands.

II.—IN FRANCE.

M. CHARLES GIDE, a professor of Political Economy at the Faculty of Montpellier, who on more than one occasion has shown a real independence of mind and breadth of view which are little to the taste of the high priests of economical orthodoxy, has somewhere expressed himself as follows: "When I try to picture to myself the coming organization of society, as far as our shortness of sight will allow us to foretell the future, it appears to me in the guise of a multitude of associations of every size and description—associations in which the workers will possess the entire product of their work, because they will also be the owners of their instruments of production—which will suppress all middlemen, since they will exchange all products directly among themselves—which will not cramp individuality, because individual initiative will remain the hidden spring setting each of them in motion, but which, on the contrary, will, by their solidarity, protect the indi-

vidual against the chances and changes of life."

Is there any truth in the prophecy? Controversy may have free play round this point; the future belongs to no man, and the augur's trade is a sorry one. He is a bold man who believes himself competent to declare, with certainty, which of two contradictory prophecies contains the truth. But are we bound to attempt the realization of M. Gide's prediction? This question has been answered (in each case negatively) by two men placed at opposite political poles.

In 1850, M. Thiers, who before he crowned his career as President of the Third Republic was a violent adversary of the Second, used the following words in the Tribune of the National Assembly, in his Report of a Commission: "Associations of working men are but another name for industrial anarchy. Actual events will soon prove this to demonstration. Your Commission declares that it does not believe that collections of individuals possess the necessary qualities for the proper working of any industry."

Eminent men belonging to the Socialist party in France arrive at the same conclusion as their unwearied opponent, though on different grounds. They scornfully regard all attempts at co-operative associations of working men as vain and illusory. According to them, these are mere expedients intended to lull to sleep the wrath of the class which labors productively and to consolidate the power of the middle class and the capitalist. They oppose every scheme of co-operation as an obstacle and a hindrance to the revolution they invoke.

Those of us, on the other hand, who believe in the evolution of societies as of individuals, who consider revolution as an accident to be dreaded in the existence of a people, and in no sense as a solution, advocate with M. Gide the widest possible development of workmen's societies.

It may be that the men who extol such societies have some illusions as to the immediate results which the laboring class may expect to derive from them. More than one co-operative society has failed merely because of the inexperience of its members. But the associations which have survived are sufficiently numerous, their results are sufficiently satisfactory—as much from the point of view of the interests of society as also from that of indi-

viduals—to enable us confidently to recommend to artisans the practice of association.

In France, before 1789, the condition of the artisan was subject to regulations which were often extremely severe, and always vexatiously minute and detailed. Corporations confined individual activity within the narrowest limits, which it was forbidden to overstep. In order to pass master in any trade a man had to go through a series of trials, and fulfil a number of conditions, too often determined by personal interest or arbitrary caprice.

It was to put an end to such abuses that the legislators of the Revolution drew up a number of measures framed to ensure the freedom of labor. But, as so often occurs, the reaction was excessive, and the reformers overshot their mark. In destroying the abuses of the system, they struck down at the same blow the real advantages which these corporations secured to their members.

It was difficult to gain admission into the guilds; the workmen who were excluded, and thus deprived of the right of exercising their faculties freely, had good reason to rise against them. But the workmen who were admitted into the guilds found in them real protection and solid support. The body whereof they were the members was, in some sort, a family.

Guilds have disappeared. Absolute freedom to work has been proclaimed. But it affords but slight satisfaction to the modern artisan, lost in the immense factory of which he is one of the thousand wheels, to know that he enjoys a theoretical liberty. How is he, an unknown and isolated workman, employed to-day, dismissed to-morrow, to defend himself against the abuse of power in his employer?

One resource avails him. If he can combine with his fellows in labor and poverty, he may perhaps find in this union the means of resisting unjust claims and of asserting his personality and his rights.

The most elementary and the most dangerous form of defensive association is found in the strike, the common resolution taken by the "hands" to refuse to work for the employers against whom they have a grievance. A resolution which is always dangerous, for the strike aggravates the distress of the strikers, and often use-

less, when the supply of workmen exceeds the demand.

Why, then, should not the workmen abandon this negative form (so to speak) of association, in favor of an active and aggressive union? Instead of concerting to refuse work, why should they not unite to work at their own expense and risk, the employer being eliminated, and each associate raised to the rank of master? This is the aim of societies of co-operative production. The establishment of such societies has to this day been attended with difficulties which some people believe to be insurmountable in the case of a whole class of great industries. No railway exists in France, nor I believe in any other country, managed by its associated officials and workmen. Though the theory of the mine for the miners is not quite Utopian, yet it has been realized only in certain exceptional cases. It is true that in the case of a number of these great undertakings association among the workers has been abandoned in favor of another and simpler plan—a share in the profits.

Societies of co-operative production have found in France their special field among those industries which do not require any great original outlay of capital. All those trades in which the energy, intelligence, and professional talent of the workman are the first and most important factors, could essay this new form of association, and there is more than one instance in which the efforts of the workman have been crowned with entire success.

One category of co-operative societies has been brilliantly successful in France as elsewhere—namely, co-operative societies for the sale of food and clothing. There is little need to insist on the causes of this fact. In such a society the point is to obtain for its members those articles of food or clothing necessary to daily life, at a lower price or of a better quality, than can be obtained in the ordinary way of trade. It is a far easier matter to make a good use of the resources already at our disposal than to carry on successfully any manufacture whatever in the teeth of the obstacles offered by the conditions of modern competition. Hence it is that while so many societies for the sale of articles of consumption are successful, we have to regret the failure of so many associations for the manufacture of goods.

Legislators in all countries have consid-

ered this question of co-operation. In Belgium laws were passed in 1873 and in 1886 with regard to such societies. In Germany a law for their regulation was passed in July, 1868, and a Bill was brought in a short time ago to modify the strictness of certain articles which declared the unlimited liability of all members of such associations. In Italy the Commercial Code regulates the comparatively large number of workmen's societies in that country. The Act of Parliament of 1876 renders the members of English co-operative societies responsible in proportion to the amount of their subscription. In the United States the status of co-operative associations differs in no degree from that of other industrial societies and companies.

Government in France has not always been favorable to the development of co-operation, even in its simplest form—a share in the profits.

When, in 1843, M. Leclaire, whose example afterward produced such great results, wished to give his workmen a share in his profits, it was in these terms that the Prefecture of Police expressed its opinion of his action. "It is," says the official whose business it was to enlighten the Prefect about this matter, "it is a new departure with regard to workmen's wages which should not be encouraged, and which is even contrary to law. The workman should remain entirely free to fix his wages, and should not enter into compacts with his master, which is what M. Leclaire seems to desire. From this point of view it appears to us that the authorization which he requests should be refused him, especially when we consider that by obtaining a share in the profits the workman engages himself to his master for more than a year—which is forbidden by the 13th art. of the Law of the 22 Germinal, year xi."

This curious document clearly shows the state of mind of our rulers of that day. The Republic of 1848 brought into power men of very different political aims. The Decree of July 5th, 1848, opened a credit of 3,000,000 fr., which were to be lent to associations of workmen, or of workmen and masters together. This sum was rapidly taken up. In Paris alone, thirty associations of working men, and two societies of men and masters received 912,560 fr. In the provinces, twelve societies of working men, and fifteen of

working men and their employers, received more than 2,000,000 fr.

But if enterprise had been rapid, failure was as prompt. Of all the societies which then took their rise only four still exist. The Coup d'Etat of 1851 was fatal to most of them.

The great French law with regard to companies and partnerships, which is that of July 24th, 1867, contained a whole chapter, the third, devoted to societies "with variable capital." Its wording allowed of the establishment of a considerable number of workmen's societies. But the law of 1867, which does not even allude to co-operative societies by name, has a capital fault. Drawn up, as a whole, for the ordinary commercial companies and partnerships, it imposes a series of formalities which have not prevented great companies from evading the law and swindling the public, but which have put serious obstacles in the way of co-operative societies, and have certainly prevented the foundation of more than one. For this reason, in 1879, M. de Freycinet, and afterward M. Sadi Carnot, employed a part of their time, as Ministers of Public Works, in the study of the means whereby co-operative societies might be enabled to undertake public contracts. In 1880 a Bill was submitted to the Assembly, but it was never discussed. In 1882 M. Floquet, as Prefect of the Seine, caused conditions of contract to be drawn up and adopted, which realized for Paris the ideas which MM. Carnot and Freycinet had vainly tried to carry out.

Finally, on March 20th, 1883, the Minister of the Interior named a Special Commission to inquire into the means of rendering it possible for workmen's associations to compete for contracts for public works, and also into the conditions under which it would be possible to compel the employers of labor to grant their workmen a share in the profits of their enterprise. This inquiry, which lasted five years, terminated by the promulgation of a Decree now in force, and by a vote in the Chamber on May 31st and June 7th, in favor of a Bill embodying the views adopted.

Before considering the innovations introduced into legislation by these two documents, it will be interesting to glance at the three thick volumes which contain the report of the proceedings of the Commission, and the evidence laid before it

by employers of labor and by the employed.

The most important evidence is that furnished by the late M. Godin. M. Godin, who died recently, was something more than a great employer of labor. He had been a Deputy, and gave his whole life to the study of social questions. His latest work, which has appeared since his death, *La République du Travail*, is very remarkable. He has left other memorials, too, besides his books. *Le Familistère de Guise*, which attracted the attention of economists and statesmen, is also his work. His evidence before the Commission was, therefore, that of a man of weight, and I may be allowed to give some extracts here.

He says: "I do not claim to have worked any miracles at Guise, but I wish that you could compare the population of the Familistère with any other similar population. Its general conduct is excellent. No child of six years old is unable to read; no child of fourteen is without the elements of a good education. At first, this community had but very little education; it has changed greatly in the last twenty years, and in ten years more its general intellectual and moral level will be extremely satisfactory. These benefits are directly due to the association.

"From an industrial point of view, facts are more convincing than the warmest praise. Since the association was formed the workmen have been directly interested in the improvement of production; they are keen to point out sources of loss, or causes of bad work; nay, more, they are always on the look-out for possible improvements, and we are constantly taking out patents for new inventions.

"At the present day 900 people have a share in the profits, and are all shareholders, some possessing stock to the value of 500 fr., others of 1,000 fr., 2,000 fr., and 10,000 fr. respectively. So that the Familistère possesses, in the hands of 900 shareholders, a capital of about 1,200,000 fr. The association possesses, moreover, a reserve of 460,000 fr. and a sum of 670,000 fr., which forms a fund for pensions and insurance.

"This fund is sufficiently large to allow the invalided workmen to live on quietly as members of the society. If you could visit the Familistère, you would see the

old pensioners enjoying their perfect security, insured against poverty till their death."

If the system of allowing a share in the profits has not produced an equally brilliant result everywhere, all the witnesses examined on this head are unanimous in their satisfaction at having adopted it, beginning with M. Leclaire, whose difference of opinion with the authorities we have recorded above. The joint capital of the insurance society in the Leclaire firm now reaches a total of 1,700,000 fr.

A share in the profits is not only allowed in such trades as that of Leclaire and Co., who are house decorators, which require but little plant; the system is adopted by nearly fifty great firms, of which some require a large and expensive plant. We may mention the Orleans Railway Company, the printing houses of Chaix and Dupont, the paper factory of Laroche Joubert, the Bon Marché, etc.

We pass now to the co-operative societies for the production of manufactured goods. These number nearly eighty in France at the present day. Some have been established for a considerable time, and have already executed work of considerable value. A table drawn up in 1888 shows that the Tailors' Association, founded in 1863, has done work to the value of 5,000,000 fr. The Union of Coach Builders, since 1873, 3,000,000 fr. The Society of Opticians, which dates from the Second Empire, has in less than forty years produced goods to the value of 30,000,000 fr. It is to be regretted that this society, like too many other co-operative societies, does not allow a share in the profits to the assistants it employs.

As might have been foreseen, the societies for the production of manufactured goods offered the strongest opposition to the law of 1867. Those which could take contracts for public works complained bitterly of the obligation imposed on them of paying down a certain sum in advance. This sum is often required six months before the beginning of the work. The State pays the contractors only 3 per cent. interest, while they have to pay nearly double on the money advanced them, so that the grievance was a real one. The societies also had a good right to complain of the difficulty encountered in obtaining payment from the Administration of the sums due to them, or an advance upon the

work already executed. The manager of the society is required to produce legal documents, which must be renewed every time there is a change of agent or manager. These formalities are not required of co-operative societies alone, but are a result of that irritating system of red tape against which so many and such useless protests are raised. A curious example of this system may be mentioned. The Administration of the City of Paris had subscribed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. When the proprietors wished to be paid the sum of 50 fr., the Administration required the production of legal documents, which cost 80 fr. to draw up. The proprietors of the *Revue*, it is said, considered that the honor of counting the City of Paris among their subscribers was not worth 30 fr., and struck it out of their list. This abuse of formalities occurs in another matter. Nearly all co-operative societies are obliged, before beginning work, to apply to a banker, who exacts as a guarantee a bond which allows him to receive directly in the creditor's place the sums due for the work executed. This document is stamped at the exorbitant rate of 1 fr. 25c. per cent., even if the debt is contracted for no more than a month.

These are some of the hindrances which obstruct the path of co-operative societies when they would undertake the execution of public works. But all working men's societies, whatever the nature of their employment, encounter vexatious formalities and expenses, which hamper them in their very formation. No doubt a working men's association can, under the law of 1867, be founded by seven members, each of whom pays 5 fr. The smallest share allowed by law is 50 fr., but the immediate payment of a tenth allows the society to begin working. But if the associated capital required in the origin is of the smallest, the necessary expenses swell the sum considerably. The presence of a solicitor is required by law, if not to draw up the regulations of the society, which can be done by private signature, at least to certify the subscriptions and the payments of the members.

Besides this necessity for a lawyer, which is a costly matter, there are the heavy expenses of legal publications, so that the cost of establishing a society the capital of which may be 35 fr. must rise

to 500 fr. at least. This is a startling discrepancy. The framers of the Decree of 1888 and of the Bill of 1889 have endeavored to remove such abuses, and give satisfaction to those who have suffered under these grievances.

The Decree deals with the share taken by co-operative societies in the execution of public works. The first article cuts at the root of a difficulty pointed out by all the societies. They complained that too often the works were adjudged, as a whole, to one contractor, who sub-let them afterward to special contractors, a system which led to speculation. For the future, contracts are to be divided, as far as possible, into lots, according to the importance of the work, or of the material required, or according to the nature of the industries interested.

Formerly, companies which applied for a contract were required to produce a paper certifying that they had previously in a satisfactory manner, executed similar works. This singular requirement, carried out to the letter, must have always prevented them from making a beginning. Henceforward, says the third article of the Decree, a certificate of capacity, delivered to the agent, clerk of the works, foreman, or other member of the association specially delegated to direct the execution of the work, will be sufficient.

We have already mentioned the complaints of those interested against the exaction of a deposit of money. Workmen's societies will be henceforward dispensed from making such a deposit when the cost of the work undertaken is calculated to be under 50,000 fr. The Decree has adopted M. Floquet's regulations, who, as Prefect of the Seine, had substituted in the contracts for the public works of the city, and of the Department, the deduction of a portion of the wages as a security, instead of the payment of a deposit.

Finally, the last and not the least interesting clause declares that in the case of equal tenders for contracts having been made by private firms and by co-operative societies, the preference should be given to the latter.

It will be observed that these are important innovations, to which is due the fact that several co-operative societies have been able to take part in the works for the Exhibition of this year. The Decree has already borne fruit.

The societies for the sale of articles of food and clothing have had no grievances to be redressed. As was said at the beginning of this article, the great majority of them are doing a good trade. We may mention, as an example, the "Fédération," a society which is established at Vienne, in the South of France. It has existed only twelve years, and yet a few weeks ago the society had a banquet to celebrate the acquisition, at the price of 100,000 fr., of the houses where the business is carried on. The society has turned over 4,500,000 fr. in twelve years, and realized a total profit of 261,000 fr. Out of this bonus the members have created a pension fund, which serves for ninety-two annual pensions of 150 fr. to 160 fr. a year.

One division of the Bill is, however, devoted to this class of co-operative societies. It allows them to have, in addition to the members who take part in the management of the business, others who pay for the right of admission but take no part in the deliberations of the general meetings. It imposes on them the obligation of deducting at least a tenth of the annual dividend to form an insurance fund. It decides, lastly, a much discussed question by declaring that such a society can be validly represented in the Law Courts by its administrators.

But the new law will apply especially to the co-operative manufacturing societies. It has removed most of the grievances caused by the troublesome formalities of the law of 1867. The intervention of a lawyer is no longer required. For the legal constitution of the society it is now only necessary to deposit at the office of the Tribunal of Commerce, or at that of a justice of the peace, a copy of the deed of membership of the society. It will be no longer necessary that deeds which constitute or dissolve the society should be drawn up on stamped paper, or be registered. These new regulations will remove the weight of those expenses which crushed young societies. Moreover, new facilities are granted to associations which require credit. The banker who advances the

necessary funds can become the assignee of the money owing to the society by the State, or by the town by which it is employed, on the receipt of a registered letter. The registration duties, which weighed so heavily on acts of transfer, are diminished; the income-tax will not apply to these societies as long as their nominal capital is under 2,000 fr.

Other clauses are not less important. No increase of capital can be made until at least half the amount of the original shares has been paid up. At least a twentieth of the profits must be annually devoted to the formation of an insurance fund.

The responsibility of associates toward the general public is limited to the amount of their shares or promised capital, an indispensable clause in these societies, composed of working men, whose gains are small, and who would otherwise be deterred from such associations by the fear of incurring unknown and heavy liabilities. Finally, co-operative manufacturing societies may adopt the form either of societies with fixed, or of societies with variable capital. In the latter case the diminution of capital which may occur on the retirement, exclusion, or death of one or more associates must not exceed nine-tenths of the original joint capital.

Such are the essential points of the Bill as voted by the Chamber. It constitutes a real advance on the law of 1867. Framed especially in the interests of co-operative societies, it facilitates their creation by removing most of the obstacles raised by the law it replaces. At the same time that the Decree of June 6th, 1888, allows co-operative societies to accept contracts for the great public works, and thus offers them an additional reason for existing, the new law renders their constitution simpler.

The Republican Government has thus acquired a new title to the confidence of the working classes, and to the gratitude of all those who regard the development of the spirit of association as one of the elements in the solution of the social questions of our day.—*New Review*.

THE COURT OF VIENNA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GERALD MORIARTY.

THE sad event which has so lately brought the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria to an untimely grave has attracted universal attention to the inner life of the court of Vienna. Those who care to work back from the present to the past will find an enormous mass of varied and interesting detail on the subject. In the last century especially—that Augustan age of memoir writers—the court of Vienna, though far less brilliant than that of Versailles, was a rich source of anecdote and scandal. Charles VI., the well-known Hapsburg claimant to the throne of Spain, succeeded to the government of the vast Austrian dominions in 1711. He was the last male scion of the old line of Hapsburg, and with him the antiquated Spanish ceremonial of the court of Vienna was retained in its most rigid form. The imperial household at this time comprised no less than two thousand officials on active service. These were divided into six great classes, according as they came under the lord steward, the lord treasurer, the lord chamberlain, the master of the horse, the lord high ranger, and the lord high falconer. The regulations as to court etiquette were very strict. To every member of the imperial family was due the old-fashioned Spanish reverence, a bow performed while dropping on one knee; to all other persons, the ordinary French reverence, a slight inclination of the body. The court dress for men was unaltered since the time of Charles V. It consisted of the Spanish costume of the sixteenth century, viz., a black doublet and breeches with large rosettes at the knees, and a short black cloak; a large hat turned up on one side and surmounted by a red or black plume, red stockings and red shoes. No one ever ventured to appear at court in a more modern dress. Charles VI. adhered to it rigidly, and, if he ever saw a person arrayed otherwise, always exclaimed, "There is one of those cursed Frenchmen." He also maintained the obsolete custom of keeping a jester with cap and bells. The latter, who was known as "Little Hans," was a well-known character at court. He was a dwarf, "ugly as a devil," says Lady Mary Wortley Mon-

tagu, and always accompanied the emperor on state occasions.

To Charles VI. etiquette was as the breath of life. As early as 1706, when Philip of Anjou, his rival for the crown of Spain, had left Madrid, Charles, to the rage of his English allies, refused to enter the city because he had as yet no state carriage, and it would be contrary to all etiquette to do so without. In 1732 he had engaged to hold an important political conference with Frederick William, King of Prussia. Yet the chief subject of debate at the Austrian state council held before the interview was on the question, whether his imperial majesty should shake hands with the Prussian monarch or not. After long deliberation they came to the conclusion that he ought not to do so, as such a proceeding would inflict a lasting wound on the imperial dignity. Another instance of the stress laid on etiquette is still more amusing. The ceremonial of the court hunting parties forbade any one to touch the imperial quarry save the emperor himself. On one occasion a wild boar, slightly wounded by the emperor's gun, rushed straight at his Majesty, who at the moment happened to be unarmed. One of the court pages, at great personal risk, rushed forward and shot the boar dead. Yet the only reward his gallantry received was a severe reprimand and a fortnight's imprisonment, for having committed so serious a breach of the hunt etiquette.

The emperor's day was carefully portioned out. He rose early, heard mass, and held conferences with his ministers till dinner, which was served at one. This meal was a very solemn affair. It took place in the emperor's private apartments, "on the emperor's side," as the official language called it. The emperor and empress always sat down to it alone. No one, not even an electoral prince of the German Empire, was considered great enough to dine "on the emperor's side." The latter was attended by halberdiers and archers in sixteenth-century costume. There were numerous regulations about serving the table, and a dish in its progress from the kitchen to the imperial plate had to pass through the hands of twenty-four

officials. The emperor always wore his hat during the meal, except when grace was being said. In the afternoon their majesties took a solemn drive in the Prater. On their return, audiences were given to those persons who had applied through the lord chamberlain. His Majesty never hurried, so that petitioners had to wait at least a month before their turn came. This did not apply to the nobility, who were admitted *en masse* to kiss hands on royal birthdays or "gala days." The empress in the meantime had retired to her private apartments, where she played cards with her ladies till about six. At this hour the emperor entered, attended by the lord chamberlain, and supper was served. This meal was held "on the empress's side," i.e. in the empress's private apartments. It was a much less awful ceremony than dinner. Any important visitors present in Vienna could be invited as guests, and the little archdukes and archduchesses were frequently present. Music, of which Charles was extremely fond, was played during the meal, and lively conversation prevailed. The table was entirely served and all the dishes set out by the empress's twelve maids of honor. Soon after supper was concluded the court retired.

It must not be supposed that this dull routine prevailed throughout the year. Life at the country palaces of Schönbrunn and Laxenburg was much less strict than at Vienna, where the emperor only resided from October to April. The court routine was, moreover, incessantly varied by festivals and amusements. Great court balls and *ridottos* were frequently given, when dancing continued till daybreak. A very popular entertainment at court was "The Tavern." For this, one of the palace saloons was arranged to resemble the parlor of an inn. The imperial couple acted as host and hostess, and presided at the buffet. The guests were all masked and in fancy dress, and, as the emperor and empress were supposed to be incognito, the restraints imposed by the court etiquette were at an end and much fun ensued. A very popular amusement was the sledge racing, which took place at Vienna during the winter. The sledges were gilt and carved with great taste to represent the figures of dragons, serpents, peacocks, or monsters. Each sledge was driven by a member of the nobility accompanied by a lady, both being magnificently attired.

The emperor and empress watched the sledges from a balcony. In the country, great court assemblies were held on the occasion of ladies' shooting matches, which were very popular. The young archduchesses were excellent shots, and frequently obtained the prize.

Charles VI., like all the Austrian sovereigns, was, as we have said, passionately fond of music. The choir of the imperial chapel cost 200,000 florins a year. Splendid operas were frequently given at the expense of the court. One of these, witnessed by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "The Enchantments of Alcina," cost no less than 300,000 florins to put on the stage. It took place *al fresco* in the gardens of the palace. Unfortunately in the middle of it a storm of rain came on. There was a canopy over the imperial family, but all the other visitors were drenched to the skin.

Besides these various distractions great stress was laid on the religious festivals. Charles, like all the Hapsburgs, was an intense devotee. Lent was a terrible season of sackcloth and ashes, and foreign ambassadors groaned over the countless services they had to attend.

Charles VI., the centre of this curious world of ceremonial and splendor, was of middle stature and slight frame. He had large brown eyes, a long, straight nose, flabby cheeks, and a hanging underlip. The expression of his features was stern and melancholy. This latter characteristic deepened with advancing years, and to the day of his death Charles religiously observed the tradition that an Austrian emperor never laughs.* His wife was the beautiful Elizabeth of Brunswick. Charles was strongly attached to his white Lizzy, as he used to call her, owing to the wonderful purity of her complexion. In imitation, however, of Louis XIV., he held that no king was complete without a mistress. The lady he fixed on for this honor was a beautiful Italian, Marianna, the wife of his Master of the Horse, Count Althann. She was one of the most fascinating women of her time and was as talented

* The term "Austrian Emperor" is used for the sake of brevity. Charles VI. was "Emperor of Germany" and "Sovereign of the Austrian States." The latter included a long list of principalities, of which the Archduchy of Austria and the Kingdom of Hungary were the most important.

as she was beautiful. The Italian poet, Metastasio, worshipped her as Petrarch did Laura. He fixed his home at Vienna in order to be near her, and is said to have been secretly married to her after her husband's death.

The reign of Charles VI. concluded with a disastrous war with the Turks. They captured the great Austrian fortress of Belgrade, the key of Hungary. Charles was terribly affected by this blow. "I shall never survive this disgrace," said he; "Belgrade is my death." His end, however, was really due to over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table. On October 10th, 1740, the emperor, in spite of the warnings of his physicians, went out hunting in a pouring rain. On his return, though suffering from colic, he persisted in eating a large dish of fried mushrooms. He was taken very ill that night, and, though everything was done to save him, expired on October 16th. He left no male heirs, and was therefore succeeded by his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa.

The young archduchess who, after a severe struggle, succeeded in making good her title to the Austrian dominions, was in personal appearance well fitted for her high position. Her figure was tall, stately, and exquisitely proportioned; her face, a perfect oval, was lighted up by two large gray eyes that sparkled with vivacity; her hair was long and of the brightest gold; her mouth was beautifully shaped, while a slightly aquiline nose heightened the commanding aspect of her physiognomy. Her manner, though imperious, was lively and gracious, her temper quick but generous and forgiving.

With her accession the rigid etiquette, which had characterized the imperial court in the time of Charles VI., was much relaxed. Yet the imperial household was still maintained on a scale of extraordinary splendor. The personal expenses of the empress-queen, as she was usually called, amounted to six million florins a year. Much of this was spent on the great court festivities, which, during the early part of her reign, followed one another with great frequency. Balls given at the palace were often attended by over six thousand guests, suppers and illuminations being provided on the most sumptuous scale. Besides these entertainments Maria Theresa spent 700,000 florins a year on alms and gratuities, and nearly a million

on pensions. She required enormous sum for the large gifts she loved to make to favorite courtiers, and for allowance money for her numerous children. Of these the Archduchess Christina, who married the poverty-stricken Prince Albert of Saxony, obtained immense sums. The Archduke Joseph, who was much annoyed at his mother's prodigality, always spoke of Prince Albert as his *dear* brother-in-law. The Austrian people really had to pay for all this munificence, Maria Theresa ignoring the fact that in order to pay Paul it was necessary for her to rob Peter.

Maria Theresa conducted all the affairs of state with great energy, and spent many hours every day holding conferences and drawing up instructions for her ministers. Her written orders were sometimes very hard to understand, as the empress-queen's handwriting and spelling were of the most primitive character, a common failing of her time. In purely family affairs she was as homely as any hausfrau in a German provincial town. She was an affectionate though very exacting mother to her children, of whom she had sixteen—five sons and eleven daughters. At Vienna she used to see them all three or four times a day. At the country palaces of Laxenburg and Schönbrunn there was not room for the whole family. The youngest children therefore remained in Vienna, and the empress only saw them once a week. The tutors and teachers had to report on the conduct of their pupils, and there were rewards and punishments just as in any private family. She had a will of iron, and would brook no disobedience. In this respect she frequently erred on the side of harshness, and her children, seeing the hopelessness of resistance, were often driven to deceive and dissemble. She, moreover, maintained her system of authority much too long. The Archduchess Elizabeth, for instance, complained to Sir Robert Keith, the English ambassador, of the restraint in which Maria Theresa kept her unmarried daughters long after they had attained to years of discretion.

Unlike the old Austrian sovereigns, Maria Theresa frequently paid visits to favorite courtiers and their wives, with whom she would converse about their family affairs in the most warm-hearted manner. The humblest of her subjects could always obtain access to her at stated times. All this good-natured familiarity,

however, did not prevent her keeping a very stern face for persons suspected of political disaffection, a peculiarity in which she resembled the Emperor Francis II.

Maria Theresa was a most rigid *censor morum*, and courtiers suspected of gallantry met with a very cold reception at court. Her rigor in this particular was really due to the bitterness inspired by the conduct of her husband, the Emperor Francis II. The latter had been elected Emperor of Germany in 1745. He had been born Duke of Lorraine. This province, however, had been ceded to France in 1735, Francis receiving in compensation the Italian duchy of Tuscany, the dominion of the extinct Medici. In person, Francis was tall and handsome. Like many gallant gentlemen of this time, he had been so badly educated that he was unable to read his play-bill at the theatre. In spite of this defect, however, he was a man of considerable culture and attainments. He had travelled all over Europe, and had thus acquired much practical knowledge of the world. He was a patron of art and a collector of pictures and antiquities. In accordance with the fashion of that time, he was an ardent gambler, and occasionally lost heavily at faro. He was also a most assiduous votary of the curious art of alchemy, and spent much time in his laboratory searching for the tincture which would turn all metals into gold, or trying, by the aid of crucibles and burning-glasses, to fuse a number of small diamonds into one large stone.

Francis had at first been much attached to his wife. But her homely German habits soon began to pall upon him, and he sought in more fascinating society some relief from the dulness of the Hofburg. According to Count Podewilla, the Prussian ambassador, he was a regular Don Juan. But his only declared mistress was the beautiful Princess Auersperg. This lady was a lovely brunette, with brown fluffy hair, bright eyes, and a vivacious manner; she was a most desperate gambler, and often lost heavily at cards; and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his *Memoirs*, hints that the readiness with which she listened to the emperor's solicitations was largely due to the liberality with which he was ever ready to supply her wants.

Maria Theresa, though she gave her husband the title of co-regent of the Austrian states, always refused to allow him any

real share in the government. He was thus reduced to the unenviable position of a prince consort, for his duchy of Tuscany was managed for him by resident ministers. Francis felt his position keenly. He frequently complained to friends about it. "By the court," said he bitterly on one occasion, "I mean the empress and her children—I am here only a private person." It was probably his enforced idleness which made him a trifler and a debauchee. Maria Theresa herself even seems to have noticed this. "Never," said she once to her lady reader, Madame Greiner, "marry a man who has nothing to do."

Though Francis was prevented from taking any direct share in the government of the Austrian states, his indirect influence on the court and society of Vienna was very great. Francis was a Lorrainer and always spoke French. French thus to a certain extent became the language of the court and of society. With the French language, French ideas, usages, and customs came in also, and tended much to modify the rigor of the old court etiquette and temper the cumbrousness of Austrian social life.

In his efforts in this direction Francis was much aided by the celebrated Austrian prime minister of this reign, Prince Kaunitz. This great man, the maker of the famous Austro-French alliance against Prussia, which met with such an ignominious fate in the Seven Years' War, was a very prominent figure in the social life of his time. In personal appearance Kaunitz was tall and spare. His features were well cut and commanding, his eyes bright blue, and his complexion, of which he took as much care as a society belle in her fourth season, as clear as cream. He always wore an enormous periwig, which, in his later years, was fixed just over his eyebrows in order to hide the wrinkles on his forehead. To the powdering of this important article of dress he paid great attention. Every morning he used to walk between two rows of servants each armed with a vase full of differently colored powder. This they used to pour successively over his wig as he passed by them, so that at the end it exhibited a subtle harmony of varied tints which never failed to excite the admiration of beholders. Kaunitz was so sure of his position that he placed himself above the court eti-

quette. He thus always refused to don the antiquated court costume, and always appeared in a Paris-made suit consisting of a black silk coat and breeches, black silk stockings, and shoes with diamond buckles. He was a worshipper of everything French. His clothes, linen, jewelry, and furniture were all sent to him from Paris. He always spoke French except to those whom he knew to be absolutely unacquainted with that language. The favorite maxim of Mirabeau, "*La petite morale, c'est l'ennemie de la grande*," might well have been applied to Kaunitz. He had numerous amours while acting as Austrian ambassador in Paris. Even in Vienna he frequently drove up to the gates of the imperial palace with women of the most notorious character seated by his side. Maria Theresa on one occasion ventured to remonstrate with him on his conduct, on which he promptly answered, "*Madame, je suis venu ici pour parler de vos affaires, non des miennes*." His religious views were more than unorthodox. His favorite author was Voltaire, and he always spoke with the greatest contempt of priests and priestcraft. But, in spite of these characteristics, Kaunitz was far too able a servant to be dismissed; and Maria Theresa, like George III. in the case of the Duke of Grafton, always held that political fidelity covers a multitude of sins.

The exalted position which Kaunitz enjoyed at Vienna made him extremely overbearing in his manner. Mr. Henry Swinburne, an English traveller, who frequently met him in Vienna, relates some extraordinary stories about his rudeness. If Kaunitz dined out anywhere everything meant for his own consumption must be sent in from his own house and dressed by his own cook. To the guests he behaved like the president of an Oxford College entertaining a party of undergraduates. If they incautiously helped themselves to a dish for which Kaunitz had a strong *penchant*, the prince became furious. If they bored him, he did not scruple to ask the hostess why she had invited such dull company to meet him. After dinner, but before the guests had risen from the table, he used to take out from his pocket a tooth-brush, tooth-powder, and looking-glass. With these he would proceed to wash his teeth—"one of the most nauseous operations I ever wit-

nessed," says Swinburne, "and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied with all manner of noises." His caprices were innumerable. No one must mention the words "death" or "small pox" before him on any account whatever. He had a horror of fresh air, and wherever he went the doors and windows had to be hermetically sealed. At table he would take upon himself to direct the whole arrangement of the meal, such as mixing the salad, and drawing the wine with his own hands, generally with such ill-success that the dresses of the ladies nearest him and his own clothes were covered with successive discharges of oil, vinegar, or champagne.

Kaunitz had a splendid house at Vienna and a villa at Laxenburg. He was very proud of his collection of pictures and engravings, which he always showed to strangers. But the papal nuncio, the bitter political enemy of Kaunitz, whose anti-clerical views were well known at Rome, once slyly whispered to Swinburne that the prince had been grossly swindled by the picture dealers, and that many of the gems of art in his gallery had been bought at street corners in Rome for a few bajocchi. Kaunitz was a great patron of art and letters. He delighted in the society of artists, authors, and musicians. He frequently had the composer Glück to dine with him. The latter, however, sometimes found his princely entertainer's insufferable vanity hard to swallow. On one occasion Kaunitz asked Glück to rehearse one of his operas before him (Kaunitz) alone. Glück muttered something about an audience being necessary. The prince promptly interrupted him, "*M. Glück*," said he, "*sachez bien que la qualité vaut bien la quantité! Je suis moi seul une audience*."

From a purely social point of view, the reign of Maria Theresa is divided into two periods by the date 1765. In that year her husband Francis died in a fit of apoplexy at Innsbruck in the Tyrol. In spite of his persistent infidelity, Maria Theresa had always been passionately attached to him. His sudden death left her prostrate with grief. From the day of his death Maria Theresa not only always wore the deepest mourning, but she had the walls of her private apartments hung with black. The anniversary even of the month in which he died was always kept by her as

a time of prayer and fasting. The memory of his loss left a strain of melancholy upon her character which deepened as she grew older. She gave up attending the court balls and festivities. As time went on, the empress-queen degenerated into a solitary and gloomy bigot. She began to contract that aversion to all joyousness and pleasure which, common among English dissenting sects, is rarely found even among the most devout Catholics. "The court," says Wraxall, "became gloomy and joyless." On one occasion the empress-queen's bigotry caused a most lamentable event. Francis had died with frightful suddenness, and had been incapable of receiving the last sacrament. Maria Theresa, therefore, felt it her duty to offer up constant prayers for the repose of his soul. These devotions usually took place over the actual tomb of Francis in the gloomy vault of the Capuchin convent at Vienna. In 1767 the beautiful and popular Archduchess Maria Josepha had been betrothed to King Ferdinand IV. of Naples. Before setting out for her new home, Maria Theresa ordered her to go down into the vault of the Capuchins and offer up a prayer over the tomb of Francis. The young girl implored to be excused from this gloomy office, but her mother was inexorable, and the unfortunate Josepha was let down into the vault in fear and trembling. Scarcely four months had elapsed since the corpse of her sister-in-law, the second wife of the Archduke Joseph, had been buried in the same vault. The small-pox of which the latter had died had been so virulent as to render it totally impossible to embalm the body. The smell of the corpse was still perceptible and capable of communicating infection. Shortly after her return, the young archduchess was seized with the first symptoms of small-pox. The dread disease soon declared itself, and on October 16, the day destined for her departure to Naples, she was a corpse.

This sad event excited great indignation. The empress-queen's bigotry, in fact, was intensely unpopular in Vienna, where Catholicism never assumed so gloomy a tone as it did in Spain. Dr. Moore, who visited Austria in 1778, writes at great length on the singularly pleasing aspect of religion in that country.

"Many of my female acquaintance," says he, "have embroidered some fanciful piece of

superstition of their own upon the extensive ground which the Roman Catholic faith affords. In a lady's house, a few days ago, I happened to take up a book which lay upon the table; a small picture of the Virgin Mary on vellum fell out from between the leaves; under the figure of the Virgin, there was an inscription, which I translate literally: 'This is presented by — to her dearest friend —, in token of the sincerest regard and affection; begging that, as often as she beholds this figure of the Blessed Virgin, she may mix a sentiment of affection for her absent friend, with the emotions of gratitude and adoration she feels for the mother of Jesus.' The lady informed me, that it was usual for intimate friends to send such presents to each other when they were about to separate, and when there was a probability of their being long asunder."

Another extract from Dr. Moore's writings will show that the insignia of religion were sometimes regarded in a very lively manner. On one occasion the Doctor was taken by M. de Breteuil, the French ambassador, to visit a monastery on Mount Calenberg. Some noble ladies from Vienna were of the party and had obtained special permission to view the monastery.

"One lady of a gay disposition laid hold of a scourge which hung at one of the father's belts, and desired he would make her a present of it, for she wished to use it when she returned home, having, as she said, been a great sinner. The father, with great gallantry, begged she would spare her own fair skin, assuring her that he would give himself a hearty flogging on her account that very evening; and, to prove how much he was in earnest, fell directly on his knees before a little altar and began to whip his shoulders with great earnestness, declaring that, when the ladies should retire, he would lay it with the same violence on his naked body; for he was determined she should be as free from sin as she was on the day of her birth. This melted the heart of the lady; she begged the father might take no more of her faults upon his shoulders. She now assured him that her slips had been very venial, and that she was convinced that what he had already suffered would clear her as completely as if he should whip himself to the bone."

The monks had previously pledged their visitors in bumpers of Tokay, and this probably accounted for the reverend father's gallantry.

The end of Maria Theresa's life was a sad spectacle. In personal appearance she had much changed for the worse. The beauty, tenderness, and grace which had roused the enthusiasm of the Hungarian magnates in 1741 were all gone. The empress-queen's face had been fearfully disfigured by an attack of the small-pox

and by an accident which happened to one of her travelling carriages. Her once graceful form had become so unwieldy in its bulk that machines were required to move her from one floor to another. The progress of state affairs was not to her liking. Her son Joseph had imbibed all the views of the French philosophers, and she knew that her death would be the signal for the most radical changes in Church and State. By the autumn of 1780 she had begun to grow very weak. In spite of this, she spent her whole time in prayer and meditation over the tomb of Francis. At last dropsy set in, and after a few days' suffering she expired on November 29th, 1780. The name of her husband Francis was the last on her lips.

Her eldest son, the Archduke Joseph, had enjoyed the empty dignity of German emperor since his father's death, in 1765. His mother had also given him the title of co-regent in her own dominions. But this, as we have seen, meant little, as to the day of her death Maria Theresa kept the chief direction of affairs rigidly in her own hands. It was not thus till 1780, when Joseph was already in his fortieth year, that he found himself actual sovereign of the Austrian states. Numerous descriptions of Joseph II.'s person and character have been given by tourists who visited Vienna during the last few years of Maria Theresa's reign. He was of middle size, with a slim, well-built figure; his hair was long and fair, his eyes blue, his features aquiline, and his manner quick and determined. In imitation of his model, Frederick the Great, Joseph always wore a military uniform. He was intensely desirous of acquiring knowledge. For this purpose he travelled much and carefully observed the condition of the various countries through which he passed. He used to engage in conversation with any men of light and leading he might happen to meet. He always led the discussion to the subject in which they were specially skilled, and listened attentively to what they said. In order to put people at their ease, he frequented the *salons* of Vienna just like a private person. Swinburne frequently met the emperor at private parties, and noticed with astonishment that his Majesty's entrance made no change in the manner or attitude of the guests. This abandonment of all punctilio in his presence was due to Joseph's

own orders. "It would be hard," he said to Dr. Moore, "if, because I have the ill fortune to be an emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life which are so much to my taste."

Joseph's married life was not happy. His first wife was Isabella, daughter of Don Philip, the Spanish duke of Parma. The young girl—an olive skinned, dark-eyed brunette—had been secretly attached to a page at her father's court, and, in spite of the affection which Joseph lavished on her, she was never able to feel any love for her Austrian husband. She was always melancholy in the midst of her splendors, and was, moreover, oppressed by the forebodings of an early death. She bore Joseph a daughter in 1761. Two years later she was attacked by that scourge of the eighteenth century, the small-pox. She died on November 27th, 1763. Joseph had attended her throughout her illness with the most loving care. On her death he fell into a paroxysm of grief. At this moment his sister Christina, in the hope, it may be charitably supposed, of moderating his transports, revealed to him the fact that his wife Isabella had never really loved him, and that her affectionate manners had only been assumed. A more heartless proceeding cannot be imagined. Joseph never got over the shock of this revelation. To it is due the cynical bitterness which lies like a cloud over the bright aspirations of his future life.

Joseph's second marriage was one of policy only. The wife eventually fixed on for him was Maria Josepha, sister to Maximilian, the Elector of Bavaria. This union held out great political advantages, the Bavarian connection, with a view of ultimately getting Bavaria exchanged for the Netherlands, having always been a central point of the Austrian diplomacy. Joseph's second wife was unprepossessing, unhealthy, and devoid of talent. Her husband never even pretended to show the slightest affection for her, and she always turned pale and trembled whenever he came into the room. She died of small-pox in 1767. Joseph never married again. The two daughters born to him by his first wife both died in infancy, and by the time of his accession to the throne he had resigned himself to look on his brother Leopold as his heir.

The Archduke Joseph's earnestness,

simple life, and evident intention to carry out extensive reforms had aroused the most intense excitement at Vienna. On his accession the popular expectations were in no way disappointed. Joseph's watchwords were Reform and Economy. The pompous splendor which had characterized the court even during the last years of Maria Theresa came to a sudden end. The empress-queen's expenses had amounted to six million florins a year. Those of Joseph II. barely touched half a million. During his long exclusion from power Joseph had contracted a bitter detestation of the two classes of men who had most victimized his mother, courtiers and priests. The *Tartuffes* were driven from the palace. The number of court offices was ruthlessly cut down. All the great court festivals known as gala days, then forty in number, were abolished, with the single exception of New Year's Day. What remained of the old Spanish costume and ceremonial was now finally swept away. The emperor appeared on the throne of his fathers attired in a simple military uniform. "My lord chamberlain," said Joseph with a grin, "will faint when he sees this." That stately official might indeed have said that the glory was departed. The special table maintained for the entertainment of his staff was abolished, and the under chamberlains on duty were ordered to leave the palace at one o'clock and get their dinner elsewhere.

— In his public capacity Joseph worked as hard as Frederick the Great. In summer he rose at five, in winter at six. He then slipped on a dressing gown and worked through piles of despatches till nine o'clock, when he stopped for a frugal breakfast. He then dressed and went to the audience chamber. Not only was he accessible to all, but, being well acquainted with the tyranny of the court underlings, he used to go into the corridor outside the audience chamber at regular intervals and ask who wished to see him. He never, says Wraxall, kept any one waiting with whom he had made an appointment. At about twelve the emperor broke up the *levée* and went for a drive. He usually drove himself in an open *calèche* drawn by two English horses. The drive finished, Joseph returned to his dinner. This meal, except on meagre days, consisted of five plain dishes—a

soup, a *bouilli*, vegetables, a *fricassee*, and a *rôti*. These were brought to his apartment in five deep dishes, placed one upon the other; they were laid on the stove in order to keep them warm till the emperor was ready. The dinner was ordered for two o'clock. Joseph, however, on returning from his drive, usually looked over any important despatches which had come in during his absence. It was thus frequently as late as five o'clock before he sat down to table. The dinner, which must have been rather flat by this time, was very unceremonious. In Vienna Joseph always dined alone. He was waited on by one servant, with whom he used to converse during the meal. In the country, however, he frequently had guests from the nobility. When on his travels his secretaries always dined with him.

After dinner Joseph enjoyed an hour's music. He was an excellent pianist and sang with a fine bass voice. He then returned to his work, at which he continued till about seven o'clock, when, if not pressed for time, he always drove to the theatre. He was extremely fond of comic operas and broad farces. It was characteristic of him that he went to the theatre like a private person, and always refused to occupy the imperial box.

Joseph, though not a libertine, was no woman-hater like the old cynic of *Sans-Souci*. After the theatre he went to some reception, where he finished the evening in pleasant conversation with a party of ladies. Up to 1777 Joseph's favorite resort had been the *salon* of Countess Windischgratz. After her death in that year he spent his evenings at the Lichtenstein Palace. He here used invariably to meet a chosen *coterie* of five great ladies—"Les cinq dames réunies de la société qui m'y ont toléré," he called them on his death-bed. English visitors who were present at these receptions speak of them as delightful. Conversation was the only recreation allowed, for Joseph, unlike his father, never played at cards. Between ten and eleven Joseph returned home. He at once went to his study and worked often till long beyond midnight. He then took a plate of soup and retired for the night. His bed was merely a sack filled with straw. Only just before his death could he be brought to use a mattress stuffed with feathers.

The foregoing sketch of Joseph's daily routine shows that the life of a really hard-working and conscientious monarch is one of the hardest in existence. The important political events of his reign are beyond our province. It therefore merely remains for us to tell very briefly the sad story of his end.

The severe labors to which Joseph surrendered himself had by the year 1787 begun to tell seriously upon a frame which contained the seeds of consumption. His physical weakness was aggravated by the failure of his various reforming measures and by the collapse of the Austrian army in the Turkish campaign of 1788. Joseph's ecclesiastical changes had brought down upon him the most violent denunciations from every section of the Austrian clergy. The nobility, for whose insolence toward the lower and middle classes he felt the most burning indignation, regarded him with inveterate hatred. He had always refused to acknowledge the claims of birth, and had presented commoners to episcopal sees and to high posts in the civil service. Worse than this, he had bestowed patents of nobility on persons engaged in commercial pursuits, as, for instance, the worthy banker, Joseph Michael Arnstein, who, moreover, was a Jew. Joseph evidently held the doctrine that before the state, as represented by himself, all men were equal. When a nobleman mildly hinted to him that it would be more in accordance with the fitness of things if he, Joseph, were to consort more with the nobles, his equals, and less with people who were absolutely of no birth at all, like Mozart for instance, who was only a musician, Joseph turned on the speaker and retorted, "If I wished to keep company only with my equals, I should have to go down to the vault in the Capuchins and pass my days among the coffins of my ancestors."

During the Turkish campaign of 1788 Joseph caught a bad fever in the Hungarian marshes. He recovered from this first illness, but the end was evidently close at hand. The emperor had grown thin and pale, his voice, once so strong, had sunk to a husky whisper, his clear blue eyes—"imperial" blue as his friends had fondly called them—had become weak and watery. In spite of the remonstrances of his physicians, he still continued his labors on behalf of the state. Meantime

his political troubles grew and multiplied; the Netherlands, where he had introduced extensive reforms with the view of uniting those provinces more closely to the central government of Vienna, were in active revolt. The Hungarian magnates, furious at his generous efforts on behalf of their miserable serfs, were openly threatening insurrection. At last, on January 28th, 1790, Joseph found himself compelled to issue the celebrated decree by which he revoked all his reforms. From this blow he never recovered; he began to sink rapidly, and on February 12th his chief physician informed him that there was no hope.

Even on his death-bed more troubles were to come upon him. On the 15th, after saying farewell to his generals, he expressed a wish to take leave of the wife of his nephew Francis, Elizabeth of Wurtemberg. The latter, a pretty and engaging princess, had always been a favorite of his, and her affection had done much to brighten the last sad months of his reign. The princess was in an advanced state of pregnancy, and Joseph, fearing lest his ghastly appearance might cause her a sudden shock, bade his room be darkened, with the exception of one taper which stood at some distance from his bed. Scarcely, however, had the young princess entered the gloomy chamber and heard his first faltering words of greeting than she fainted away and had to be carried out. A few hours after she was seized with the pangs of labor, and was delivered prematurely of a child amid frightful sufferings. By the dawn of February 17th she was dead. The lord chamberlain, Count Rosenberg, had to communicate the news of this sad event to the dying emperor. On hearing it, Joseph cried out—

"O Lord! Thy will be done! what I suffer no tongue can tell! I thought I was prepared to bear all the agony of death which the Lord would vouchsafe to lay upon me; but this dreadful calamity exceeds everything that I have suffered in this miserable world."

The emperor remained for some hours in a state of stupor. He, however, rallied enough to add a few codicils to his will, leaving legacies to old servants and to the widows of certain deserving officers who had fallen in the Turkish war. On February 19th the emperor made his peace

with God, and in the early morning of February 20th he passed away.

Joseph II. was succeeded in all his dignities by his brother Leopold, a ruler who, though a dilettante and a profligate, possessed political and diplomatic talents of the highest order. With his accession commences a new period in the history of Austria. It falls to the imperial house of

Hapsburg, as the chief representative of the old *régime*, to bear the brunt of the fight against the civil and military propaganda of the French Revolution. And as that event is usually taken as setting an end to the shallow yet splendid life of the eighteenth century, it is here that we propose to conclude our sketch of the old court of Vienna.—*Temple Bar.*

ELEPHANT KRAALS.

BY SIR W. H. GREGORY.

On arriving at Aden, I found a letter from the Governor of Ceylon, inviting me to make no arrangements on reaching that island, as there was to be an Elephant Kraal early in February at a place about fifty miles from Colombo. This was very exciting news to one during whose government of nearly six years in Ceylon, there had not been a single kraal.

The whole affair was a private concern got up by certain chiefs of the Western Provinces as a compliment to their new governor. They took the entire expense on themselves of driving in the elephants, and of erecting some very pretty and comfortable houses, made of the leaves of the talipot palm, for the accommodation of the Governor and his party, and of the local officials. The promoters of the entertainment, however, expected to recoup themselves for their outlay by the sale of the captured elephants, but the sport alone would have induced them to undertake it. It seldom comes, it is true, for kraals are not an every-day occurrence. In 1866 one was given in honor of the Duke of Edinburgh; and another in 1882 in honor of the English princes; but though few and far between, yet tradition keeps alive the story, and what Epsom is to an Englishman, or a "corrida de Toros" to Spaniards, such is a kraal to the Singalese. They will go any distance to one, and are as knowing and as garrulous about elephants and their doings as the most thorough "Aficionado" about Manchegan bulls.

After a pleasant morning drive and a subsequent short ride along a bridle path we reached our destination, and found our leaf cottages very prettily situated in a meadow by the side of a clear stream.

We were invited to be the guests of the Governor in this pleasant bivouac, and much enjoyed the hospitality. The kraal itself was about three-quarters of a mile away, on the other side of the hill which flanked our meadow. It was constructed at the end of a valley, and ran up the side of the hill, and was two or three acres in extent. The word "Kraal" is Dutch, and is identical with the Spanish "Corral" or enclosure; and the present enclosure was formed of the trunks of trees sunk into the ground. Cross-bars lashed to them by tough creepers from the jungle, gave the palisade great strength, and peeled pointed sticks were arranged along it to repulse any attempt on the part of the captive elephants to break out. A grand stand, large enough to hold fifty persons, was erected over the palisade in a position which commanded a view of the kraal, and a small kind of crow's nest was placed just over the opening through which the elephants were to be driven. From that post the Governor and a few friends would be able to see the first rush of the huge beasts into the kraal; and we were strictly enjoined when the time arrived not to speak or cough, and above all things, not to smoke, lest suspicion being aroused, the elephants should turn back.

In the evening the Governor invited the two native chiefs who were getting up the hunt to dinner. They informed us that the herd was well surrounded, and they hoped to drive them in next morning. We had much elephant talk, and broke up full of expectation.

The morning came, but with it the adverse news that the herd had fallen back, and that there would be no driving in that day; but in order that time might not

hang heavily upon us, a fish kraal was proposed for our amusement in the afternoon. This was effected in a lovely spot where a large pool of a couple of acres in extent was hemmed in by a ridge of rocks, and filled by the river tumbling through a rocky defile above it. The fish which occupied the pool were driven into a corner by nets; in it were placed boughs and logs of wood, under which they hid. At length the net completely surrounded the corner, which seemed alive with fish. They were a species of carp, almost all small—scarcely any reaching 2 lb. in weight, but they jumped like the best Irish steeplechasers. The net was raised about three feet above the surface of the pool, and many of them cleared it gallantly and got off safely into the open water. A prodigious quantity were captured at last and distributed among the beaters, who received them with much satisfaction, fish curry being a special dainty.

Next day good news arrived that though the elephants had broken through the inner circle the day before, yet that they had been driven back by the outer cordon and were expected to enter the kraal before noon. In elephant-catching there are two cordons, one in advance, the other some distance behind, to turn the elephants if they grow restive and succeed in breaking back. They are driven very slowly, only a few miles a day. There were from 500 to 600 beaters employed, who were relieved by a succession of newcomers from the villages on these occasions. When dusk advances, a halt is proclaimed and a cordon of fires in a constant blaze prevents the retreat of the elephants during the night. Next day after breakfast, we went up to the kraal and took our silent untobaccofied station in the crow's nest over the entrance. We heard the wild cries of the beaters apparently near, louder and louder, quicker and quicker came the shots. We knew the great beasts were close at hand, all at once we held our breath, we saw the jungle wave, and then heard the crash of trees, and on rushed headlong into the kraal eleven elephants, bearing down everything before them. "Now we may light our cigars," we cried, and so we did. In an instant the palisades in the space left open for the entry were securely fixed and all hope of escape impossible. The next step was to beat down the jungle within the

kraal, in order that the noosers might have every opportunity of easy approach. An opening was made in the enclosure, and six tame elephants stalked into it. Two turned tail the moment the wild herd approached them, and were so frightened that they would do nothing, so they were ignominiously turned out, and four remained for the work; two of them gigantic old tuskers who knew their business and never quailed. The poor captives, among whom were two mothers with calves, kept constantly together, thinking their safety lay in union. The great object was to pen them in some spot, in order that the noosers might get to their feet and fix the rope upon them. It was a most striking scene, the rush of the beasts bearing down everything crashing and waving before them, and all at once brought to a standstill by the sight of the huge tusker stepping gravely out and barring the way with his gigantic head. It seemed to be the perfect symbol of the *Æschylean* inexorable resistless fate, something treading slowly, noiselessly, bearing with it utter irretrievable ruin. The deliberation and calmness of the approach was a terrible sight, nothing appeared but the enormous head and the trunk which touched the ground, and the bright colors of the riders; all the rest was hidden in the foliage. The poor prisoners halted, gazed, knew their master, and bolted another way; to be again encountered by his comrade. At last a roar, or rather a shriek, and a violent trumpeting denoted that a capture had been effected. The rope was fixed on the leg of a calf, a small one, but for all that he made a good fight. One of the large elephants dragged him down by the rope to a tree in the corner of the kraal by which a small stream was running and there he was tied up. Both on this and on other occasions it was amusing to see the good-natured manner in which the tame elephants handled their prisoners. They pushed them to the very spot where they wished them to go, and when there kept them perfectly steady till the tying-up process was effected. There was no attempt to beat or hurt them. They seemed as it were to say "there is not the slightest use in resistance," and the captives after a very short struggle seemed to acquiesce in that view of the case. The noosing and tying-up process was continued the next day, but we were obliged

to leave and failed in consequence to see a very touching episode. The calf of one of the cow elephants was noosed, the mother did her best to save it, but when it was dragged away by the huge tame tuskers she gave up the hopeless struggle, and retired into the rank of the still free wild ones. The young elephant was tied to a tree in a corner of the kraal within three or four yards of the largest concourse of spectators. The wild elephants being again driven round the kraal passed near the spot, and this time the poor cow walked deliberately out from her fellows and came down to her calf, with whom she remained the whole day, comforting and petting it with her trunk, and not paying the slightest heed to the stones and sticks and bad language which were constantly hurled at her. At last she too submitted to be tied up without resistance. The Governor's party left that afternoon, and on the following day the remaining elephants were secured without loss of life or accident.

It was notified to me on my arrival by the Kandyan chiefs of the North-Western Province that as a remembrance of the friendship which used to exist between us during my term of government, they were about to offer me the compliment of a kraal on a great scale in the wild regions of their province.

They were already busily engaged in a drive of the elephants which abounded there, and were employing a prodigious force of beaters, from 1500 to 2000 men. It is probable there was some exaggeration in the number; still there is no doubt that a vast number of men were employed, and a considerable tract of country was being beaten by them toward one point where the site for a kraal had been selected. News reached us from time to time of large herds of elephants being on the move. It was said that 120 had been counted within the circle, and among them a large and formidable tusker. Nothing could exceed the liberality of our entertainers; they had erected a large and tasteful house of talipot leaves close to the kraal for the accommodation of the Governor's party and myself.

The Governor at first did not intend to be present, but allowed himself to be persuaded to change his mind, much to my gratification, as I again had the pleasure of his society. He was accompanied by

Lady and Miss Gordon, which made the party very agreeable.

We received notice that on the 5th of March, the elephants would be close to the kraal. Rumors went abroad that about sixty elephants were being driven, the rest having either escaped by their own exertions, or having been allowed to depart as the number was unmanageable. On the 5th accordingly, we all departed from Kandy at early morn, breakfasted at his beautiful residence near Korunegala with the Government agent or satrap of the North-Western Province, and reached the kraal, which lay about 30 miles due west of Korunegala, at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

On reaching our destination, I was most astonished at the scene which met the eye. A considerable town of leaf huts had suddenly sprung up, and the high road was lined with shops filled with all sorts of wares. Further down, in the almost dry bed, and by the banks of a large river, were rows of bullock carts, each of them the abode of visitors, temporary hotels, and occupied by more than one sleeper, while there was just enough water for somewhat unsatisfactory toilets. Branching from the high road and leading to the kraal, was a by-road, and on each side of it were constructed houses made of talipot leaves, and inhabited by members of the civil service, and other well-to-do folk. They seemed to be filled with ladies in the gay and light attire of tropical costume. It was stated that there were 5000 persons, independently of the beaters, in this temporary camp, over which a week previously nothing had been passing except wild beasts. On reaching the precincts of the town, we were welcomed by a procession of elephants, and marched behind them in state to the spacious bungalow erected by the Kandyan chiefs for our reception. It was very prettily arranged and decorated, with about ten rooms, and not more than five minutes' walk from the kraal.

The next day we visited the kraal. There were about two acres of ground enclosed by a strong stockade, and a beautiful two-storied grand stand had been erected, with upper and lower compartments, from which all the operations could be well seen.

It was most tastefully decorated with scarlet and white drapery; the arms of

the Governor and of myself were emblazoned on it, and it was carpeted like a drawing-room. We were in great hopes of being summoned to it on the following day, as it was confidently asserted that the elephants were close to the river, and once they were over it all the rest was a matter of plain sailing, and of a few hours' desperate driving. But the next day came, and then the next day and the next. Each day brought with it its own tales; one person confidently asserting he had seen the elephants close to the river; another being positive he too had seen them; but several miles away, and the last tidings bearer was right. On Sunday we had divine service at the Governor's bungalow, and the Rev. Mr. Ireland Jones preached to a large and attentive audience of Europeans and natives an admirable sermon on the text, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills." Still, the beasts of the forest would not or did not advance. We heard rumors of a particularly fierce cow elephant with a very young calf at her feet, disarranging the line by desperate attacks on the beaters, who could only repulse her by firing bullets at her from their extraordinary collection of fire-arms; and, indeed, such marvellous arms could never have been seen elsewhere: Portuguese and Dutch barrels adapted to flint-locks, old Tower muskets, huge pistols, blunderbusses. They all, however, made a noise and frightened the elephants; but they did more than that: they killed two beaters by being indiscriminately discharged. One of the victims, a poor boy, had climbed a tree to see the sport, when a shot fired in the air wounded him so severely that he died shortly afterward.

As may be supposed, time began to hang heavily; the weather was very hot, and the camp being surrounded by jungle, it was reached by little air. It was a mercy that we were not all attacked by some disorder. No exercise was possible, partly from the thickness of the covert all around, and partly owing to the strict injunctions which were circulated that no one was to go in the direction of the elephants for fear of heading them back.

There were not many episodes to beguile the time: one night an assault was committed by a wild rogue elephant, which invaded the camp and attacked and ill treated two small tame elephants on the

outskirts. He was watched for next night, but departed never to return on receipt of a volley from some sportsmen, who failed to bring in his tail. Then there were horse races, and much hard and dangerous riding in them, as is sure to be the case when the planters gather together. They were succeeded by elephant races, and very grave, grotesque affairs they were. Whichever got the lead retained it, as in the best part of the course, and especially at the finish, there was only room for one. The delays and the excuses for the non arrival of the elephants continued into the new week, and at last became so intolerable that we all determined to depart, and on Wednesday the 12th, having been at the kraal since Wednesday the 5th, we revolted, packed up our things and were on the point of starting when in rushed a messenger in hot haste, and informed us that the whole herd would be driven in within five minutes. And sure enough we heard a tremendous outcry close at hand, accompanied with the reports of all manner of fire-arms. We arrived in time to see the dash in of the huge beasts, who ran round the stockade seeking an exit, but in vain. At every point there were spearmen, and the open space by which they entered was instantly closed up. It was difficult at first to see them as they took refuge in the thickest part of the covert. The first thing to be done was to beat down all the brushwood, to enable the noosers to go to work, and four tame elephants marched in for that purpose. It was most amusing to see the perfectly business-like manner with which they performed their task. They soon found out the few trees which were beyond their strength and they troubled themselves no more with them. The others they rocked to and fro till they overthrew them, and then walked along them breaking off the branches, and converting in a short time that which was previously a thick jungle into level ground. One large dark-colored elephant showed remarkable skill and sagacity, and we were all admiring his cleverness as he worked away just under the stand within a few yards of us. All at once a frightful occurrence took place. The Mahout sitting on his shoulders dropped his goad, and the man behind him, who was the regular attendant on the beast, got down to pick it up. In an instant the elephant turned

on him, seized him with his trunk, threw him down, knelt upon him and drove his tush (lower tooth), for he was not a tusker, right through his body. The tush was broken off by the violence of the blow. He then actually mashed him with his knees. The Mahout kept his seat all this time, but vainly urged the beast to rise. At last, having satiated his revenge, he got up and allowed himself, all dripping from the mouth with his victim's blood, to be driven out of the enclosure as quietly as if nothing had happened. It was a terrible scene close under the eyes of a number of ladies, who, as well as some of the men, were altogether upset. The Governor at once ordered the proceedings to be stopped for a couple of hours. The poor native's death was instantaneous, for he was crushed into a mass. It turned out afterward that the elephant ought never to have been worked that day, as he had given unmistakable signs of being "in must," and had always been more or less ill-tempered. The drivers, however, had no misgivings, and so the owner did not interfere. But the poor man who fell a victim ought to have had every cause for misgiving, as the elephant had an old grudge against him on account of ill treatment, and had three times before attempted to kill him. An elephant does not forget ill-treatment, but will long bide his time.

On returning to the kraal the process of noosing was begun and was most admirably carried on. At the former kraal, owing to the jealousies of the drivers of elephants coming from different districts, there were constant failures and disappointments, and even when a noosing was effected the ropes seemed continually to break like pack-thread. When one considers the enormous weight of the captured animal and the strain of his struggling one way and the tame elephant another it seems a miracle that any rope can stand; but on the present occasion they did their work bravely. They were said to be made of cowhide. Two of the largest tamed elephants were furnished with these ropes, which were about forty feet long and fastened round their shoulders. When a favorable opportunity occurred and the herd of wild elephants was stopped and mixed in together, the nooser, rope in hand, entered the crowd with the most extraordinary courage, slipped it over the

first hind leg that was raised from the ground, and then with one tug the struggle began. One man particularly distinguished himself; he ran in front of the tame elephant to which he belonged, armed only with a spear, and several times turned with this weapon the attack of wild ones who resented his approach.

The levelling of the jungle was a shorter job than it seemed likely to be. The rushings to and fro of a herd of twenty-six wild elephants, for that number were enclosed, soon made the rough places smooth, and the noosing proceeded vigorously. The famous cow of whose fierceness we had heard so much was one of the captives. She had a very wee elephant at her foot, which we thought would every minute be smothered in the thick mud of a pond within the kraal which the captives had, by constantly running through it, worked up into a tenacious mass. The little fellow, however, struggled manfully for his liberty; but the poor mother had lost her courage, owing to the severity of her wounds, and soon gave in. Indeed there was but little resistance. Six weeks' continual driving had taken the steel out of them. They looked thoroughly woe-begone and very sorry for themselves. One alone fought valiantly for his liberty. He was a large dark elephant and did not generally go with the herd but by himself. On several occasions, as the row of three or four tame elephants advanced toward him, he rushed at them—

"And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread—"

but his courage failed and he again retreated.

At last, however, he got his chance and did not miss it. Generally the pursuing elephants had a larger tusker leading by about three parts of a length, and there was no hope of worsting him. This time a small one took the lead, it was less in height than the wild one, but strong and well fed. The moment the captive saw the change in the ranks he came on in right good earnest, dashed at the small one and gave him a blow with his trunk, a tremendous stroke and apparently overwhelming; but the little fellow stood it manfully, and, charging in turn, struck his antagonist with his forehead just in the shoulder and knocked him right back and down a bank near the scene of the en-

counter. The wild one never charged again, but was the last captured, and very dangerous. He perfectly understood all that was going on and made little of the devices to catch him. It was noticed that in his walks he always passed by a particular tree; in this a native was perched, holding a rope with an open noose which lay on the ground, and which was covered with leaves. He at once walked up to it, pushed the leaves aside, took up the noose with his trunk and threw it out of his way contemptuously. He at last gave in from sheer exhaustion, and about a fortnight after the kraal was over I asked a Singalese gentleman whether it would ever be possible to train such a large and fierce animal?

"I bought him," said this gentleman, "at a high price, and he walked off two or three days after his capture to my estate about 50 miles away. He was in charge of two tame elephants. He is a most docile, intelligent fellow, and will soon be of great value."

The Governor's party left that evening, and in the two following days the remaining elephants were noosed, sold, and Kraaltown relapsed again into wilderness.

A great deal of adverse comment has been made on these kraals. It is said that they are cruel as regards the peasants who drive, the chiefs who are at expense in getting them up, and the elephants which are captured. I cannot accept any of these unfavorable criticisms. From all I can hear, both the peasants and the chiefs are greatly pleased at the rare chance which presents itself of carrying out a kraal. They took the opportunity of paying me the compliment of offering it to me, and I believe the suggestion was entirely their own. It may look as if strong compulsion were employed to keep from 1200 to 2000 men constantly beating for six weeks, but it must be remembered that these men were near their villages, that the work was very easy, in fact not work at all, and that the strong, hardy Kandians are all intensely fond of field sports. As for the chiefs, their expenditure was but small, and they recouped much of it by the sale of the elephants. There was no mistake as to their intense enjoyment of it. It was amusing to see the great Kandyan magnate, whom we had admired the day before in his imposing costume, all gold and color, now he was half naked, tattered, torn, perspir-

ing, and almost hoarse from shouting, but still full of go and excitement. As I said before, the kraal is their great fair, their Derby, and they and all the population will be very glad to have another some years hence when an opportunity occurs. As for the elephants, if they had tongues to speak, and they certainly can do everything but speak, I am confident they would say, "If we are to be killed for sport or captured for use, let us by all means be captured by a kraal. We shall be well taken care of for the rest of our lives, get a treat of sugar now and then which we dearly love, have to perform a moderate amount of work, for we are the best judges as to what we can do, and as for kind treatment, leave that to us; we are quite able to take care of ourselves, and if ill-used to 'know the reason why.' " It is true that about one in five is supposed to die of those captured in a kraal, either from pining or from wounds, though I did not hear of any that had died in the kraal just described, except the cow, which had been grievously wounded. On the other hand, of the elephants which are caught by license not more than two out of five survive. They are caught by trackers, who creep after them in the jungle, noose them, and tie them up to a tree. Many of those so tied up are left to die of absolute starvation, while the captors are hunting others; and many more perish by the wounds they receive in their struggles, as they cannot be tied up as effectually by the hunters as by the aid of tame elephants, and, of course, with the increased length of rope there are increased injuries in the struggle. If, therefore, elephants are wanted for the public service, or if they are becoming too numerous and too saucy in any particular district where the population is large enough to carry out a kraal, I should certainly prefer giving permission for their capture by that mode rather than by license, though, of course, if elephants must be caught in the wild and uninhabited districts this can only be done by hunters.

And now may I be permitted to say a few words about my poor, huge, affectionate, useful, clever favorites? I have the greatest attachment to them, and have in consequence seen much of them—or rather I should say, having seen much of them, I have conceived a great attachment

to them. Some of them, I acknowledge, are like some of our friends—not quite as easy-going as they ought to be; somewhat capricious in temper, and too easily provoked. But I will venture to say if you take the first ten men you meet, and if you take the first ten elephants, and inquire carefully into the dispositions of each batch, you will find far more cantankerousness among the men than among the beasts. Now, I have no particular sentimentality for big beasts—a hippopotamus is a sensual, unattractive brute without affection; a rhinoceros is a malignant wretch, “*monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*,” who hunts, and would gladly kill the keeper who feeds him daily; and it is impossible to conceive a more supercilious, dissatisfied, ever-grumbling, unlovable, and unloving creature than the camel. I acknowledge that the way to an elephant’s heart is through his stomach, but once touch that chord by means of your fruit-leavings—mango-stones, pineapple rinds, overripe oranges, etc.—and you will see his little pig eyes gleaming on you with melting affection. There was an elephant named Bombera who was employed in constructing a stone dam, intended to close up a river, and thereby form a lake, at Newera Eliya in Ceylon. To watch this elephant working was one of the sights of the place. He first of all drew down from the quarry the huge stone that was to be used; he then undid the chain by which he had drawn it. He next proceeded to roll it with his forehead along the narrow stone embankment, or rather wall, till he fitted it exactly into its place. On one side of the wall was a precipice, on the other a deep lake. As the stone was being pushed by his forehead, it would at one time incline to the lake, at another, over the precipice; but he immediately made it straight again with his foot. He was doing as much work as ten men, far more quickly and with the accuracy of a skilled mason. On one occasion several friends were present watching the proceedings. There was a heavy sledge hammer lying on the ground, and some one asked if he would take it up and break a very large rock close to it. The officer in charge of the work said we were asking too much, but the Mahout, who heard the conversation, replied gravely, “Bombera can do and will do everything he is asked;” and he said something to

the elephant, who took up the sledge as if it were a feather, and knocked the stone to pieces in a few minutes. “Now take your pipe and smoke it,” said the Mahout; upon which the animal stuck the sledge in his mouth and walked off with it as if he was enjoying a morning smoke. My acquaintance with him soon ripened into deep affection on both sides. When he was first introduced to me, he was ordered to kneel and salaam by rubbing his forehead in the dust, and then to rise up and trumpet his greeting. After he had gone through his salutations, I gave him a basket full of fruit-leavings. The same proceedings took place for the next two or three days, and after that the moment he heard the bells of my ponies, nothing would restrain him; off he came to greet me, prostrated himself at my feet, rubbed his forehead in the dust, and trumpeted vigorously for his fruit. It was at first rather formidable, the charge of such a huge monster right down upon one; but there was no danger. He used generally to remain by my side while I was looking at the work, and more than once I have felt something like a leaf touching my ear, and on looking up found that Bombera had advanced quite noiselessly, and was gently holding it in his trunk as a token of his love.

One of the first questions I asked on arriving subsequently in Ceylon was about my dear friend Bombera, and I heard with much regret that he had died some time ago of some internal complaint at the early age of thirty-five, universally loved and regretted.

On another occasion I was down in the eastern province and was delighted with the intelligence and gentleness of a huge female elephant who was working at a new bridge. She really seemed able to do everything but speak, and was a thorough favorite of the whole pioneer force stationed on the spot. The officer in charge of the work told me a curious story. Some three or four years previously, this elephant had a young one—a very rare occurrence among elephants in captivity. She was perfectly devoted to her calf; but it died and she was inconsolable, and from being the gentlest creature she became irritable and even dangerous. One morning it was announced to the young officer that she had broken the chain which had confined her and had es-

caped into the forest. Trackers were sent out in every direction, but as wild elephants were in abundance all around it was impossible to trace her. The loss of such an animal was a heavy one, the works were much retarded, and there was general tribulation in consequence. One night, about ten days after the escape, the officer in question went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in the jungle some distance off. As he and his native attendant were returning early in the morning the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim gray light an elephant with her calf making her way along the newly formed road toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees and, when the elephants passed, the native insisted that it was their old friend. They hurried back as fast as they could and found the camp in a ferment. Sure enough the truant had returned, and she appeared to be quite as joyful as the rest of the assemblage, going from one to another and touching them with her trunk, and as if she were exhibiting her adopted child. There was a very pretty little elephant in the camp which used to run in and out of our hut, and I believe it was the one which she had either begged, borrowed, or stolen during her absence. Her good temper and usual docility completely returned at once.

In the year 1874, Princes Augustus and Philip of Saxe-Coburg paid a visit to Ceylon and expressed a wish to see elephants working. There were none belonging to the Department of Works at Kandy, where they were staying; but the guardian of the temple lent a couple of the elephants belonging to it. They did everything they were ordered to do with their usual intelligence, carrying large stones wherever they were told to place them, fixing the chains to the stones and unfixing them; but one of them, a tusker, on that occasion performed an act entirely of his own accord which greatly struck me. He was carrying a long and very heavy stone down a steep declivity. The stone was suspended from his neck by a chain, and as the chain was somewhat long the stone struck repeatedly against his knees. He stopped, made what sailors call a bight of the chain, gave it a roll round his tusk, and having thus shortened it carried the stone to its destination without further

discomfort to his knees. What the Mahout said to him, or whether he said anything, I do not know; but it is difficult to imagine that out of the eighty phrases which a very highly educated elephant is supposed to understand there would have been one framed for such an emergency as this, and, if there was not, surely it was the clearest exercise of the reasoning faculty pur: and simple which prompted this act.

Many were the tales of strange and laudable doings by elephants which I heard from credible witnesses, and it is no wonder that my heart softened toward them, and that I determined to put a stop as far as I could to the indiscriminate and wanton slaughter of these useful and worthy animals which had hitherto prevailed. Of course it was quite right to kill trespassers in crops, and still more to kill rogue elephants whose ferocity and cunning rendered them a pest in whatever district they took up their quarters. But the days have passed when a slayer of elephants was a benefactor of a district, a second Hercules or Theseus in driving away wild beasts. In those days the natives had no fire-arms, so the beasts had much the best of it and ravaged the crops with tolerable impunity. The slayers of them therefore were universally revered, a reward was given for each tail, and men were spoken of as 100 tail, 200 tail men; indeed, the famous Major Rogers is said to have slain over 1200 elephants. But now things are very different. Most natives have some kind of fire-arm; and the elephants, who are extremely timid, rarely make a foray on cultivated lands, but have retired into the depths of wild jungles, where they cannot do the slightest harm. I, therefore, while encouraging the destruction of rogues by liberal rewards, placed a heavy fine on the slaughter of inoffensive beasts without a license, which license had to receive the sanction of the Governor. No so called sport can be more degrading, in my opinion, than the butchery of poor harmless cow elephants and their little calves which play round the dead bodies of their mothers till they too are shot down. They have no ivory, they are not good to eat, they are inoffensive, and, generally speaking, the risk is about as great as going among a herd of short-horns and shooting them right and left.

It is earnestly to be hoped that future Governors of Ceylon will have some regard for this noble and, for tropical work, invaluable race of animals—and it is mainly

in the hope of enlisting sympathy in their fate that I have written this paper.—*Murray's Magazine*.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

BY E. D. LANIN.

PART I.—LYING.

THE history of Russian civilization will, when written, furnish the most striking and convincing proof of the theory advanced by certain modern thinkers, that the loftiness or baseness of the ethical code of a people bears a strict relation to the degree of their intellectual enlightenment; morality being the ethical equivalent of a nation's mental attainments. For the theory of right conduct universally accepted and acted upon in Russia may be truly affirmed to be on a level with the egotistic principles or instincts which determine the unheroic actions of the average man and woman—which is another way of declaring it devoid of ideals. And that this low level of morality is in perfect keeping with the crass ignorance and brutalizing superstition in which the masses are still hopelessly plunged, is abundantly evident to all who possess even a superficial knowledge of the country and the people. Moreover, the efforts that have occasionally succeeded to an appreciable extent in raising the standard of morality in certain circumscribed districts of the empire, owe whatever success they have had to the spread of knowledge among the population; the fluctuations of the intellectual level having always made themselves immediately felt in the moral sphere. In this Russians admirably exemplify the actions of that interdependence which is no less a law of our intellectual and moral faculties than of our physical senses; and it is not more natural that the color which produces the deepest impression on the sight should at the same time heighten the intensity and increase the delicacy of our hearing, touch, and taste, than that the ignorance, superstition, and apathy which cloud the intellect, should keep down the standard of right living to their own low level. What is more surprising, however, and not explicable by the operation of any

known law, is the circumstance that the lower classes of Russians are mostly found to be bereft of those ethical qualities which, although of the essence of all true morality, yet have no traceable connection with pure intellect; such, for instance, as sensibility to the appeal of moral obligation, or that fervid enthusiasm which is the chief ingredient of heroism.

I may state here, what should be obvious enough without any express declaration, that neither these general assertions nor the facts that I shall presently bring forward to illustrate and support them, imply anything in the nature of censure or reproach. To blame a people for habits which are the outcome of conditions over which they had practically no control, would argue ignorance of their history and of the nature of morality itself. It would be just as reasonable to condemn the moth for eating woollen stuffs, or to wax indignant at the depravity of those female spiders of certain species of Epeiridae, who coolly devour the males as soon as the latter have discharged their natural functions, as to allot praise or blame for conduct and principles which are practically as independent of the will of the nation as its physical type. One should bring to the study of the ways and habits of men, no less than of animals, if the results are to be worth having, a spirit of intelligent curiosity equally free from prejudice and passion. When, therefore, I affirm that a careful survey of the facts of Russian social life warrants—nay, imperatively calls for—the employment of a standard of judgment widely different from that which we are wont to apply to other European people—the Russians being, as Burke would say, still in the gristle, not yet hardened in the bone of manhood—I merely state a fact which can at worst discredit their spiritual or political guides, if proved to be the result of their negligence or malice. And even a slight

acquaintance with the facts of the case is sufficient to show that an abyss divides Russian civilization from that of Western Europe on the one hand, and that this is, to a very considerable extent, the result of what may be termed artificially arrested development on the other.

By nature the Russians are richly endowed: a keen, subtle understanding; remarkable quickness of apprehension; a sweet, forgiving temper; an inexhaustible flow of animal spirits; a rude persuasive eloquence,* to which may be added an imitative faculty positively simian in range and intensity, constitute no mean outfit even for a people with the highest destinies in store. But these gifts, destined to bring forth abundant fruit under favorable circumstances, are turned into curses by political, social, and religious conditions which make their free exercise and development impossible, and render their possessors as impersonal as the Egyptians that raised Cheops or the coral-reef builders of the Pacific. In result we have a good-natured, lying, thievish, shiftless, ignorant mass whom one is at times tempted to connect in the same isocultural line with the Weddars of India or the Bangala of the Upper Congo, and who differ from West European nations much as Sir Thomas Browne's vegetating "creatures of mere existence" differ from "things of life." For most of them, indeed, life, dwarfed to its narrowest conceivable limits, is void of meaning. Hopes, fears, love, sorrows (wholesome hatred has no place in their composition), are all compressed into the narrow compass of their relations to the various manifestations of a tyrannical will; and it is no wonder that the most healthy moral instincts, those that are usually marked by enduring vitality, are utterly crushed out in the process. The following incident, illustrative of a whole category of such, will give some idea of the extent to which not only moral instincts but plain common sense are absorbed by that brutalizing awe

of the authorities which is ever uppermost in the minds of the people, hypnotizing and deadening them to every human instinct, and which the Russian Government is assiduously striving to perpetuate and develop. In the village of Stepantsy (district of Kanevsky) a peasant hanged himself last April—a merciful death in comparison with that which would have otherwise ended his sufferings. At the inquiry made into the circumstances of his death, it was elicited that hunger and want were, as usual, the motives. The evidence given by some friends of the suicide who discovered him a second or two after he had tied the fatal knot is instructive because eminently characteristic. I translate a portion of it literally from the Russian. "Now he's stark and cold," one witness remarked, "but when we first came up and saw him hanging, he was warm enough; and he dangled his legs about a good deal. There was plenty of life in him then, and for a good while after too. It's gone now." Q. "Why did you not cut him down at once?" A. "Cut him down, is it? Well, at first we were going to do it. But then we said, 'Best let him take the road he chose for himself; for if we cut him down and save him, we shall have to answer to the authorities.' So we let him hang there. And he's as cold as a stone now." * There are numbers of Russians whom, in similar circumstances, fear of being answerable to the authorities would keep from saving their own fathers. That same awe of the authorities is firmly implanted in the breasts of most of the members of the educated classes, for whom no infamy is too enormous, if commanded or desired by the Government; and it is developed in them, and as fruitful of results, as that fear of God and awe of their own consciences which was the guiding principle of English Puritans. "What is your view of the immortality of the soul, gentlemen?" the Russian satirist, Schtschedrin, makes a police official inquire of two highly educated Russian Liberals who are disciplining themselves and qualifying for the degree of "loyal" men. "In order to solve this problem in a perfectly adequate manner," is the orthodox reply, "it is absolutely necessary first of all to consult the sources. That is, to discover whether we

* The celebrated Danish *littérateur* Georg Brandes has a very poor opinion of Russian eloquence at its best—when inspired by genuine enthusiasm. This, however, is not a question of personal appreciation; it is a matter of fact, to the perception of which a thorough knowledge of the Russian tongue is indispensable, and every one possessed of this qualification knows that the Russians are naturally eloquent.

* Cf. Russian newspapers of 5th April last.

can lay our finger upon any paragraph of the law, or even upon any command issued by the authorities, in virtue of which we are authorized to hold the soul immortal; if so, then there is no manner of doubt, we are bound to act in strict accordance therewith; but if the laws and precepts contain no such paragraph, then it is incumbent upon us to await further orders thereunto appertaining." * This is as true and accurate an account of the manner in which the minds of the Russian people are hypnotized by the central power, as if it had appeared in a sober history instead of a biting satire.

Veracity, which has been justly called the vital force of human progress—the one thing needful in the journey onwards and upwards *ad majora*—is precisely that quality in which Russians are most hopelessly deficient. Indeed, in that respect they may without exaggeration be said to outdo the ancient Cretans and put the modern Persians to shame. They seem constitutionally incapable of grasping the relation of words to things, between which, to their seeming, the boundary is shadowy or wholly imaginary; and they lack in consequence that reverence for facts which lies at the root of the Anglo-Saxon character. A Russian can no more bow to a fact, acknowledging it as final and decisive, than he can to a personal appreciation or a mere opinion founded upon insufficient or no grounds; he is ever ready to act in open defiance of it; and the most serious statesman, the most sober thinker, will eagerly start a discussion on such topics as the geographical position of Java, Borneo, or Madagascar, with the same trustful, childlike expectation of seeing entirely new light thrown upon it, as if it were one of the Thirty-nine Articles or Kant's theory of time and space. A lengthy and lively conversation was lately begun between two Russian statesmen by the question put by one of them, a man who had governed his country for half a generation: "Why do you suppose that the Caroline Islands are not in the Indian Ocean?" and the discussion continued quite as long, and was to the full as lively, as if it were upon some obscure question of metaphysics; nor did it once occur to either of the disputants to consult a trustworthy map. This same airy indepen-

dence of facts is visible like a white thread on a black ground in all departments of Russian life, public and private. Ask a peasant how many miles you have to walk to the next village, and if you look footsore and weary he will tell you three or four. Let your friend, looking blithe and gay, put the same question to him five minutes later, and he will answer fifteen. Facts to him are purely subjective, and he arranges them to his taste, which is often capricious, and according to circumstances which are ever varying. "You lie," is a most common expression in the mouth of one gentleman to another whom he suspects of dealing arbitrarily with the facts, whether deliberately or inadvertently; and the answer of the corrected party is not unfrequently, "Yes, I do lie; it is as you say." Instead of correcting himself by saying, "I am mistaken," a Russian, who is relating an incident and has inadvertently misstated some trivial fact, will gravely say, "I am lying to you; it was not so, it was otherwise."

It is quite natural under such circumstances that comparatively little attention should be paid to words as exponents of facts, that solemn assurances should be disbelieved, promises distrusted, and calumnies be almost powerless for evil; nor can one feel astonished at that strongly marked tendency to exaggeration which disgusts the newly arrived Englishman in Russia. Russians lack the delicacy of perception requisite to discriminate the degrees that separate extremes, and the consequences of this defect stand out in bold relief in everything they put their hands to: three-fourths of the address on an envelope are underlined; half a book is printed in italics; in conversation statements about the veriest trifles are emphasized by tone, pitch, gesture. People passionately appeal to their Creator in corroboration of the assertion that there were more gnats last year than this, or that the hat you wore on your birthday fifteen years ago was trimmed not with blue ribbon but black. Your ears constantly tingle with the stereotyped oath "*Yay-ee-bó-goo*," uttered by the costermonger, the goods-clerk, the tradesman, solemnly taking Almighty God to witness that the ribbon for which you offer him sixpence cost him tenpence half-penny; and if you are a new-comer in the country you are considerably startled to find half a minute

* Cf. *A Modern Idyll*, p. 34.

later, as you are leaving the shop, that he lets you have it at your own valuation, and if you indignantly refuse, even for less.

A celebrated Russian General, almost as well known in this country, where he has some enthusiastic admirers, as in his own, whose name has gradually grown synonymous with that of liar *par excellence*, is erroneously looked upon as a contemporary Münchhausen, the embodiment of a grotesque exaggeration of the least veracious of his countrymen, whereas in sober reality he is merely the sublimated expression of all that is characteristic of the average Russian. His verified sayings would, perhaps, if collected and published, successfully compete with the most popular book of Mark Twain or the "Danbury Newsmen," and deservedly take a high place in that equivocal class of literature, notwithstanding the circumstance that the statements of the American humorists were made to amuse, while those of the Russian statesman were intended to mislead. "Why do you abstain from wine, General?" asked the host one day at dinner, seeing this Russian diplomatist persist in filling his glass with water. "Because," interposed one of the guests, in a somewhat loud aside, "*in vino veritas*." There is a respectable, but what our Transatlantic cousins would term "shoddy" family in St. Petersburg, consisting of two elderly ladies and a brother [the Netschaieff-Maltseffs], who having spent the best portion of their lives in the country, suddenly inherited an immense fortune and straightway abandoned tranquillity and the province for fashionable life in the capital, where their simple, artless ways and their profound veneration for the aristocracy are unfailing sources of delight to the *blasé* princes and princesses who enjoy their hospitality and their *naïveté* with equal gusto. The General, questioned one day why he never appeared at their dinners and balls, replied in a tone of engaging confidence that the fortune they had lately inherited belonged of right—moral and legal—to him, and that they knew it. He scorned, however, to take legal proceedings to recover it, and his kindness and gentlemanly feeling forbade him to awake in them or intensify by his presence those qualms of conscience which must, he knew, be destructive of all peace of mind. Hence he systematically kept out

of their way. And he tells this story with such bland, childlike simplicity and candor, that some persons are to my knowledge still persuaded of its truth. It is perhaps superfluous to remark that as a matter of fact the General has as much right—moral or legal—to the property in question as the Tichborne claimant or Buffalo Bill, and that, not being of insane mind, he knows.

Some people maintain that faces never lie. The clearness or muddiness of the eye, the tell-tale shade of expression, the unmistakable accents of sincerity or prevarication combine, they say, to stamp every statement with its true moral value. To this one can only reply that the physiognomists who think thus would do well to come to Russia to study faces. There the most damnable lie, the lie that blasts and kills, is sometimes uttered with apparent reluctance, with visible pity clothed in a voice trembling with compassion—a voice that seems to come from the heart and to go straight to the heart, pleading, as it were, for the wretched creature it dooms to ruin. The features of the speaker are open, manly, noble; his expression angelic; Carlo Dolci would have been proud to transfer his face to canvas; and yet his soul Dante would have had a grim satisfaction in burying in the nethermost pit of hell. I once had dealings with a favorable specimen of the Russian peasant—at least he was recommended to me as such—a class of men whom until a few months ago Panslavists and Liberals vied with each other in idealizing, and who are still regarded by most educated Russians as inarticulate Homers, potential Napoleons, undeveloped Charlemagnes, obscure Bayards—a view which I cannot term utterly groundless. He was a giant in size and an angel in look, and his features seemed of pellucid crystal through which his soul shone visible and pure. The late Edward Fitzgerald would have called him "a grand, tender soul lodged in a suitable carcass." He was a member of an *artel*—a sort of Russian trades-union—to which I had entrusted the removal of some personal property to a distant city. After a few conversations he charmed me. So much practical wisdom, such perfect tact and nobility of soul in one so untutored, seemed like the realization of a miracle. I could not look upon him without comparing him with a huge uncut dia-

mond of untold price. I soon learned to trust him as a brother, and when he presented his bill for payment, though I winced on seeing so many extras, I paid the money unhesitatingly and without remark. Emboldened by this he went on to mention in a very casual manner an item of £30 insurance money which he had forgotten, he said, to include in the estimate or mention in the contract. Here, however, I drew the line and flatly refused to pay, my belief in his honesty becoming mere notional assent. He looked at me for a long time in silent sadness, then tried to speak, but his voice faltered and he burst into tears, and Goliath that he was wept like a helpless child for nearly half a day, bitterly bewailing his impending ruin and that of his large family in the picturesque and forcible language of a child of nature. The servants involuntarily wept with him; perfect strangers espoused his cause and joined in. I thought myself that I felt something like a film gathering over my own eyes at last. I had already paid more than I was bound to pay by the terms of the contract, and £30 more seemed a large sum to throw away, as it were. Yet I would not willingly contribute to ruin an unoffending man with a large family, merely because he had been guilty of an oversight in my favor and to his own prejudice. So I finally handed him the money in return for a receipt. A week later I learned that not an article had been insured by him; two months afterward I discovered that this angel in human form had fleeced quite a flock of easy-going persons who believed in undeveloped Charlemagnes and peasant Bayards; that he was a regular embezzler, an inimitable comedian, who could draw tears from a stone and money from a miser.

Apart from cases of this kind, which in commercial dealings are extremely frequent, a Russian, it should be remembered in mitigation, is not conscious of guilt when telling a deliberate untruth. It is very doubtful whether, even in such aggravated instances as the above, he is really conscious that he is violating any law human or divine. For it should not be forgotten that he is suffering from complete anæsthesia of that moral faculty which in more or less-developed peoples is so prompt to condemn lying. To a Russian words are his own, and he simply does

what he likes with them, thus exercising an indefeasible right which he freely concedes to others. Being superstitious and impressionable, he attaches great weight to religious and other ceremonies; and the complicated formalities with which an oath is sometimes administered—formalities occasionally as solemn as those that accompanied Harold's oath to William of Normandy—will at times determine a man to change a specious and elaborate lie into a simple statement of facts. Notwithstanding this, however, perjury is extremely rife in Russia; indeed, I fear that the facts which will be set forth in another paper will show it to be an acknowledged and indispensable institution in the social life of the country as now constituted, regularly and more or less satisfactorily discharging certain functions for which no other machinery at present exists. "You can get as many witnesses as you like," we are gravely informed by the most accredited organs of the Russian press, "for a measure of *vodka*; witnesses who will go anywhere and testify to anything you tell them."* "In Lodz an admirably organized band exists for the purpose of bearing false witness," says the journal *Svett*. "The affairs of this gang are in a prosperous condition; for those classes of the population which have need of their services remunerate the members of this curious institution on a liberal scale. The chief of the gang has drawn up a tariff: for evidence in a case of slander three roubles (about six shillings); † in cases of violence to the person from five to fifty roubles, and so on." ‡ "If I wanted three or four perjurers," said a friend of mine once to me when speaking on this question, "I am acquainted with two lawyers of whom I might bespeak them, without euphemistic paraphrase or apprehension of failure." The journal *Svett*, which has devoted so much of its space from time to time to show up this strange state of things, for which the Government is mainly responsible, is yet highly indignant whenever criminal judges of the

* Cf. *Graschdanin*, April 15th, 1889.

† Labor is comparatively cheap in Russia.

‡ *Svett*, 5th February, 1889. It should not be forgotten that the journal is describing not something that has been and is now no more, but a phenomenon that still exists and is developing, and is one of the complex forces of modern social life in Russia.

Lutheran persuasion, accustomed to a high standard of truth, express doubts of the veracity of witnesses belonging to the orthodox Church. Whether in the following case the hesitation of the judges or the wrath which it roused in the *Svetl* is more intelligible may safely be left to the judgment of the reader. A person occupying a responsible position in the capital of one of the Baltic provinces prosecuted a servant for theft and incivility, and produced two witnesses—members of the orthodox Church—to prove the charges. Having heard the case for the prosecution, the judge declared that he felt unable to act upon the testimony of the two Russian witnesses, and dismissed the case; nor did he reopen it until a fresh witness—a Lutheran—was produced,* when the prisoner was condemned and punished. For Lutheran judges—Finnish and German—have been taught by long experience that average Russians, like the prophet Jeremiah's beloved people, "bend their tongues like their bow for lies," and are "not valiant for the truth upon earth."

Whatever blame may appear to attach to this wholesale demoralization of a people capable of quite other things should fall almost entirely upon the Government, which, as will be shown later on, directly and deliberately encourages and fosters this untruthfulness and makes itself answerable for the result. Unfortunately the very Bayards and Washingtons of Russia, those guiding spirits who serve as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to the people wandering wearily through the wilderness of despotism and ignorance, even they are deeply marked with this national trait. Born into the world tainted with this original sin, it never wholly leaves them, but breaks out at unexpected seasons and in unforeseen ways to the amazement of Europeans, who are at a loss to account for the mystery. What, for instance, would be said and thought in England of a gentleman of culture, a scholar, a university professor, a modern Samuel chosen from among millions to instil principles of truth and honesty into the tender mind of his future emperor, who systematically lied in the most solemn manner imaginable; who in a text-book on civil law written for his students, deliberately ignored the vast

judicial reforms which constitute one of the most durable and solid services that the late Emperor rendered his subjects; and this simply because he disapproved them? Suppose a work were written in this country in the year 1884 on the machinery of English law courts, to serve as a text-book for students, in which the author purposely omitted to treat the Judicature Acts, passed during the Chancellorship of Lord Selborne, as accomplished facts, out of prejudice against the party to which Lord Selborne belonged; spoke of the old system of pleading, procedure, and appeal as still in existence; cited earlier and now obsolete statutes as still in force, and allowed his book to go through three editions in the space of several years without changing an iota, knowing that it was being made practically obligatory for all students in the Empire; what, I ask, would be said and thought of such a man in England? In Russia he was first made tutor to the Prince Imperial, now the Czar Alexander III., and then appointed virtual head of the orthodox Church, Ober-Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, for the gentleman in question is M. Pobedonosteff.* To give some idea of the extent to which this scholar carries his dislike of the reforms of the late Emperor, and his forgetfulness of the requirements of truth, I may mention that he gravely declares that according to the laws in force in the year 1883, a man or woman may be still disposed of by testament or by deed of sale.†

Examples of this systematic untruthfulness are as numerous as the sands of the sea; there is an *embarras de richesses*. They may be conveniently summed up in the

* "According to the laws now in force every actual possession of real estate, even though illegal, is deemed undisputed, and is protected by the law against violence, until a claim is preferred or a suit begun, and the estate adjudged to belong to another." [Here follow citations from old obsolete statutes.] —*Course of Civil Law*, by K. Pobedonosteff, 3d edition, 1883, p. 168, etc., etc. This is but one of innumerable instances.

† In the following passage, for instance:—"Things capable of being possessed are: 1st, Documents testifying to the entry into possession, if the thing is of such a nature that it cannot be delivered up otherwise than by document, even though it be personal estate, as a ship, a sea-faring vessel, serfs who have no land."—*Course of Civil Law*, 3d edition, 1883, 1st Part, p. 44.

* *Svetl*, 20th June, 1889.

saying of the Russian poet Testsheff: "The thought expressed is already a lie." Turghenieff was in most respects one of the most typical of educated Russians, gifted in an eminent degree with the good qualities, and not lacking those of the bad which distinguish his countrymen, and which a life-long sojourn among cultured foreigners did not suffice to rub off. One or two instances, therefore, of the value which he was wont to set upon his pledged word, his solemn promise, will do more to give English readers an insight into the Russian theory and practice on this subject than whole pages of careful psychological analysis. The great Russian novelist was a regular contributor to the *Contemporary*—a Russian monthly magazine—and once, when it was on the eve of bankruptcy, the novelist being in pressing need of money, asked the editor for an advance of 2,000 roubles. The editor hesitated, was about to refuse, but the contributor clenched the matter by saying: "I am in sore need of this sum; if you do not let me have it, I shall be compelled, to my great regret, to go and *sell myself* to the *Memoirs of the Fatherland* (a rival review), and you will not soon get any of my productions again." This threat worked. The editor obtained the money, we are told by the eye-witness who tells this story, "through my intervention and under my guarantee." Soon afterward Turghenieff, who had solemnly promised to send a story for the forthcoming issue of the review, failed to keep his word, and had not come to the office for a whole week previous to the latest day fixed for sending it, though he was wont to come every day and dine or take tea at the office. The editor grew nervous; drove over twice to see him, but not finding him at home, forwarded him a note, imploring him to send the manuscript without delay. Turghenieff came, and walking into the office said, "Abuse me, gentlemen, as badly as you like; I know that I have treated you very scurvily, but what could I do? An unpleasant thing has happened to me . . . and I cannot give you the story that I promised. I'll write another for the following number." This statement took away the breath of the two editors Nekrasoff and Punaïeff. At first they were silent—lost in amazement—then they bombarded him with questions: "I was ashamed to show my-

self," he explained, "but I deem it perilous to deceive you any longer, and thus delay the printing of the review. I have come to ask you to insert something else. I give you my word of honor that I will write something for the following number." "Why? why?" asked the editor. "Will you first promise not to reproach me if I tell you?" "Yes, yes; we promise; say on." "Well, I loathe myself for what I have done. I have sold the story that I promised you to the *Memoirs of the Fatherland*. Now execute me. I was in sore need of 500 roubles. It would have been *impolite* to come to ask you for the money, as I have done too little for the 2,000 roubles you lately gave me." "Is your manuscript already in the hands of the editor of the *Memoirs of the Fatherland*?" was Nekrasoff's next question. "Not yet," was Turghenieff's reply. Nekrasoff's countenance suddenly beamed, and opening his desk, he took 500 roubles from one of the drawers and handed them to Turghenieff, saying, "Here, take this, and write him a letter of apology." The novelist hesitated, but at last said, "Gentlemen, you are placing me in a stupid position. . . . I am a miserable man. . . . I deserve a flogging for my weak character. Let Nekrasoff write a letter of apology. . . . I will copy it and send it with the money." Then to Nekrasoff: "Smear Kraïeffsky's (the editor of the rival review) lips with the honey of promises. Tell him I shall soon write another story for him. I can well picture to myself his black disappointed face when reading my letter." *

Another habit of Turghenieff's was to invite friends to dinner and be absent when they came, not deliberately of set purpose, but because of the little value he set on his pledged word, and the very faint impression it used to make upon his mind. He once invited the famous critic Belinsky and five others to dine with him at his house in the country, where he had a *chef de cuisine* whom he looked upon as a genius. "I will organize a banquet for you, the like of which you never dreamed of." He fixed the day, and *made each person give his word of honor* that he would come. "Don't fear for us," remarked Belinsky. "We shall be there without fail; but you

* Cf. *Historical Messenger* (a monthly review), May, 1889.

must not repeat the trick that you played upon us last winter, when you asked us to dine and were not at home when we came ; but lest you should forget your invitation, I shall write to you on the eve of the day of our arrival." "It was a sultry day when the whole six of us set out for Pargolovo in an open calèche at eleven o'clock in the morning," says one of the persons invited. "We were thoroughly fatigued by the heat and dust of the road. Arrived at Turghenieff's country house we alighted with joy in our countenances, but we were all struck with the circumstance that Turghenieff did not come out to meet us. We knocked at the door of the glass terrace. The silence of death reigned in the house. All our faces grew visibly longer. 'Can Turghenieff have played the same trick as last winter?' exclaimed Belinsky. But we all calmed him, saying that we probably arrived earlier than we were expected. 'But I wrote to him that we should be here at one o'clock,' objected Belinsky, 'what can it mean? If they would only admit us into the room we could wait, but here we are scorched.' At length a boy came out of the door and we all plied him with questions. His master had gone off, he said, and the *chef de cuisine* was in some public-house. We gave the urchin money, sent him to fetch the *chef* who should let us in, and meanwhile we sat down on the steps of the terrace. We waited long in vain. Belinsky wanted us to return, but our hired coachman refused to take us back until the horses had had a long rest. So we sat on, hungry and hot. Panaieff went to the public-house to see if anything eatable could be procured, but there was nothing to be had. . . . At last the *chef* made his appearance. 'Where is your master?' cried Belinsky. He did not know. 'Did not your master order a dinner for us to day?' insisted the critic. 'He did nothing of the kind,' was the reply. Amazement and terror were depicted on all faces. Belinsky flamed up, and looking at us in his significant way, exclaimed, 'Turghenieff has indeed given us a banquet!'"*

These things—which are but samples and not by any means the worst—need no comment. Taken absolutely they indicate the width of the gulf that divides the views

on veracity in particular and morality in general, which are current in this country from those prevalent in Russia, and considered as the genuine characteristics of a man of Turghenieff's truly excellent disposition and noble aspirations, they amply confirm Pascal's thesis that morality—and the great novelist was from a Russian point of view a highly moral man—changes its aspects with the climates in which it is cultivated. This fact has never been acknowledged fully and frankly enough by those who sit in judgment on foreign men of note, and are wont to look upon Mrs. Grundy's maxims as the only standpoint whence everything and every one should be judged without appeal. Does the weeping willow violate a law of nature in growing downward or Australian cherries in wearing their stones on the outside? Was Epictetus depraved because he made no attempt to realize certain of the ideals put forward in the Sermon on the Mount, or Julian the Philosopher immoral, because in the absence of the sun and moon he shaped his course by the light of the stars?

Whatever the causes of this unveracity—and they are numerous and complicated—it has struck deep roots in the Russian character, and it would need the Herculean labors of many generations of earnest men to eradicate it. If a prophet, as in olden times, were to rise up among the people, and show them whither this was leading them; were he furthermore fortunate enough to inspire them with a sincere desire of mending their ways, they are and would necessarily remain powerless to carry out their wish as long as those who govern them pursue a policy which is avowedly dependent for success on the crassest ignorance of the masses and the absence, in their intellectual outfit, of a rudimentary sense of duty. As the Russian satirist Schtschedrin said: "It has been ordained on high, by the powers that be, that if a man is uneducated he is bound to work with his hands; and if a man is educated, his duty is to take pleasant walks and to eat. Otherwise there would be a revolution."* No man, whatever his calling, whatever his religious, political, or social convictions, can at present live and prosper in Russia without constantly paying a heavy tribute to

* Cf. *Historical Messenger*, February, 1889, and *Novoye Vremya*, 12th March, 1889.

* *A Modern Idyll*, p. 28.

the father of falsehood, the patron of the Empire. Take a journalist, for instance. He lives, moves, and has his being in an atmosphere of hypocrisy and deceit which would prove quickly fatal to the toughest moral nature of the west. Ibsen's Hovstad and Billing of the *People's Messenger* are models of fidelity to principles, positive angels of integrity, in comparison with the average editor of a Russian journal, and this, though the latter does not cease to retain and develop those other moral qualities which favorably distinguish him from the majority of his countrymen. Suppose this Russian journalist publishes an article with the Censor's *imprimatur*. If it possesses any real merit, it is almost certain to be denounced by a zealous official, a mischievous busybody, or an envious rival, who writes to some one in authority, attributing a hidden meaning to it. The Minister at once calls the Censor-General to account, who in his turn summons and censures his subordinates. The official who signed the *imprimatur* is dismissed or severely reprimanded, and the writer of the obnoxious article is sent for and treated more like a dog than a human being. He gladly draws up a document, solemnly assuring the authorities that not one of the obvious meanings of the passages objected to was his, and that nothing was further from his intention than to insinuate that anything in the administration needed improvement. The next day he publishes an article embodying his recantation and branding the principles laid down in the obnoxious paper as infamous. And a month afterward he returns to his old sins of suggestion, insinuation, and writing between the lines, which may possibly again pass unnoticed for an indefinite period. The unfortunate journalist is compelled daily, nay hourly, to sell his soul that his body may not perish—if, indeed, that be the summing up of his life's purpose—or that he may do some little good to his fellow-men, if, as one may charitably hope, that is his object in doing and suffering. Under such circumstances political and religious apostasy is of every-day occurrence; nor does it take moral rank among crimes or sins; it is a result of the law of political gravitation, to which all Russians are subject alike, everything drawing the journalist to the side of power; life, on the other side, being only for the extinct race of heroes

and martyrs, or for those vain creatures who deem the doubtful good which their words can effect cheap at the price of daily hypocrisy. One is naturally astonished at the Escobar-like immorality of Diderot, who, with perfect coolness and composure, swore that he had no hand in the composition of the *Letters to the Blind*, of which he was the sole author. This, however, was an exceptional occurrence in that philosopher's life, and an oath, it should be remembered, was no more to him than a simple affirmation. But in Russia there are journalists who insert theological sermons unabridged in their newspapers, and profess firm belief in the truths they contain, and yet regard such hateful prevarications and never-ending tissues of lies as part of their daily work which they ask God to bless and their fellow-citizens to admire.

Journalists, however, are not alone. There is scarcely a human being in all Russia who has it in his power to consistently shape his living and working in accordance with the elementary principles of morality. A hero, no doubt, could accomplish it; a John the Baptist, a Fabricius, a Regulus; but heroes are uncommonly scarce in the empire of the Czars, where autocracy, like a scythe, has been for ages occupied in cutting down every head that presumed to raise itself above the low level of the common herd. The average man makes no effort to be consistent. The conception of the unity of human life is unknown there, existence being but an amalgam of fragments, heterogeneous, accidental, mutually inimical, the ever-varying combination of which determines the man's character at a given moment. Thus there are nominal members of the Orthodox Russian Church who have no more faith in the truth of its doctrines or the efficacy of its sacraments than in the stoicism of Epictetus or the teaching of Lao tse: some, because they have lost faith in the supernatural; others, because they are at heart Jews, Catholics, Lutherans, Dissenters. Yet they are one and all compelled to stretch their consciences on the Procrustean bed of orthodoxy, and, what is stranger still, most of them comply with but the ghost of a struggle. Many of them receive the sacraments of confession and communion from the Orthodox popes, thus committing an act of sacrilege—one of the most heinous

nous sins in the long catalogue of religious crimes, which it is their constant endeavor to avoid. Jews, for instance, are positively driven in thousands "into the true fold" by measures which Julian would have scorned to employ, and which even the popes who maintained most zealously Holy Cross Day in Rome, would have been ashamed to countenance. They have to blacken their souls with falsehood, bowing down and worshipping strange gods in whom they believe not. I am personally acquainted with several young men, once honest Jews and now spurious Christians, whose sentiments toward their adopted Church resemble those which a young healthy man might be supposed to entertain toward the corpse strapped on his back for the remainder of his life. Even Rabbi Ben Ezra's "Song of Death" is too feeble to adequately express the boundless hate and unutterable loathing which they feel for their new spiritual and old political guides. It is thus no uncommon thing for a man's life to be turned into one continued abominable lie; it is, on the other hand, extremely uncommon for any one to think a bit the worse of him on that account; whether the proximate cause of this profanation be dire necessity or mere avarice. When a forest is being hewn down, says a Russian proverb, the chips fly about in abundance; nor does any one stop to inquire from which of the trees they are falling.

Since M. Pobedonostseff has taken up the reins of Church government in Russia, unrecognized talents, slighted merits, deserved misfortune, all are wont to seek, and generally to find, in religion, not a spiritual consolation for the rebuffs of mankind, but a vulgar stepping-stone to advancement. I have known the editor of a newspaper, which was about to disappear for want of subscribers, to fall back upon religion as a last resource. Nor was his faith belied by the results. He had tried that other salable commodity, loyalty; but there was quite enough of it to be had for the asking, and when he requested a subsidy from the Minister on the ground that he was zealous and indefatigable in defending the good and bad measures of the Government, the late Count Tolstoy significantly dared him to do otherwise. He then returned unabashed to his native city, took to attending divine service every morning, taking up an ostentatious posi-

tion before two rich and bigoted merchants, beating the ground with his forehead, injuring his knees with genuflexions, watering his handkerchief with tears, and in various other ways behaving like a penitent of the early churches. He published, *verbatim*, the sermons of all Church dignitaries in the diocese; bared his head before the ecclesiastical buildings; and was before long caressed by the bishops, and received large subsidies from the merchants who had witnessed his devotions. His paper is now flourishing and his financial condition highly satisfactory.*

Another gentleman, with whom I am also personally acquainted, who is well known to certain special circles outside Russia, had to abandon his religion in order to qualify for a position which his education and peculiar studies admirably fitted him to fill. He joined the Lutheran Church and received the post. Soon afterward he became a Roman Catholic in order to qualify for another situation, which he also obtained, holding it simultaneously with the first and unhesitatingly avowing his sordid motives. He had not yet, however, discovered the *truth*; he was only drawing near to it by easy stages. He at last embraced the doctrines of the Orthodoxy to qualify for another position; and here his religious Odyssey came to an end; for out of the Orthodox Russian Church as out of the Orthodox Hell there is no redemption. No man or woman who has once belonged to it can ever again leave it. This gentleman, known by name probably to many readers of this paper, boasts an excellent education and considerable special acquirements, which it is perhaps superfluous to say lie outside the sphere of ethics; and,

* This paper was already finished when another striking instance of the practical uses of "religion" in Russia under the present emperor was announced in the *Russian Government Messenger*—the appointment of M. Tertius Philippoff to the high post of Controller-General, in spite of the strenuous opposition of M. Pobedonostseff, the other great light of the Russian Church. For M. Philippoff is known chiefly as a theologian, an indomitable champion of Russian Orthodoxy, and as such was appointed to the honorary post of Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Molière might have profitably cultivated the acquaintance of this gentleman before he wrote *Tartuffe*, and Dickens would have been delighted to know him when drawing the portrait of the "sleek, smiling surveyor of Salisbury."

what will seem strangest of all to an Englishman, he is highly respected. It would be interesting to learn such a man's view of truth; but whether he deems it absolute or relative, he would no doubt heartily agree with Lessing that it is far more profitable to pass one's life in seeking for it and groping after it than to discover it off-hand.

Thus religious belief, which might become in the Empire of the North what it has occasionally been in other countries—a germ of true progress, an unfailing source of inspiration, a temporary substitute for that positive knowledge which is the basis of all true morality—is deliberately transformed in Russia into an efficient instrument of demoralization. Genuine faith, as distinguished from blind superstition, is rare; yet, whenever and wherever manifested, it is ruthlessly crushed unless it assumes the form of belief in the talismanic power of hollow forms and unintelligible ceremonies. The dragoonades in which Louis XIV. gave vent to his Christian zeal are occasionally rehearsed in Russia with variations suited to the country and the time, as M. Makoff, the late Minister of the Interior, could testify. But they are enacted in silence and in grim earnest. The outer world, like the spectators in a theatre, rarely learns anything but the final results, set forth in short, dry paragraphs, or in flowery official reports suggestive of Bertrand Barère's masterpieces of state rhetoric. "So and so many Catholics of the United Russian Church have humbly petitioned the Most Holy Synod to receive them into the true fold of the Orthodox Communion, and their prayers have been most graciously accorded;" such is the pithy account that usually finds its way into the newspapers; but thereby always hangs a tale, and invariably a woful one, strongly suggestive of that appalling story of unparalleled barbarity which was euphemistically wrapped up in the decent historical formula, "Order is restored in Warsaw." I have had occasion to observe somewhat closely the machinery employed in bringing about these conversions, and I can truly say that the details are sickening. If conversion to the Russian Church meant the beginning of a veritable millennium, even for such a boon the price exacted would seem exorbitant. A whole parish or an entire village retires to rest Catholic, and awakes

at cock-crow to learn that it has denied its religious faith, and is severely punished for taking the well-beaten road to the Catholic church instead of the unfrequented path to the Orthodox chapel. Agents had persuaded the peasants to sign a paper described as an address of congratulation to his Majesty or some member of the Imperial family, but which was really a petition asking for admittance into the "true fold." At other times a Roman priest secretly secedes to the Orthodox Communion, and transfers the allegiance of his flock, who have not the faintest inkling of his intentions, a procedure the more feasible that the ceremonies and liturgy of the United Catholic Church are identical with those of the Orthodox Church of Russia. When the trick is discovered there is no remedy. Many of the peasants prove refractory and are deported to Siberia or to the coast of the White Sea. The remainder are awed but not convinced, and gradually take to a life of hypocrisy, openly worship in the Orthodox Church, privately receive the Sacrament in Roman Catholic places of worship, or in holes and corners visited by priests of that communion; marry secretly according to their old customs, and consent to have their wives publicly treated as concubines and their children handicapped as bastards.*

In no other country of the world—except perhaps in the Paraguay of Dr. Francia—are the functions of the legislator so entirely merged in those of the moralist. Nowhere else could the standard of right living be so rapidly and so considerably raised, or the whole social state so readily remoulded by the law-maker as in Russia; and yet in no other country is he so reluctant to make any better use of the sublime office which he exercises than that of prostituting it to the most ignoble ends. The result of this gross neglect of duty upon the masses is not a mere matter of opinion; it is writ large and legible in the history of the country in the character of the people, whose thoughtless, shiftless,

* Such marriages are perfectly valid in Russian law, though of course unlawful. The punishment decreed against those who contract them is sufficiently severe to outweigh all ordinary considerations, and it is at least intelligible that simple peasants should expose their offspring to the painful treatment which the Russian law reserves for illegitimate children rather than be separated from them for ever and sent into life-long exile.

trusting nature has been rendered utterly unfit for an encounter with a strong blast of bitter experience; their *morale* being as morbid and unequipped for the trials, temptations, and ordinary duties of everyday life as their over-sensitive bodies—made delicate and effeminate by the artificial heat of rooms—are for the fresh breezes of spring. A Russian has no latent power of reaction stored up within him to enable him to recover from the moral shocks and blows which await him at every step in life; and so crude and undeveloped is his sense of the relation of things to one another that it seems to have been given him for some other world than ours. His lying and all the other immoral habits of which it is the taproot, are unaccompanied by even the most rudimentary consciousness of guilt; for he suffers from complete anæsthesia of that moral faculty by which in other people these habits are prevented or condemned. The following incident may help to illustrate my meaning and to throw a side-light on the peasant's views on the relations of things to each other, and his idea of veracity. In the Government of Kieff some time ago the inhabitants of thirty-six villages, after due deliberation, decided that no public-houses for the sale of alcoholic drinks should be opened in any of the villages whose representatives took part in the deliberation. All peasants who were of age voted for the measure, and each village feed a public writer to draw up a petition to the Government asking that the decision be registered and sanctioned. Thirty-five petitions were rejected by the Ministry, and the *kabaks* duly opened in the villages, the thirty-sixth was favorably received, and the publicans excluded. The reason assigned for the success of the thirty-sixth petition was the eloquence and force with which the public writer put the case; and on learning this, the inhabitants of the fortunate village, disappointed that their *kabaks* were closed, though at their own request, condemned the writer of the petition for excess of zeal and superfluous eloquence to be flogged. And he was duly flogged.*

It is only fair to say that the acts of the authorities have not at all times that tendency to demoralize which is their usual

characteristic; they are occasionally even salutary, and one would be glad to give the government credit for those motives which are at once the most obvious and most honorable, were it not that the real reasons, which no effort is made to conceal, are wholly foreign to considerations of morality. Russian newspapers, with a few exceptions, seem to make a speciality of lying, and apparently thrive upon it. Of course the inventive or mythopæic faculty of the pressmen is almost exclusively employed upon the affairs of foreign countries; for, like Hovstad, of the *People's Messenger*, they "have learned from experienced and thoughtful men that in purely local matters a paper must observe a certain amount of caution." An unsuspecting foreigner is thus sometimes puzzled to discover how a provincial newspaper with fifteen hundred or only a thousand readers can keep special correspondents in all the large cities of the world, and pay for whole columns of costly telegrams. The secret was officially disclosed a few weeks since, when the Government ordered all the editors of the city of Odessa to cease publishing foreign telegrams "from our own correspondents," without first proving to the satisfaction of the local censors that they were *bonâ fide* telegrams and not paragraphs fabricated at the office. The result was immediate and striking: silence fell upon the special correspondents—as deathlike and prolonged as that with which the Delphic oracle was struck after the birth of Christ. One's satisfaction at this laudable intervention of the Government is considerably diminished by the circumstance that it was determined upon on purely political grounds, several forged "foreign" telegrams being gross calumnies upon foreign governments, whose representatives were instructed to protest.

Wholesale lying of this kind would presumably cause a bloody revolution in this enlightened country, judging by the terrible shock which public opinion sustained here some time ago on learning that Mr. Parnell endeavored by an exaggeration in terms to deliberately mislead the House of Commons. What would be said, or rather done, by such virtuous public opinion, were the elaborate defence of lying lately published in all seriousness by the editor of an official journal, to have appeared in London instead of St. Peters-

* *Kievskoe Slovo*, July 16, 1887, and *Odessa Messenger*, July 18, 1887.

burg? In a leading article upon the death of the late Crown Prince of Austria, written before the melancholy circumstances of his death were fully known, the *Graschdanin* bitterly lamented the decay of lying in a strain worthy of a Jeremiah bewailing his country's fate. "If he really put an end to his life," says this moralist, whom the Government subsidizes to spread the light, "is it possible that there was not a single individual sufficiently alive to the interests of the family, the dynasty, and the throne, to insist upon the concealment of the fact of suicide and to hush up the details of it, leaving no trace discoverable? What would be easier than to conceal the suicide, if it really took place! 'He was toying with a revolver,' one might say, 'when it caught the button of his uniform,' or a number of other very natural and likely statements might have been put forward, and there is no doubt that people would have believed them much more readily than the story of suicide." * On the other hand, that same journal and others of its way of thinking, or rather writing, are at a loss for words emphatic enough to adequately express their indignation whenever this convenient principle is acted upon by others in a manner injurious or displeasing to themselves. Thus in the *Novoye Vremya*, the Russian telegraphic agency is plumply accused of systematically communicating to the inhabitants of Omsk false statements concerning the prices of the shares of various banks, now immoderately exaggerating, now lowering their real value on the exchange. Thus, on the 18th of September last year, the shares of the Volga-Kam Bank were quoted by that news agency at 500 roubles, whereas in reality they stood at 645 roubles, a difference of about £15 sterling per share; the shares of the Siberian Bank were given at 645 roubles, whereas they were only 460 roubles, that is, about £19 difference on each share. "Such garbled figures," exclaims the writer, "are systematically repeated every day. Fancy the predicament of those who purchase shares of the above-named companies on the basis of the telegrams of this agency!" † These things, it should

be borne in mind, are confined to no one portion of Russia, to no particular class or classes of the population; they are universal, pan Russian, inborn in every individual like a species of original sin inherited from forgotten ancestors and deliberately perpetuated by present sponsors. If moral blame attaches to any one, it can only be to the Government and the Church in the past and to the press of very recent years. The masses are wholly blameless. To them lying has ever been as natural as singing. It is as old and as respectable as the universe. "Lying began with the world," says one of their proverbs, "and with the world it will die." What force of expression, lucidity, eloquence is to our speech, lying is to theirs. "Rye beautifies the field," says another Russian proverb, "and a lie beautifies speech." And again, "A palatable lie is better than a bitter truth." But even had mendacity been foreign to their nature, the practical experience of a generation or two of veracious men acquired under the Government and in the Church of any of the past nine centuries of Russian history would have amply sufficed to teach this docile people that unblushing falsehood is the only coin that passes current in their native country. The accuracy of this statement is vouched for by history; it is confirmed by the evidence of the people themselves embodied in their countless proverbs, which constitute nearly three-fourths of the spoken language of the uneducated. "Do not mourn for truth: make terms with falsehood." Or, "It is by falsehood that men live: it is not meet that we should die." Not only have they everything to gain by deceiving and cheating their fellow-men and those unprincipled slavemasters whom they looked upon as maleficent deities, but they have no penalty to undergo in the shape of remorse here or hell fire hereafter. If detection is not followed by physical punishment, there is no cause for apprehension. "Lying," according to another proverb, "is not like chewing dough: it won't choke you." It is not that they do not honor and revere truth

pose to discuss the truth or falsehood of these accusations of deliberate lying. They may be cases of inadvertent errors. A Russian proverb truly says, "We cannot creep into another's soul" to learn his intentions. Cf., however, *Graschdanin*, 8th August, 1889, and *Novoye Vremya*, 3d August, 1889.

* *Graschdanin*, February, 1889. Cf. also *Novosti*, 19th February, 1889.

† *Novoye Vremya*, 6th November, 1888. This is one of numerous such accusations against the same agency. It is not my wish or pur-

for itself, whenever they hear of it; but they look upon it as a sort of *Noumenon* far too precious for this sinful phenomenal world of ours—a holiday garment for the soul to be worn in the Elysian fields prepared for them by an indulgent Creator after they have thoroughly cleansed themselves in the bath of death. "Truth is sacred," says a Russian proverb, "but we mortals are sinful." Or in a variant which is also explanatory, "Sacred truth is good, but not for mortals." What it is good for is made clear in another proverb, "Truth is not good for being put in action: it should be put in an *icon*-glass case and prayed to."

One of the disadvantages inseparable from an attempt to prove a comprehensive thesis by a series of particular instances is the danger of the conclusion being held to be a wholly unwarranted or a greatly exaggerated generalization. As a matter of fact, it has been my earnest endeavor to state the case as moderately as is compatible with a due regard for incontrovertible facts; and English travellers in Russia who may still feel inclined to make exceptions from the general rule in favor of such apparently trustworthy sources of information as government institutions, ministries, statistical bureaux, and the like, would do well to act only on good cause shown, taking with them the prudence of the serpent and leaving at the frontier the simplicity of doves. A few months ago a case illustrative of the necessity for this precaution was published in the Russian newspapers, not as a matter of wonder, but merely as an ordinary stop-gap to fill in the fragment of a column. The occasion was the reading before the Governor of Baku of the official report of the Statistical Department of Baku on crime in that district during the year 1888. It was then solemnly affirmed, with all the *aplomb* which objective science and professional assiduity can inspire, that there were but three cases of highway robbery and two murders during twelve months—a remarkably clean bill of moral health for such a district. Now the subject of the report was very simple, one would imagine. Apparently no one would ever dream of deliberately lying in the presence of the governor of the very district of which it was question, surrounded as he was by officials provided with excellent means of testing every statement. And least of all would one

suspect a statistical department of being foolish enough to attempt such a thing, seeing that its only *raison d'être* is the issue of trustworthy reports calculated to inspire confidence. What actually happened is this: the governmental attorney (procuror), who was attentively listening to the report, quietly remarked that to his personal knowledge, which may have been incomplete, there had been not tens but hundreds of murders and robberies committed in that district during the year 1888.* The statistics of education are rich in equally eloquent illustrations of the same inborn aversion of the Russian, even though educated and trained to better things, to

"let truth's lump rot stagnant for the lack
Of a timely helpful lie to leaven it."

Thus, among the schools which figured in the official list of educational establishments of the government of Kherson during the past twelve years, is has now been disclosed that *two hundred and seventeen* (217) are mere figments of the brain of some unduly zealous official, they never having had an objective existence.† How many such paper schools there are in other governments of Russia, no man knows.‡

Certain persons with broad views on the doctrine of compromise and accommodating readiness to subordinate ethics to the practical exigencies of daily life may perhaps be tempted to explain all these symptoms as merely the result of a passing moral aberration such as we observe in one form or another in most nations and epochs, rather than as indications of a specific difference of moral code. To these large-minded moralists a convincing reply within the limits of a review article would be impossible. I would ask them, however, to give careful attention to the following fact and to draw a mental picture of the state of society in which alone such a state of things is possible. A well-known journalist of Odessa (Dulsky by name), who himself some time since occupied an editor's arm chair in the office of the *Odessky Listok*, published a very

* *Graschdanin*, April 16, 1889.

† *Novoye Vremya*, August 31, 1888.

‡ These and a hundred similar instances should be carefully borne in mind by travellers like Mr. Landsdell and others whose faith in Russian official statements is Tertullian-like in its ravenous appetite for the wildest and most indigestible assertions.

curious letter some months ago in which he laughs to scorn the editor of another journal (*The New Russian Telegraph*) whom he had been deliberately and systematically deceiving for several years. "As I had complete control of the depot for intelligence of all kinds," this high priest of modern journalism frankly writes, "in the government of Bessarabia, most of the items of news published in the *New Telegraph* were forged in my lodgings and at my dictation." Yet this gentleman is still an active member of the staff of the most widely circulated daily newspaper in all South Russia, and is highly respected—as respect goes in those parts—in the social circles in which he moves. Nor is this indulgent treatment the result of repentance and a firm resolve to amend in future; for not only does this prophet and guide publicly avow acts which in western

climes would be branded as infamous by the least pharisaical of journalists, but he positively glories in them as if he could possess no better titles to public esteem. Nay, he does not hesitate to humbly implore the assistance of God to enable him to lie and mislead with as much success in the future as in the past. "So matters have gone on," he writes, "for the space of four or five years, and I shall not hide from you that with God's help I shall continue this harmless occupation until I grow tired of it." *

[This paper is the beginning of a series of similar studies on Russian Characteristics and Civilization, the authors of which are desirous, for reasons which will be apparent to the least attentive reader, of merging their signatures in that of the first.—EDITOR.] —*Fortnightly Review*.

CLOUDS.

THE atmospheric vicissitudes of this showery summer have often recalled to our mind a name never to be remembered without gratitude by the lover of Nature,—that of John Ruskin. It was by a passage in his first work that many an eye, suddenly opened to the scenery of the sky, was taught to linger with delight in regions previously visited merely by some hasty glance, given with no higher object than the desire to escape a wetting. What do we not owe to the man who has taught us to look at the clouds! To have enriched our walls with a noble picture would less have enlarged our wealth of accessible beauty. The Claude or the Turner shows a single aspect of Nature; but the pictures we may watch from our window, as we read or write, are not mere pictures; they symbolize in their silent beauty all that is most dramatic in the changes of human life. See that battlefield for the armies of the glory and the gloom: no campaign was ever fuller of unexpected turns of good or evil fortune. The page grows dark; we look up and see preparations for a storm; the dark squadrons are hurrying up into the sky; the blue shrinks, vanishes; the gathering contingents have formed a compact army; the sky is a single cloud. Then suddenly some potent ally seems to have

reinforced the powers of light; we see glimpses of sky beyond the clouds, and soon rich, heaped masses spread their glittering domes against the unveiled azure, while far behind them, pale flakes of stratified vapor reveal another stage of aerial distance. Nothing is seen of the dark army but broken fragments, and these fugitives seem forced against their will to mirror the splendors of their foe. Turn again to the interrupted employment, finish the page, close the letter, and all is changed once more. The flying squadrons have rallied, have combined; we watch the darkening landscape instead of the closely covered sky, till the concentrated masses choose their ground, and we see an advancing shadow, blurring half the landscape, and touching with delicate pencil every hedgerow, only to blot it out the next minute in the volleying rain that soon shuts us in, and releases us from the importunate drama of the heavens for our interrupted employment. These fitful visitants are forever baffling our anticipations, and though their movements always suggest those of an army, no army has fortunes sufficiently various for their changes. They seem to represent in their

* Cf. *Northern Messenger* (monthly review), February, 1889, pp. 67, 68.

shadow world the unexpected moods to which it is due that—

"not the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

Every change of mood, from monotonous gloom, through gentle melancholy, to joyous brightness, seems expressed more definitely in their varied influence than by any words.

The clouds in another respect mirror the influences of human companionship,—they go with us everywhere; we do not quit them as we turn to realms given up, except for their bright presence, to hopeless ugliness. As we pace dreary, monotonous streets, or squalid alleys, we may lift our eyes to their pearly shadows and amber lights, and follow their invitation into the far above and the far beyond which they express and suggest. They do not call us away from earth,—in the crowded haunts of men, indeed, all they can do is to invite us to soar above what is unlovely—but give them only space to work on, and they turn a mere stretch of tillage or pasture into a succession of pictures. The gleam which they pursue seems to bring Art into Nature, for it invests the commonplace with that expression of sympathy which is of the very soul of Art. "There, there," the hurrying sunbeam calls to us; "look at these despised meadows, these uninteresting middle aged trees, that new, dull farm, that every-day haystack; look at everything you quit in order to hunt the picturesque in Switzerland or Italy, and see, for a moment, its beauty and charm." Banish these limiting shadows, let the sunbeams have it all their own way, and you need an artist to show you all that you were forced to see when sudden, transient brightness touched this and that point in the landscape, and by the mere magic of selection banished the commonplace from Nature. An empty sky is almost as unpicturesque as one completely covered; before we can see a picture, some influence must make a selection for us, and no merely natural scene so much seems to copy—or might we not rather say, to suggest!—the sympathetic touch of an artist, as the fitful, evanescent glimpses of landscape shut in by the shadows of the clouds. The traveller to Southern lands knows best the charm only he can lose; he learns to loathe the monotony of blue above, of dazzle everywhere; but now and then, even in

our watery England, a few weeks of summer approach the lesson of the tropics. "Another blue-sky day," the artist sighs as he opens his eyes on the fine-weather horizon so dear to children, and feels his powers wane apart from the inspiration of Nature's fitful suggestions and varying moods. None of those moods can be recorded without creating a picture; never can a picture charm the eye of an artist without some such record. Careful portraiture of an Alpine valley gives less pleasure than hasty suggestion of a suburban common, if the first lack all impression of a passing gleam or gloom, and the second mark its influence. Where the pencil has failed to fix some record of what is transient, there the characteristic charm of Art is lacking.

We see this charm of the transient most commonly in pictures of twilight. Such a one hangs before our eyes as we write, painted a hundred years ago by Wright of Derby for a friend. Nothing, probably, would be less picturesque than the scene, if you were to look at it under a noonday sun. A steep hill shuts in the spectator so closely that the bushes at the top are clearly seen; an eight-roomed house, in sufficiently good repair to be taken for one's summer lodgings, stands at its foot,—that is all; not a single picturesque object to be seen. Uniform dark-brown below meets uniform pale-gray above; nothing of the exceptional is present in earth or sky. Yet the picture breathes the very spirit of all that gives a picture charm. It expresses that vague feeling of satisfaction and repose in the coming darkness that Wordsworth has given in more than one of his sonnets, and which the poetic Scotch tongue gathers up in a single word,—it paints the "gloaming." We have not yet the twilight commemorated in the poet's stately verse, twilight "studious to destroy Day's mutable distinctions;" we look into the lingering clearness that just precedes that obliteration, when the advancing darkness has washed out color, while it still spares form,—an interval dear to the heart of the artist and the poet, although many persons pass their lives without feeling more about it than that it is time for the candles to come in. The painter, with the temperance of true art, trusts to the faithful expression of a fleeting phase of every day's decline, and gives us nothing that we might not see for our-

selves every twenty-four hours, if we had eyes to look for it. One passes the picture, for the hundredth time, with a sort of fresh surprise to see that the twilight holds out—that we can still so easily make out those clothes hanging out to dry, when manifestly in a few minutes one will have difficulty in picking one's way along the muddy road. The impression of a moment is all there is, but it is all we want.

The evening of the year is a subject no less dear to artists than the evening of the day, and although the russet and orange of autumn may seem enough to justify their choice, yet in truth those glowing hues would lose half their charm if they were permanent. "October's workmanship to rival May" touches us all as with a sense of music,—we feel, as it were, the dominant chord, seeking its resolution. Perhaps, indeed, the wonderful power of music has this among other elements of its mystic charm,—that it addresses itself to the time-sense in us, that the voice which in twilight and autumn whispers softly, "Passing away," here attains its full scope, and breathes a meaning from the suggestion of which all other art takes its purest charm. At any rate, what may be called the musical element in Nature and in Art is inseparable from the sense of Time. Trite words touch the spring of tears if they do but bring the far near; and a vivid *then* makes poetry, as a vivid *there* makes a picture,—indeed, we cannot have the one without the other.

The poetic affinities of the mere thought of Time must have been brought home to our readers of late by the various specimens of inscriptions on sun-dials contained in these columns, and the discovery how little is needed to make such an inscription poetic. Take one of the last given us by a correspondent:—

"L'ombre passe et repasse,
Et sans repasser l'homme passe."

There we have a mere truism, and there we have poetry. The writer of our most graceful *vers de société*—Mr. Austin Dobson—has rendered the same thought in some poetic lines, the point of which is given in these two,—

"Time flies, we say—ah no!
Alas! Time stays; we go!"

—and probably we could fill many pages with citations which told no more than this, and yet should be felt to say much.

The tranquil rhythm of this fair Nature, the hurrying throb of the human interests it measures, there is the eternal poem of human life. It is already familiar in Homer; it is not stale after the two and a half millenniums by which we are divided from him; and when an equal space divides our descendants from us, it will, we believe, keep all its freshness. For it depends on principles deeply rooted in the permanent part of our nature, and which no advance of civilization can render obsolete.

How shall we explain this mystic alliance between the sense of Time and all that is most catholic in Poetry and Art? It results, we believe, from man's craving for the Eternal. Our nature discovers everywhere the throb of rhythmic vibration that demands opposites, and whichever element of the contrast be suppressed, that which is left loses half its meaning. When the Everlasting loses its awfulness, then the fleeting will lose its pathos. "The clouds that gather round the setting sun" will cease to take their coloring from an eye "that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality." The thought of man's mortality, when it is dissociated from that of his immortality, will become a fact of science, and lose all connection with the ideas of poetry. The transient lights that flit across the landscape will lose the symbolism by which they associate themselves with fleeting dreams; for if *everything* be transient, it is all one as though nothing were so. But what are we imagining? Our theme recalls us to the world of reality. These vapors veil and hide the orb to which they owe their existence; but without them his powers would lack half their manifestation; his effulgence is manifested to our eyes mainly through their splendor. The hidden sun glows in the visible cloud, and in the daily drama of the sunset and the dawn, the changeless and the changing meet in an embrace as old as Time itself,—an embrace recorded in the first legends of our race, and hymned in the songs that our Aryan ancestors knew before they left their Asiatic home. We and they look on the same sun, and no one looks twice on the same cloud; yet, as we gaze upward and around, it were impossible to separate the influence of either. So inseparable, we believe, is the influence of the Eternal, from the play of art, the melody of words and of music.

They wither in its eclipse, and our hope for its re-emergence, if it could need such secondary reinforcement, would be adequately supported by their indirect testi-

mony to truths which they can never establish, which they always ignore, and which at times they may appear to deny. —*Spectator*.

IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.

BY W. S. LILLY.

Temperley. I am very glad you have looked in upon me this morning, Grimston. I am expecting our friend Luxmore, whom I have asked to come and assist me in a somewhat difficult matter. But your aid, too, will be welcome. Ah, here he is!

Luxmore. Yes, here he is; delighted, as always, to be of use to you, Temperley, if he can. A pile of letters, I see. Something for Grimston and me to advise upon!

Temperley. Well, I did not expect Grimston, but I am glad he has come. I shall ask him to take the part of Devil's Advocate in our conversation. It is a part not unfamiliar to him, nor, if I may say so, altogether distasteful.

Grimston. Thanks. It is always a rule of mine to interpret in a complimentary sense anything that admits of it. Yes, I flatter myself that I am one

of those honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due.

I accept the brief; and, whatever the matter at issue may be, I do not doubt of being able to make out a good case for his Satanic Majesty.

Temperley. Well, the matter is this. Last year, while I was travelling in India, I made the acquaintance of a singularly interesting Hindu gentleman, who has ever since kept up a somewhat brisk correspondence with me. These papers are letters from him, with memoranda, and in some cases, drafts of my answers. He is a man of good family, of considerable fortune, and very highly educated. English is as familiar to him as his own vernacular Tamil. He is an excellent Sanscrit scholar, reads Greek and Latin easily, knows German fairly, and French very well.

Luxmore. Your correspondence with him seems to have been somewhat voluminous, to judge from this pile.

Temperley. Yes. My friend Dorasaw-

my is in search of a religion, and thinks that I can, perhaps, help him. Certainly I can enter into his difficulties and sympathize with them. But to point to "the path of release" is another matter.

Grimston. Why does he not betake himself to one or other of the noble army of missionaries kept up, at such vast expense, to attend continually upon this very thing.

Temperley. He has done that, but to small purpose. He wrote to me a few weeks ago, "The arguments with which these reverend gentlemen attack the religions of India may, for the most part, be directed as effectively against their own; while with the objections current in Europe against Christianity they seem ill acquainted."

Grimston. I can understand that. The reverend gentlemen usually know as little of what they seek to convert the Oriental from, as of what they seek to convert him to. And I suppose that the conversion of a really educated native of India is almost as rare as the conversion of a Jew. By the way, a friend of mine, who has gone into the figures carefully, told me the other day that the average cost of a Hebrew proselyte, during the last ten years, is 1,001*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.*

Luxmore. It is impossible—at least, so I find it—not to sympathize with the good-will, the generosity, the self-denial of those who keep up the great missionary societies of this country. It is equally impossible to deny that those societies are ghastly failures.

Temperley. I saw, the other day, an advertisement which tickled me amazingly. It was on this wise: "Help! help! help! 923,350,000 of heathen waiting to be converted. Pray assist the Little Peddlington Missionary College to send out one more evangelist."

Grimston. Good, very good. One would be inclined to say "an enemy hath

done this," if one did not know how lacking in a sense of the absurd these good people generally are. And what an evangelist when you get him!

Luxmore. Well, well: up to their lights these Exeter Hall missionaries are good men.

Grimston. Good gighmen: veritable apostles of gighmanity. But that "one more evangelist" is really very funny. At the last census in France, if the official figures are to be trusted, out of a population of thirty-seven millions, some eight millions returned themselves as being "of no religious belief." The enemy is coming in like a flood at one gate; at the other, Little Peddlington sends forth "one more evangelist."

Temperley. Certainly, Christianity does not seem to be making up in the East for its losses in the West. The latest returns which I have seen—I take them from the *Imperial Gazetteer of India*—give the total number of Christians in India at a little under a million and a half, of whom 325,000 are described as "Protestants, baptized and unbaptized."

Luxmore. What is meant by an unbaptized Protestant Christian?

Grimston. O sweet simplicity! An unbaptized Protestant Christian is a gentleman who follows the not very laborious vocation of religious inquirer. He often makes a good thing of it. But go on with your statistics, Temperley.

Temperley. I was going to add that to these 325,000 baptized and unbaptized Protestants, about 700 clergymen and some 4,000 "other agents" minister, at an annual cost set down at 300,000*l.* odd. The expense is, however, a great deal more, unquestionably, for these figures do not profess to include all special funds, or funds subscribed in India. But missionary finance is very puzzling; "non mendacium sed mysterium," we will charitably believe.

Grimston.

We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see.

The supporters of the missionary societies must indeed be strong in faith. It seems pretty clear, however, that the average cost of the clergymen sent out by the Church Missionary Society is 500*l.* a year, the Society considerably providing for what Voltaire calls the *besoins naturels* of

its evangelists, by liberal allowances for their wives and children.

Temperley. Well, certain it is that the married Protestant missionary, with his creature comforts about him, does not impress very vividly the Oriental mind, which regards asceticism and miraculous power as "notes" of a divine commission. The one great instance of missionary success in modern India is St. Francis Xavier, who lived like an Indian fakir, walking from place to place barefooted, his food roasted rice, which he begged as he went along, and sleeping on the ground, a stone his pillow. Miracles were profusely attributed to him—raising the dead, among other prodigies. I don't know if he himself laid claim to supernatural power.

Grimston. There is another reason, not generally appreciated, for the failure of Christian missions in India. It is that the missionaries are so unfairly handicapped by the Bible Society. Can there be a less hopeful mode of inducing the Hindu or Mohammedan to embrace Christianity, than to place in his hands the Bible "without note or comment"? He makes his own notes, and supplies his own comments, his endeavor being to read the Scripture "like any other book," as Mr. Jowett recommended us to do, in a once famous essay. The intelligent Oriental's notes and comments would very much astonish Exeter Hall.

Temperley. There is a great deal of truth in what you say. The educated Hindu naturally criticises our canonical Scriptures as unreservedly as the Christian evangelist criticises the *Qu'ran*, or the *Purānas*; and, in most cases, much more intelligently. When I was in India, a quick-witted Brahmin remarked to me, after a controversial bout with a missionary: "The gentleman takes the Bible to be the word of God, like the perspiration that stood upon the brow of Brahma, and fell, to become the Ganges." And I remember Dorasawmy calling my attention to a paper of, I think, Dr. Bain's, where mention is made of "an eminent man, a citizen of Edinburgh," who was a believer in Christianity until he became acquainted with geology, when, finding himself unable to reconcile the first chapter of Genesis with the facts of science, he applied to the whole Bible the rule *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, and straightway abandoned his religion.

Grimston. Yes : instead of removing mountains, faith is now breaking its neck among geological strata.

Luzmore. That citizen of Edinburgh was somewhat hasty, or, as the Vulgate has it, excessive : *Dixi in excessu meo.* But I suppose the religious traditions among which he had grown up in "broad Scotland, Bible-loving Scotland," were more to blame than he. In the famous Swiss Declaration of 1675, the Hebrew Scriptures are declared to be inspired in their consonants, in their vowels, and in their points—or at least in the substance of their points—in their matter and in their words ; and thus to constitute, together with the New Testament, for which, of course, an equally far-reaching claim is made, the single and uncorrupted rule of faith and life. And I suppose that such is, or at all events was, until lately, the orthodox Protestant view. Even now, five out of every six religiously-minded Englishmen whom you meet, hold Chillingworth's dictum, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, the religion of Protestants," to be the root of the matter. That in the canonical books—that is, practically, in the English version of them—there is a perfect revelation of the Divine Will, perfectly intelligible to every one who can read, so plain, to use a favorite expression, that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err" in interpreting it, is what is called, "the open Bible theory."

Temperley. It is a curious superstition. Considering how extremely miscellaneous in their character are the writings included in the canon of the Bible, how far removed from our ways of life and habits of thought, how full of difficult problems, historical, metaphysical, and philological, it is not too much to say that their exposition is one of the most arduous tasks in the world—a task for which the ordinary Englishman who so confidently undertakes it, is about as well fitted as he is for lecturing upon the Hegelian philosophy, or for settling nice points of Hindu law.

Grimston.

Hic liber est in quo querit sua dogmata quisque,

Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.

Or take a free English translation of it :

One day, at least, in every week,

The sects of every kind

Their doctrines here are sure to seek,

And just as sure to find.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. L., No. 5.

Temperley. My friend Dorasawmy writes of a certain missionary to whom I introduced him in India : "Mr. Smith is an excellent man : a truly kind-hearted ; but what a wooden head ! I was talking to him the other day about the Bible, and stated to him one or two simple objections from science and history. It was curious to see how he put forward all his dialectical skill—which, to be sure, is not vast—to tamper with the obvious meaning of the words, in order to save their historical and scientific accuracy. I did not pursue the subject. Of what good ! It would have been merely to slay the dead over again. 'Voltaire suffit,' as Renan says."

Grimston. Very interesting. And that brings us back to Dorasawmy. Your mild Hindu, who quotes Voltaire and Renan, is hardly likely to figure in the missionary reports as "a brand snatched from the burning : " Voltaire who gave the *coup de grâce* to the religion, and Renan who is writing its epitaph. But tell us more about your Hindu ; I like that extract from his letter.

Temperley. He goes on : "We then fell to talking about miracles. I said, why don't you work them ? I find them spoken of in the Gospel of St. Mark as 'the signs following,' by which the word was confirmed. But they do not follow to confirm your word. You do not speak with new tongues, unless you have learned them, like any one else. You would not, for your life, take up a cobra ; you would run away from him. And if you were to lay your hand upon the sick, do you think they would recover ? You might try. But I forgot. The *dorisani* * would not like you to touch the sick, lest the sickness should be infectious."

Grimston. The missionaries must have a lively time with Dorasawmy. But really the Little Peddlington people should send that "one more evangelist" to take a few lessons from Maskelyne and Cook. Good legerdemain would impress the Oriental much more than bad controversy.

Luzmore. My dear Grimston, spare us any more of Little Peddlington. And, Temperley, pray tell us something further of your Hindu friend's actual position in matters pertaining to religion. I suppose that, like almost all Hindus who have been brought under Western influences, he has

* Lady, i.e. the missionary's wife.

no faith in his ancestral Brahmanism. But where is he in the world of speculative thought?

Temperley. It is not easy for me, well as I know his mind, to answer that question in one word. You say very truly that the influence of Western thought, in the East, has been chiefly dissolvent. But I think we very generally overrate the amount of the influence which it has exerted upon higher minds. I take it that the respect shown by such to the deities of the Hindu Pantheon has ever been little more than conventional. They have manifested a decent regard for the rites of their hereditary religion, which are so closely bound up with social and domestic life in India. They have not felt themselves bound to protest, even against its grosser superstitions. They have exhibited toward it the indulgent toleration which Plato exhibited toward the popular myths and cults of Hellas. Were not the last words of Socrates an injunction to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius? I don't suppose his own personal faith in Æsculapius was very vivid. In India, as in Greece, philosophy has been the real spiritual teacher. Religions have been what Schopenhauer calls them, the philosophies of the vulgar.

Grimston. And now, I take it, the better educated in India are forsaking their metaphysical dreams for the truths of science, are putting aside Vyāsa and Kāpila for Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley.

Temperley. You could not make a greater mistake. The Hindu mind has extremely small leaning toward physical science. It is essentially metaphysical. In this respect there is the greatest difference between the Eastern and Western Aryans. The Positivism—I use the word in its largest sense—which has so largely influenced contemporary European thought is utterly uncongenial to the Hindu mind. I remember Alexis de Tocqueville somewhere speaks of “la dure intelligence des Américains du Nord.” No doubt there is a touch of exaggeration about the phrase. Still, it expresses just that characteristic of the Americans which leads them to salute Herbert Spencer as “the philosopher” of these days. The keen and subtle Hindu intellect, more at home in the abstract than in the concrete, in the ideal than in the real, would not account a system of speculative physics, like Herbert Spencer's, to be philosophy at all.

Luzmore. Well, then, your friend Dorasawmy is not a Positivist or a Materialist. May we call him a Theist or a Pantheist?

Temperley. Pantheist is a very vague word. Theist is not much more precise. You remember—of course you do—Goethe's marvellous verses where Faust replies to Margaret's question, “You do not believe then?” “So glaubst du nicht?” He confesses the *Deus Immanens*—“der Allumfasser, der Allhalter”—as the first of realities. But who can name Him? he asks. “Wer darf ihn nennen?” Assuredly, my friend Dorasawmy believes in that Deity: believes in Him as the Eternal Self-conscious Reason. Whether Christianity is, in any sense, and if so in what, a revelation of that Being, is the problem now chiefly occupying his mind.

Luzmore. Well, Christianity in all its forms, as we all know, claims to be a revelation of the Infinite and Eternal: not, of course, a perfect and complete revelation; but a revelation “per speculum et in enigmate.” I gather from what you have read from your Hindu friend's letters, that his difficulties about the claims of Christianity arise chiefly in connection with its miracles and its Sacred Books. It appears to me that these difficulties are not insurmountable; nay, that on careful examination they become insignificant. I can well understand, however, that the way in which they are treated by Protestant missionaries is not calculated to satisfy your friend. Miracles, for example. Relegate them to the dim antiquity of two thousand years ago, and Protestantism will perhaps tolerate them, under conditions. Instance them as matters of modern, of contemporary history, and Protestantism will explain them away, referring them to imposture, or at the best to hallucination.

Temperley. The Catholic position in this matter is certainly the more consistent. Indeed, it appears to me that Protestants involve themselves in a manifest contradiction when they admit the miraculous stories in the Old and New Testaments, and reject the precisely similar legends to be found on every page of ecclesiastical history. The Biblical miracles and the ecclesiastical miracles hang together, so to speak; and as a matter of fact the prodigies related in the *Acta*

Sanctorum are, from the point of view of historical criticism, much better established than the like occurrences in the Bible.

Luzmore. With Catholics it is of faith that miracles have never ceased. They appertain to the gift of sanctity, which is a "note" of the Church. The truth of particular miracles is a question of evidence. And I must say that in some cases which I have carefully investigated the evidence seems to me overwhelming.

Grimston. The faith that could move mountains is, apparently, not a thing of the past. But seriously, my dear fellow, do you ask Temperley and me, in these closing years of this nineteenth century, to believe in miracles?

Luzmore. My demand, for the present, shall be more modest. I will only ask you to tell me what you mean by a miracle.

Grimston. Well, I will answer with Renan, *Le miracle est l'inexpliqué*. "What a pother to make about a piece of pork!" said the conscience-stricken Hebrew, when a thunder-storm disturbed his furtive enjoyment of a ham sandwich. Such an explanation of electrical phenomena is out of date, because we now understand their laws.

Luzmore. I will reply to that presently. I see Temperley has taken down a book.

Temperley. It is a volume of Coleridge's *Literary Remains*. Ah! here is the passage:

An effect presented to the senses, without any adequate antecedent, *ejusdem generis*, is a miracle, in the philosophical sense. Thus the corporeal ponderable hand and arm, raised with no other known causative antecedent but a thought, a pure act of an immaterial, essentially invisible, imponderable will, is a miracle for a reflecting mind. Add the words *præter experientiam*, and we have a miracle in the popular, practical, and appropriated sense.

Luzmore. They are not altogether bad definitions; but Renan's is too brief, and Coleridge's is not sufficiently precise. I will give you a better one from Kant, if you will kindly tell me where I shall find his Works. I want the volume containing his *Religion innerhalb der Grenzen der blossen Vernunft*. Thanks. This is the passage:

Should it be asked, what is to be understood by the word miracle, then—since all we are concerned to know is what miracles are for us, that is, what they are for the practical use of our understanding—we might define them as events in the world with the laws of whose

efficiency we are, and must always remain, utterly unacquainted.

That such events have occurred, and do occur, seems to me absolutely certain; and when I find an intelligent man dogmatically asserting that they do not occur, I can only suppose that he has not looked into the evidence.

Temperley. Yes: it is, as you said just now, a question of evidence whether such events occur. But if they do, most certainly they are not the monopoly of any one religious system. There seems to be overwhelming evidence for some recent spiritualistic miracles; for example, that Mrs. Guppy was levitated, and that handkerchiefs from Mr. Ashman's body cured diseases.

Luzmore. Very possibly. I am quite prepared to allow that phenomena, apparently miraculous, are not the monopoly of any particular religious system. "*Talia faciunt magi, qualia nonnunquam sancti faciunt*," writes St. Augustine in his book *De Diversis Questionibus*. He adds, "*Talia quidem visibilibus esse apparent, sed et diverso fine et diverso jure fiunt*."

Temperley. But if this be so, what becomes of the value of miracles as "credentials"—that is the word, I think—of Christianity?

Luzmore. No doubt it is difficult for the modern mind so to regard them. Possibly this may be largely due to forgetfulness of the fact that they must not be taken apart from the doctrine in support of which they are appealed to. Thaumaturgy, in itself, possesses no moral value. It does not speak to the conscience. It does not touch the heart. No reasonable man would receive Mrs. Guppy as an ambadress from the Infinite and Eternal, merely because she was levitated, even if the testimony to that event should be overwhelming. Nor does the fact, if fact it be, that handkerchiefs from the body of Mr.—Mr. What-d'ye-call-him?—Ashman cured diseases, invest with authority the utterances of that gentleman concerning divine things.

Temperley. We all know M. Pasteur's declaration: "He who proclaims the existence of the Infinite—and none can evade it—asserts more of the supernatural than exists in all the miracles of all creeds."

Luzmore. I attach little weight to M. Pasteur's declarations. Even on the sub-

jects which he has made his *spécialité* they seem to me to be, largely, arrogant assumption and blatant bombast. The infinite is one thing: the supernatural is another. But, to go back—as I promised I would—to Grimston and his Jew. It is, of course, unquestionable that the sphere of the miraculous, as vulgarly conceived, is contracting every day, through our ever-extending apprehension of the principle of continuity. But why should that atheize—if I may use the word—the universe for us?

"God is law," say the wise. O soul! and let us rejoice;

For if He thunder by law, the thunder is still His voice.

"Dien n'agit que par des volontés générales," says Malebranche. But why may not a general providence be also a particular providence—that is, a miracle? His all-seeing eye discerns the end from the beginning, or rather, all to Him is an eternal Now. There is a striking passage in Amiel, well worthy of being pondered in this connection.

Le miracle est une perception de l'âme, la vision du divin derrière la nature, une crise psychique analogue à celle d'Enée lors du dernier jour d'Ilium qui fait voir les puissances célestes donnant l'impulsion aux actions humaines. Il n'y a point de miracle pour les indifférents: il n'y a que des âmes religieuses capables de reconnaître le doigt de Dieu dans certains faits.

Temperley. Well, Grimston, we have had a fine flash of silence from you. And now what do you say to Luxmore's argument?

Grimston. I have been listening very carefully, and I incline to apply to Luxmore the words of Sganarelle, in the play: "Je ne sais que dire; car vous tournez les choses d'une manière qu'il me semble que vous avez raison; et cependant il est vrai que vous ne l'avez pas." No amount of evidence would make me believe a miracle. I am of those—I confess it—who would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

Luxmore. I don't suppose you would. The invincible prejudice against the miraculous, now so common, is simply an expression of that abounding materialism which denies the spiritual principle in man and in nature, and which, identifying law with antecedent necessity, issues necessarily in physical fatalism. It is a contemptible philosophy—if philosophy it

can be called—unworthy, as Carlyle would say, "of a pig of sensibility." With it, if I understand you right, Temperley, your Hindu friend has no sympathy.

Temperley. None whatever. His intellect, as I said, is essentially metaphysical. And, in fact, I don't think that the place assigned to the miraculous in the system of the Catholic Church would perplex him much. The Bible is a much more serious difficulty with him. He feels—and I confess I agree with him—that "the higher criticism" is fatal to the claims of the Sacred Books of Christianity.

Luxmore. I, for my part, do not deny that it is fatal to the claims often made for those Sacred Books. It appears to me to have shown us much which is at variance with the traditional thesis as to their date, authorship, and relative value, just as physical science has familiarized us with conceptions of the universe utterly alien from the minds of their writers. But to suppose Christianity to be based upon the collection of ancient documents called the Bible is historically false. It is certain that no authorized New Testament canon existed until the latter half of the second century. It is equally certain that the mission of the Author of Christianity was not to promote the formation of a volume, which, long centuries after, should become "the religion of Protestants," but to establish a society. "I should not receive the Bible," St. Augustine declared, "unless the authority of the Catholic Church moved me to do so." The Bible is, in fact, the creation of the Catholic Church, from which other varieties of Christianity have received it. And the Catholic Church, while declaring it in all matters of faith and morals divinely inspired throughout, has never pronounced how far that inspiration extends—has never formally committed herself to "the traditional thesis," which has come down from uncritical ages.

Temperley. "Formally committed"? That may be so. But I observe no tokens of willingness in the rulers of the Church to face the results of the higher criticism.

Luxmore. The Church can wait. But what has "the higher criticism," as they call it, really established? "In these two centuries," Carlyle said, "we have got rid of Moses, which certainly was no very sublime achievement either." I may be

permitted, for my own part, to doubt whether we have quite got rid of Moses. But I cannot doubt that Carlyle is right when he goes on to add: "The Bible has, in all changes of theory about it, this, as its highest distinction, that it is the truest of books: a book springing, every word of it, from the intensest convictions, from the very heart's core, of those who wrote it." What a distinction! entitling the Bible of Christianity—at the very least—to a unique place among the world's Sacred Books: justifying one in saying of it, what the Hebrew poet said of a small and comparatively unimportant portion: "Thy word is tried to the uttermost: the righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting."

Temperley. This is a very different line from that generally taken by defenders of the faith, and would, I opine, be somewhat "suspect" to most of them.

Luzmore. I candidly confess that the disingenuousness—I had almost said the indifference to truth—displayed by some thick-and-thin apologists of the old Biblical exegesis fills me with dismay. The Procrustean torture to which they subject the sacred text, in order to make it fit with facts recently ascertained by physical, historical, and critical science, is fatal to its real significance. Surely this is a case in which, if in any, the dictum applies: "Litera occidit: spiritus autem vivificat."

Temperley. You remind me of the Italian saying: "God save me from my friends: I can take care of my enemies by myself."

Luzmore. Well, I have spoken frankly. On the other hand I must, with equal candor, acknowledge my small sympathy with much which passes current as "higher criticism." It is really not high criticism, in any sense, but low: in no way divine: not in the least an attempt to assign the final cause of the Old or the New Testament, or to gauge the depth of significance which there is for mankind in the Person of Christ.

Grimston. All this is like a certain kind of cocoa which I see advertised at the railway stations as "grateful and comforting." The long-eared will drink it in greedily, and bless you. But it reminds me of old Professor Codrington, who, after a long exposition, would conclude: "I don't quite know whether this will

stand, but I give it to you for what it is worth." The fact is, that sceptics want a direct answer to their objections. Isn't that a reasonable demand?

Luzmore. No: I do not think it is fair to the Christian system. I fully subscribe to Bishop Butler's words: "Let reason be kept to," and let anything that can "be shown to be really contrary to it, in the name of God, be given up." But he adds: "Let not such poor creatures as we go on objecting against an infinite scheme, that we do not see the necessity or usefulness of all its parts, and call this reasoning." We can only speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. Where we don't know and can't see—why should people quarrel with us for saying so?

Temperley. It has often struck me that earnestly religious men argue—if I may so put it—rather for the look of the thing than for the sake of the thing.

Luzmore. I think I know what you mean. The grounds of our deepest convictions can never be put into words. Logic is good, but not the best. There are intellectual obstructions which no ratiocination will remove, and which can be rationally dealt with only by an exercise of the will: "imperium voluntatis movetis intellectum," Aquinas says.

Grimston.

Doubt is faith in the main; but faith, on the whole, is doubt.

We cannot believe by proof, but could we believe without?

Luzmore. What I was going on to say, when Grimston pulled out his nonsense stop, is this: To an earnestly religious man, it is always disagreeable to enter into controversy about those deep and sacred truths which are the very springs of his moral life. If he does so, it is as a matter of duty, and not because it makes any difference to him how the argument goes. But apart from this, surely he may claim to have done enough when he shows that his symbols need not be false.

Grimston. Enough! Enough for what? Your opponent applies the calculus of probabilities to the teaching you offer him. And can any candid man deny that, in the light of mere intellect—Lord Bacon's *lumen siccum*—there is a dreadful want of common sense and scientific reasonableness about the Christian scheme, ranging from Lucifer through Adam to

Christ, and then back again to Lucifer? It is only by the aid of most subtle, recedite, and shadowy—what shall I say, instincts? yes, they don't amount to principles—that you can so much as pretend to overcome the accumulated improbabilities of it all.

Luzmore. It appears to me—

Grimston. Nay, don't interrupt me just yet. I think that what I have been saying must be admitted by any candid thinker who will turn over the pages of the Christian apologists, early and late: Clement of Alexandria, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Butler, Newman, all except the school which culminated in Paley, and which, whatever else it may be, is not Christian at all in any true sense. Take Cardinal Newman, for example. He hardly so much as attempts to persuade any but those who are already of his own way of thinking in fundamental matters. Indeed, in the last chapter of his *Grammar of Assent*, he expressly states that his argument is addressed to "those only whose minds are properly prepared for it."

Luzmore. The message of Christianity is "Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis" ("Love toward men of love"). Does not Aristotle tell us that, in the moral order, truth is apprehended not only by the intelligence, but by the whole soul, *ὅν δ' αὖ τῷ ψυχῇ*? As a matter of fact, there is only one way in which Christianity ever has made, or ever will make, proselytes in the world. Its victories have been won, not by mere argument—arguments have been well called the symbols of something deeper—not by mere eloquence, not by the wisdom of this world, but by an appeal to those fundamental spiritual instincts of men, whereunto it supremely corresponds. "Non in dialectica complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum." And that appeal has been made by the exhibition of a Person in whom the eternally ideal has become the historically real, in whom the dream of Plato came true: Virtue embodied in an earthly form and drawing all hearts unto it. Adopt the view taken by the extreme modern criticism of the date, authorship, and composition of the New Testament writings, and still this incomparable figure of the Great Master remains, undimmed by "the mists of fabling time," or by the dust of modern materialistic science: "an ideal of humanity," in Kant's

emphatic words, "now valid for all men, at all times, and throughout all worlds."

Temperley. So long as you remain in the region of the ideal I am heartily at one with you. But, if you will let me say so, too much stress is laid by the Catholic Church on mere events. If she were wisely generalised, she would direct the eyes of the faithful to the noumenal realities of which the objective phenomena are the symbols. I see a volume of Tyndall there, in which this is well put. Let me read you the passage:—

The error of the priests is this: that they are mechanics, not poets; and that they claim objective validity for that which springs from the innermost need and nature of man. It is against this objective rendering of the essentially ideal and poetic, that science, consciously, or unconsciously, wages war. Religion is as much a verity of human consciousness as any other of its facts, and against it, on its subjective side, the waves of science beat in vain. But, when manipulated by sacerdotal constructiveness, and mixed with imperfect or inaccurate historical data, and moulded by misapplied logic, it makes claims which traverse our knowledge of nature, then science, as in duty bound, stands as a hostile power in its path. Sooner or later, among thinking people, the temporary and fluxional rendering of religious mysteries will be abandoned, and the ideal will be universally recognized as capable only of ideal approach.

Luzmore. This seems to you "well put," does it? It seems to me a medley of commonplace and sophism. I am as ready as Professor Tyndall to reject "imperfect or inaccurate historical data," "misapplied logic," and "claims which traverse our knowledge of nature." But when, in the name of science, he declares war against "the objective rendering of the essentially poetic and ideal," when he denies the claim to "objective validity" of "that which springs from the innermost need and nature of man," when he pronounces that "the ideal is capable only of ideal approach," he appears to me, *pace tanti viri*, to be talking grandiloquent nonsense. He might just as reasonably say that because the principle of life is spiritual and immaterial, we ought to support life only by spiritual and immaterial means, and not by anything so grossly material as meat and drink. The dweller in Cloud-Cuckoo Town may be able to live on mere abstractions. But assuredly they are not sufficient for human nature's daily food. Man belongs to the world of time. He is individual, concrete, *hic et*

quanc, as the schoolmen say. And his religion, like everything else, if it is really to influence him, must be in harmony with the laws whereby he lives, moves, and has his being in this phenomenal state. It is of the very essence of Christianity, its prime motive force and the secret of its power, that "the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us." And most assuredly it is in accordance with the deepest instincts, the most imperious needs of human nature, that the Catholic Church presents us with objects in the first place, not with abstract ideas; that the medium of her worship is personal communion with the divine, rather than intellectual conceptions. How little can we know of persons.

Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,

Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Charity—*caritas*—is higher than knowledge as a revealing agency. We can feel for, and with, persons whom we love—yes, and attain to spiritual communion with them—when analysis lies quite out of our power.

Grimston. My dear fellow, this is mere mysticism.

Luxmore. Most assuredly it is. And if the Church is not mysticism, she is nothing. St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, St. Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, and all the modern theologians, lay it down that revelation is an *economy*: that is to say, an exhibition of the truth in symbols. It is what St. Paul taught long ago, that we see *per speculum et in enigmate*. "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis," Goethe tells us in those pregnant lines with which he ends the Second Part of *Faust*: "Alles"—Everything. It is universally true: as true in religion as elsewhere.

Temperley. I see clearly enough that this has a direct bearing upon the questions which we were discussing just now: the inspiration of Scripture and the miraculous element in Christianity.

Luxmore. A most direct bearing. "*Lit-
era occidit: spiritus est qui vivificat.*" I will go to any length with modern criticism that the evidence really warrants, in dealing with the letter of our Sacred Books and the history of the Christian Church. But the divine element in those books, and in the Church, no criticism can touch.

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

The details over which criticism has power are as the small dust of the balance in comparison of the idea, over which it is powerless. So far I agree with Professor Tyndall. I add that there is a perspective to be observed in religion, as in painting, else we shall get a Chinese world, where things great and small are equally important. Religion must be judged of by the Practical Reason, and with a view to the Categorical Imperative of Duty, which is its adamantine foundation, "hid under the grave of things."

Grimston. Well, Temperley, you had better get Dorasawmy to come over to England, and commune with our friend here. They will be able to talk sympathetically about the Veil of *Māya*, and the path of extrication. Between them they may even produce a new Upanishad, suitable to the exigencies of this nineteenth century. It is said that "all roads lead to Rome," but this is one of the strangest.

Luxmore. I have no doubt I should find much in common with Temperley's Hindu friend, whose acquaintance I should be glad to make. The true foe of Christianity—of which Catholicism appears to me (to say the least) the version most consistent with history and philosophy—is not to be sought in those great Eastern religions and theosophies, which, whatever their aberrations, are based on the sense of the Infinite, but in the pseudo-science of the present day, which is doing so much to banish art, metaphysics, religion—in a word, the ideal—from contemporary Europe; which sinks men in the most vulgar materialism, the most ignoble sensism, by proposing as the supreme object of life "agreeable feeling," and as the sole test of right and wrong "the laws of comfort." I call it pseudo-science, because, however true in its own province, it is false beyond.

Temperley. We have had a good talk. And if Dorasawmy comes to England, I shall certainly introduce him to you, Luxmore. Meanwhile, I will write him an account of our conversation. And now let me add one word. Luxmore would probably hardly account of me as a Christian at all. "Christian by the heart and sceptic by the head," was Grimston's account of me. Well, my own feeling about

Christianity is one of intense reverence ; and, as for the Catholic Church, she possesses, as it appears to me, a power of guiding through the moral perplexities of the world, such as no other religion possesses : a power to which, I feel sure, no individual could attain for himself or by himself. If religion is still to affect human society at large, I do not know who can take up the spiritual sceptre, should it fall from the hands of the Catholic Church. And, without religion, society will degenerate into mere swinish barbarism : " God is as necessary to a people as liberty." I was looking the other day at a curious book by a very early Christian writer : *S. Hippolytus de Antichristo*. He is commenting upon " the great wonder in heaven," spoken of in the Apocalypse : a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars ; who brought forth a male child. The woman, he says, is the Church, always giving birth to Christ, the male and perfect offspring of God, who is styled both God and Man : and thus acting as the teacher of all nations. Now this appears to me profoundly true. The Catholic Church, in every age, seems to be bringing forth the Divine idea of the Eternal Word, in such form and shape as each age requires. And here, as I cannot but feel, is the source of all that has been noblest in individual action, most precious in moral civilization, during the eighteen centuries of our era. Even now, as I look through the world, I confess the Pope appears to me the only power left which values supremely the moral law, which witnesses for it unflinchingly : the one power which cares nothing for the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them : which upholds the *Sermon on the Mount* as the sole rule of conduct, alike for public and private life, and finds in the Crucifix the measure of all things. The mysterious, plastic influence of the Catholic Church is an undeniable fact : an influence so prevailing and so puissant in its application, and yet so delicate, so individual : so imperious and inflexible, as of the Prophet of God ;

so penetrating and persuasive, as of the Messenger of Christ. This is a religion, if religion is no dream of a shadow, but objective and real. But what an " if ! " And the question—the question of questions, I may call it—is whether all this might and majesty will survive the modern spirit. It was not without reason that the eyes of those who sat in Moses's seat were turned with suspicion on Galileo and Spinoza. The one was the founder of modern science, the other of scientific exegesis and the new philosophy. You know what I mean, Luxmore.

Grimston. Yes. He knows well enough what you mean. " *Élargissez Dieu,*" said Diderot. The Church might do worse than take the hint.

Luxmore. " *Interdum diabolus veritatem loquitur,*" Aquinas says. But how can we help enlarging our conceptions of the Divine Noumenon, as the revelations of physical science enlarge our conceptions of the phenomenal universe ? Astronomy, geology, natural history—not to continue the catalogue—have each in these latter days furnished a new chapter of revelation. Think, too, of that " Bible of modern literature," as it has been called, not unaptly, which assuredly is written for our learning. Our religion must correspond with our growing culture ; it cannot possibly remain patristic, or mediæval, or puritan. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Spencer's dictum holds good : " Perpetual adaptation to environment is the very law of life." He is not only a bad philosopher, but, little as he may think it, a deadly foe to the race, who seeks to elevate any bygone forms into absolute types : who can dream of no future for humanity but the resuscitation of a past which assuredly is dead, and will not return. So much I willingly concede : or rather, strenuously maintain. But it still remains true that the highest revelation is man : and that the Christ is the Son of Man : the perfect type : the supreme ideal. " Never man spake like this Man." Has mankind, in these eighteen centuries, fully apprehended His message ?—*Nineteenth Century.*

SOME FEW THACKERAYANA.

BY D. D.

LET us call it "Grey Friars" still. The pseudonym has become of as classical a fragrance as the real name. I met him there from whom and about whom I have treasured up some jottings, W. M. Thackeray, the only lion among authors whom up to that time I had met. There are scores of men still living who know more about him than I do, an they would tell. But they have forgotten to give what they know to the world, and memories get washed out by time. Let me then pick up my few crumbs. There is, I am told, no "life" of him written. Those who know best and most say he would not have it—did not care for a *post-mortem* of the pen. So there is no patent to infringe. No one, in short, knew aught about him, save as he showed himself in his "foolscap uniform turned up with ink," until Mrs. Brookfield peached—but only in a reserved and ladylike way—with an unstudied string of letters and sketches; so I fling without fear or shame my little bunch of anecdotes, like a handful of *immortelles*, at five sous apiece, on a grave.

Let me explain that I was not a "Grey Friar" *pur sang*, was never a *fraterculus* within those classic shades, but only became by generous adoption a *frater*, through—shall I say—the discerning kindness of my old friend and chief, Dr. Doublefirst, since Dean of Flatlands, who insisted on my "trying my 'prentice hand" on birching a small boy before I had worn the gown a fortnight in "Grey Friars." It was worse than preaching one's first sermon—only the boy got off easier than the congregation. There I met several who had met and trembled as boys at Thackeray's side before the awful predecessor of Dr. Doublefirst, whose name was long a word of fear in "Grey Friars," a tremendous sort of human quintain, Dr. Crushall, "the brute who drubbed τῦπτω into me when a boy," as Thackeray used to say. I mean, of course, into *him*—not the present writer, who got his τῦπτω at an older shop, but the genuine article still. I knew Crushall well; a man framed by nature for a pedagogue, but mellowed out of his overbearing airs when he became Rector of St. Spindleshin's, on his retirement from

the "Orders Grey," and had to rub shoulders in the vestry with the merchant-princes who subscribed to his charities; besides receiving at confirmations Bishop Meadowbloom, one of the last of the great bishops of the Greek drama, whom I remember when a very small boy to have seen sublimely aureoled in a wig.

Among my senior colleagues, when I experienced my "serious call" to the birch as before stated, was the Reverend Charles Oldfield, who remembered Thackeray's coming to Grey Friars as a boy. "Take that boy *and his box*" were the imperious directions thundered out by Dr. Crushall in his big brassy voice to the school janitor, as though sentencing a culprit for execution, "to Mrs. Juno" (the matron of the boarding-house); "and make my compliments to Mr. Smiler" (then junior master), "and tell him the boy knows nothing and will just do for the 'lowest form.'" Crushall's Rhodamanthine tones, and power of storming the feeble wits out of dullard idlers by vociferous exaggeration of their school peccadilloes, seem to have impressed Thackeray even more than his heavy hand, which swung round on you like the paddle of an ichthyosaurus with stunning effect. Thackeray, thus, in the innocent, *tabula rasa* state of mind, consigned to the mill of the prison-house, seems from Oldfield's account to have shirked his share of the grinding all he could, read his story-books about *Scottish Chiefs*, *Corinthian Tom*, and Fielding's *Amelia* to more purpose than the more ponderous stuff to which the finger of authority—from Mr. Smiler upward—duly pointed him; and, taking his fights and floggings with a light heart, I should suppose, to have made his mark among his schoolmates by his ever ready fun of pen-and-ink sketches. Oldfield remembered a series of these, labelled "fine arts" by the author; "Painting" was illustrated by a young ragamuffin, shoeless himself, laying blacking on a boot, the blacking bottle very big with label to match, "Warren's Best." * The next was "Carving," rep-

* Or it may have been "Hunt's." I must guard myself against an anachronism, and

resenting a pimple-faced man with strong Jewish features, going in with a huge knife and fork at a similarly exaggerated ham; while "Music" showed an Italian of the stage-bandit type, slouch-hatted, gaitered, and monkeyed, grinding a hurdy-gurdy. *Apropos* of school-fights, Thackeray received his mark there, if he made it with his caricatures. He met some "Grey Friars" cronies one day and the needle of reminiscence pointed to a well-known *frère*, Venables, then talked of as a writer in the *Saturday Review*.^{*} "He did *this*," said Thackeray, laying an emphatic finger on his own nose, the bridge of which had suffered some disfigurement from a school encounter with that worthy in those early days. One cannot but smile at the omen conveyed in the future critic thus putting out of joint the school boy nose of the future author.

To gather from what I gleaned in anecdote and from the evidence of his works, I should say that Thackeray took up to Cambridge with him "little Latin and less Greek." I have never been able to trace his lore further than the earlier *Odes* of Horace with parallel elementary portions of Virgil and Livy, and the first book or two of Homer's *Iliad*, and perhaps as many Greek plays. Oldfield's only special classic crumb of Thackerayan learning, that I can remember, was a line of the former, with a free translation or rather modern development of the thought, rudely rhyming the Latin—

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
Waiter! a mutton chop and potatoes!

But perhaps this has occurred elsewhere in print, as well as in a private letter to Oldfield, who probably had asked him to dine in the austere simplicity of the "Grey Friars'" refectory, known as "Crook Hall" (of which more anon), and received this for reply. I may add a remark about Dr. Crushall's exaggerated

way of "piling up the agony," when rebuking boyish error. There is an early scene in *Pendennis*, where the Major comes to remove Arthur from school, and, overhearing from the ante-room a thundering denunciation against "Pen"—the obvious culprit of some unprepared lesson—infers some terrible moral delinquency of his nephew; but is presently reassured by the pedagogue's appearing and explaining that the supposed monster of depravity is a nice young fellow enough, "but doesn't always do his work as I could wish." (That is not the exact phrase, but some admiring friend has borrowed my copy of *Pendennis*, with the usual consequences. Readers, however, can verify the passage for themselves.) This scene, I have no doubt, reflects personal experiences very closely. These withering objurgations were what "stuck by" Crushall's *alumni* at "Grey Friars" even more than the weight of his hand—though that too, as explained above, by no means scaled light in memory's balance—and his way of trampling upon—nay, jumping upon—a boy's feelings, checked a good deal of old pupils' loving enthusiasm in the after-glow of recollection. He was, however, a good scholar according to "the lights of other days;" sound, at any rate, and exact (not to say exacting); and on one occasion not only "caught out" with a wicket-keeping smartness, in a false quantity, some tall-crested Senior Classic who came fresh from Cambridge to examine the Sixth, but pounced upon him with a ready quotation from Homer, when he hesitated to accept the correction, thus putting down morally his stumps to boot. He was, indeed, great at this; and with, perhaps, a touch of jealousy at rival establishments to the "Orders Grey," used to say, "There's always a false quantity in the Prologue or Epilogue of the Westminster Terence Play, if you only know where to find it." Oldfield assured me that once, on witnessing with himself that performance, he started from his seat, closing smartly his lifted fist as if on a noxious insect, with the exclamation, "There it is!" uttered *coram populo*, somewhat to the disconcertment of the youthful *débutant*, who was reciting the passage.

Going home one night from some civic feast, he saw a blaze spurting up through a grated window where no light should

know not which of these great Nigro-mancers was first in applying to the human "understanding" its last polish of civilization.

^{*} Possibly an allusion to this occurs in the *Letters*, p. 170, where, referring apparently to some adverse *critique* in that periodical, Mr. Thackeray says, "I never for one minute should think that my brave old Venables would hit me, or if he did that he hadn't good cause for it." See also p. 731, "Venables was there, very shy and grand-looking; how kind that man has always been to me."

be, and instantly "twigging" the facts, and diverging from his course to Grey Friars Lodge, rapped at the porter's wicket of the Mansion House, exclaiming, "The Royal Exchange is on fire! Tell the Lord Mayor I say so, I, John Crushall!" And so it was; as I, a youthful neophyte of the *τύπρω* mystery, plodding to and fro to my day-school at the time, well remember, and how for days by turns it blazed and smouldered. The best of it was, there was then a Minister of State of the same name exactly, say the Hon. John Crushall of the Home Department, to whose omnipresent vigilance the porter and police of course ascribed this "earliest information." This had a fine moral effect in the City, and strengthened the Government much in that important constituency.

Such was the man who, on the breech-loading principle then of universal, since of limited, application, "drubbed into" Thackeray, not, indeed, much of word and letter, but a good deal of the spirit and aroma of ancient classics; especially that instinct of clear fibrous delineation which cleaves to his English style, as closely as it does to that of Euripides or Xenophon.

His delight, as a boy, in fun spiced with sportive mischief did not die out wholly in maturer years. He tells Mrs. Brookfield how he met Macaulay, and both were made aware of the passion of an American lady to be introduced to the respective authors of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* and *Vanity Fair*. "I offered Macaulay to take his part, if he would represent me; but he gravely said he did not approve of practical jokes, so this bit of sport did not come off." Again, he seriously assured Jules Janin in Paris, in 1849, that "in November you saw every lamp-post on London Bridge with a man hanging from it." I do not think this waggishness ever died out of him. Here, then, we can father the man upon the boy, in the following story, which I heard from the lips of my lamented sometime chief, Dr. Senior (vide *The Newcomes*), successor of Dr. Doublefirst. Senior, a quick, clever, and industrious boy, Thackeray's junior, moved up rapidly, and caught him in the Fifth form. Mated thus, one afternoon found them side by side in "third school." It was a sultry July whole school day, when the long

holidays were in sight, and the blue-bottle flies all about, provoking easy slumbers in gods and men. Senior added that they had had gooseberry-pudding, heavy with dough and suet, for dinner, which turned the scale against vigilance. It seems, on such afternoons lighter work was taken, the heavy construe and parsing, etc., lessons being got through in the forenoon. A certain number of pages in Adam's *Roman Antiquities* (then a standard textbook, long since superseded), were to be read over by the Sixth and Fifth forms, brigaded together for the purpose. The Sixth-formers were then to propound questions, which the head master might call upon any boy in either form to answer. Senior, under the above soporific influences, was recalled suddenly from "the land of Nod" to embarrassing realities by his name being called out. Nudged on either side, he started to his feet with an abject sense of hopeless incapacity, having wholly missed the question, and heard a Mephistophelic whisper at his side: "Wine—say 'wine!'" Catching like a drowning man at this twig of help, Senior uttered the word "Wine" by way of reply to the unknown. He was instantly roused to fuller consciousness by the two forms bursting into an uproar of loud laughter, while the Doctor, like Neptune above the storm, starting from his chair, burst forth upon the platform which sustained it, "stamping and roaring like a bull."—I remember Senior's exact expression. But amid the din was audible the same small fiendish voice, suggesting "Try 'bread and cheese!'" He was, however, by now too painfully awake to facts to "try" anything else, so meekly subsided and took his imposition. The voice of the tempter was, of course, Thackeray's.

"And what," said I to Dr. Senior, "was the question after all?" "Oh," said he, "just the stupidest thing possible, just the superficial point on which a careless mind would fasten. The passage was something like this: 'The Senators met periodically in the Temple of So-and-so, where seats or benches were provided for their accommodation.' On this, some Tom Noddy of the Sixth put the silly question, 'What was provided for the Senators when they met?'"

The reader now sees fully the suggestive character of the "light refreshments"

indicated by the astute prompter and future satirist; and the insight thus given into his boyish character on one side is noteworthy. But there was another side to it, as my next anecdote, for which the Rev. Charles Oldfield was (alas, that I must say "was," for his genial presence has passed from us) my authority. A curly-headed, innocent gown-boy, of the sort which Thackeray loved to contemplate and delineate, came fresh from home with his pocket superfluously full of guinea-tips, administered by loving aunts, grand-mamas, *et hoc genus omne*. Among the bigger boys was a contemporaneous cadet of the Sheridan family, although I know not in what degree of relationship to the famous Richard Brinsley, whose genius (*splendide mendax*) for borrowing and forgetting to repay was still proverbial when this century was young. So he fastens, like a young boa-constrictor, on this tender guinea-pig, and borrows first one guinea one week, then another the next, and how many more I know not. However, Thackeray—whether the little one was his fag, or was found by him crying in a corner—somehow found this out, and said to the fleeced innocent: "Why, you little spoony, what made you lend this money to Sheridan? Don't you know you'll never see it again?" "Oh," pleaded the plucked doveling, "he did beg me so for it; and he told me he'd be so certain to pay me back as soon as ever—" "All gammon and spinach!" put in Thackeray here. "What have you got left? Hand it over to me, and you shall have half-a-crown a week as long as it lasts; or else Sheridan will sack you clean." "And there he was, going about," added Thackeray to Oldfield, "with the Sheridan blood in him—the young marauder!" Those who knew Thackeray best will appreciate the half-playful indignation, caustic yet not unkindly, which he flung into the last words. Here, again, I remember precisely, and "tell it as 'twas told to me." Oldfield, though my colleague then, was much my senior, and had caned me, when quite young, at another early school. Perhaps this added to the impressiveness of his later words.

I leave my anecdotes to point their own moral, if any be discernible. Again I cite Oldfield. For a "lark" and a lounge on leave days there was a phrenological shop

in the Strand, which I almost fancy lasted until my own time, kept by a Frenchman, one Deville, or Delille, I think. Thither with a "pal" or two would Thackeray betake himself, and anxiously inquire how much he had increased in "philophlebotomy" since his "bump" of that useful quality was last thumbed by the professor of this key to all sciences. This intellectual recreation of poking fun at the Frenchman came in his way, I was told, as he was going up to Cambridge, or, at any rate, lasted till then. For, on his shaking hands with the Professor at parting, the latter said: "Monsieur vill come—next year—I will tell him if he have study classique or mattematique, by feel of his bump." My informant went on to say that in the next Long Vacation Thackeray actually reappeared to consult the oracle and challenge its verdict. It pronounced for one or the other, Oldfield did not remember which; but the answer of the facetious patient was "Sold! I haven't opened a page of either."

But when *Vanity Fair* was rapidly making him a famous man, Oldfield, taking his cue from a then recent number of that work, wrote to ask him to dine one Saturday in "Crook Hall," which was a sort of ward-room mess for the officers of the "Gray Friars." What the legend was about Crook the Great, I presume, who gave it its name, I was never able to learn; and the question was of no more use puzzling over than the origin of Stonehenge. There we represented among us all the faculties, with a modest *souppçon* of the fine arts. The port wine there was apt to be a little fiery; but on Saturdays, when the master—or abbot, shall we call him?—often graced the refectory with his presence, a choicer bin would be broached, as grateful memory recalls. So writes Oldfield to Thackeray: "Come and dine, and look up old friends and young, and see how 'Georgy Osborne' is getting on." Thackeray could not come; but wrote back a highly illustrated epistle, as his wont was when in the humor, "... As for 'Georgy Osborne,' who cares for him now that the Marquis of Steyne has cut him! * And does dis-

* What incident in *Vanity Fair* this allusion recalls I can't remember, and must refer the gentle reader to the text of that great work, disclaiming responsibility in case none be found to match.

cipline flourish still? And what's the weekly consumption of birches? This is how it used to be in our time. . . ."

And here followed, in vivid pen-and-ink, a penal group of a gigantic and terrible head-master, with a broad trencher-cap and sweeping tassel, clerical "bands" down to his waist, and wielding a sheaf of birch twigs, bristly looking and budded, which cast a yard-long shadow. Facing him was that severe justiciary, the "Gown-boy monitor," whose trencher-cap was a picturesque ruin in the pointed style, holding a diminutive urchin awaiting "admonition," a finger in his eye and his nether garments a good deal dishevelled. If I remember right, the "flogging block" had the honor of a distinct sketch all to itself, looking somewhat like a naval gun-carriage of the old type, with the gun dismounted. Possibly in some album reliquary these are extant still.

But, though he did not then dine, Thackeray, I seem to remember being told, turned up one "Founder's Day," a feast long blotted in oblivion from my personal calendar, found a former chum of his own time, and singling out a name from the Gown boy's list, said, "Here's the son of dear old So-and-so; let's go and tip him," and walked off with his chum to administer "admonition" in a more soothing form.

But when *The Newcomes* story was running toward its end, a buzz went round Crook Hall that Thackeray the Great was actually coming to refresh his recollections at the fountain-head of genuine tradition. I had been dining out for a day or two consecutively, and my friend and colleague, Fitzcook, informed me that in my absence he had actually met him at that festive board and had the honor of being chaffed by him personally. This set me on the *qui vive*, and I put my name down for the officers' mess, met and dined with him, and was disappointed, not in him, but with my selfish egotism; felt shy and stupid like a twopenny *sub*, as I was. I think the impression prevailing in most minds—I can answer for one—was, "Our distinguished guest sets down every man as 'a snob' until he shows himself something better." I felt as if the burden of proof lay on me, and that I was by no means equal to it. But here the photo of memory is blurred. Did the port wine help, I wonder? However, we adjourned

to my chief's, Dr. Senior's, or rather, Mrs. Senior's, drawing room for coffee, and there I saw him at full length, and could study him better. I seem to remember a good breadth of chest behind a white waistcoat, forming the frontispiece of a large well-limbed man, surmounted by a massively moulded head-piece with a fine contour of silvery hair, and rather keen blue (I think) eyes, mitigated by large-orbed, silver-set spectacles. I only remember his beginning a story of his, I think then recent, return from America (it was in the early "fifties" that this meeting occurred). "I was on deck with the captain of the vessel, smoking a cigar—a bad habit, I'm sorry to say, that I'm given to." . . . But I can remember no more; though, so queer a thing is memory, that very probably, if I were to hear it again by chance, I should exclaim, "I heard Mr. Thackeray tell that at Grey Friars in the year 185—."

It was understood that he was studying for the closing scenes of *The Newcomes*, and had been introduced specially for that purpose to one of the lay brothers of the "Orders Grey," a highly respected Captain L——, who, being in reduced circumstances, had accepted a vacancy in those privileged ranks. "I'm told I'm to sit for Colonel Newcome," said the veteran (so the *on dit*) with considerable glee. The time of year was just the close of one of the school-terms, and it was arranged that Thackeray should wind up his series of visits by giving a lecture to the boys in the long room of one of the boarding houses. There we all met. I can recall fragments only; what would I not give to recover the whole! But it is useless scrubbing at the palimpsest of memory. His exordium was, I remember, addressed, characteristically, to the little juniors, who, as the room was crowded, were packed away on shelves, with their legs humorously dangling in air at the end of it. "You little fellows perhaps won't understand a sentence of what I'm going to say; but you don't care, you're so full of delight at the thoughts of going home to-morrow that no words of mine could make any difference, or make you feel a bit jollier." Then, turning to the elder boys, "The predecessor of my dear friend, Dr. Senior, whom I well remember in that chair, and who gave me the soundest reasons for remembering him, was the au-

thor of two highly popular treatises; one the *Grey Friars' Latin Grammar*, the other its Greek ditto, to which amusing works we all subscribed. They ran through many editions, and, I believe, are not yet quite obsolete." Then came some facetiously pensive recollections of his days as a fag, making So-and-so's toast, and (I rather think) blacking So-and-so's boots for a leave-day outing. Then, looking round at the "Uppers," "Is there still in the purlieus of this venerable foundation a Red Cow? I'm not referring to Smithfield, or rather, to speak quite classically, 'Smiffel.' There was in my time. She lived up a lane" (here the titters of the "Uppers" and Sixth became a broad laugh), "and to the milk of that animal many of us were strongly addicted." Then followed some remembrance of "tibbing out"—"a practice which, I presume, has quite disappeared," and a confession of furtive peccadilloes. In short, by the Red Cow hung a tale which has gone from me, I regret to say, like spilt milk.

Some notice of the story-books which delighted him as a boy, and of the greater privileges of "you youngsters now," in "having *Pickwick* and *Nickleby* to revel in" (here introducing a handsome eulogy on the merits of his own chief rival in current popular authorship, Charles Dickens), is all that I can now recall. And here the curtain falls. "He went his way," as saith the Pilgrim of Bunyan, "and I saw him no more."

Of all the men I have named not one survives to share these memories. Perhaps some of the then boyish audience may be able to fill up the gaps in this

piece of patchwork. How many times since then has the "Grey Friars" emptied and refilled—its youthful ranks rapidly, that of its teaching, etc., staff more slowly—like a broad tide-stream, swift in the middle, but tardy at the banks; all the long procession,

Save one, the meanest of them all,

"marched off into the Hades," as Thackeray says, of some stalwart regiment in his *Georges*. There, let us hope, Dr. Crusball and his whilom pupils—Thackeray among them—are reconciled at last. Nay, "Grey Friars" itself, in its better, i.e., its scholastic, half, has vanished from the scene it once adorned, gone out of town, like a Red Cow turned to grass. The abbot of my time, who stood out—time-honored champion of the past, *laudator temporis acti*—against migration, sleeps now the sleep of the just; and "Day-boys," and "Gown-boys," if they linger still as names, must be names with a lost legend, like "Crook Hall" itself. More curious still, another and even older school has housed and cloistered itself in the Friars' cast-off shell. The lay brethren still, however, cling to the spot, and eat their dinners duly, and possibly grumble at them, as they did, or so the abbot used to say, of old. But who remembers now the cell in which Thackeray conversed with the military recluse, Captain L—? And possibly, in a lane adjacent may still survive—for such animals are gifted with longevity—the Red Cow. Or has the lane and all disappeared? I commit the question to the future Dugdale of the "Grey Friars."—*National Review*.

A GLIMPSE INTO A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

BY M. H. DZIEWICKI.

First of all, a few words of personal explanation. I was eight years among the Jesuits—two as a novice, three as a student of philosophy, and three as teacher or assistant in their colleges. I left them of my own accord, though not without their consent, and after having asked their advice on the matter. Our regret was, I believe, mutual. Our relations since that time, though infrequent, have not been

unfriendly, and I am still in communion with the Church. My position is therefore characterized by perfect independence on one hand, and on the other by the want of any incitement to injure an Order with which I parted on good terms. Startling revelations will be wanting, as I have neither talent nor motive for inventing lies. Private, possibly even trivial, details—all depends upon taste—will be found in

abundance. Jesuits, so far as they are known to me, are neither good nor bad angels, but men; and it is as men that I intend to portray them. This would seemingly imply a certain amount of indiscretion, and something like a breach of confidence on my part. Some points, indeed, seemed to me so private that I hesitated about writing these pages; for *all or nothing* ought to be the motto of every faithful memoir. But on perusing narratives of a similar sort, composed by expelled members, and others whose knowledge of the Society must have been inferior to mine, I found all these particulars already in print, and often enough with exaggerations, alterations, and additions. This put an end to any reluctance that I might have had before; for when I found those "family matters" long ago exposed to the public gaze, I saw that my silence was immaterial, and that it was perhaps better for me to write all.

I ought besides to observe, that the following account cannot be considered as correct except as a statement of facts in one particular Novitiate of one particular Province, and at one particular time. Many, even considerable, differences are to be found between one Province and another. I noticed that myself while spending a few days in a Spanish Novitiate during a pilgrimage that we had to make. I am told, moreover, that between the English Province and the others the difference is still more strongly marked. It is, for instance, the custom throughout the Society to give the "kiss of peace" whenever a member comes to or goes away from one of their houses. An English novice, who was visiting Pau on account of his health, came to see us, and went through the ceremony. I saw that he did not like it, and asked whether it was done in England. "Never," answered he; "we only shake hands." Now the "fraternal embrace" is explicitly alluded to in the very text of St. Ignatius's rules. So this sketch, though I can vouch for its faithfulness, might convey a very false idea, if supposed to picture any other Province or any other time.

Any person at all acquainted with Pau knows the Rue Montpensier, and has probably noticed the Jesuits' chapel, next door to which stands the Residence and Novitiate. The chapel is a fine enough building, in the Romanesque style, re-

markably well suited to the convenience of preachers; no echo whatever, and hardly any reverberation. A row of arches forms a semicircle behind the chancel, and separates the aisles from the nave, while sustaining the gallery. There, invisible behind an upper row of smaller arches, the novices pray and chant during the evening Benediction. Above and behind the high altar, within a niche as large as two or three of the gallery arches, stands a great white statue of *Marie-Immaculée*, with a crown of star-shaped gas-lights over her head. This, when the gas is turned on for some grand festival, the aisles being illuminated with many colored lamps, and the sanctuary all ablaze with pyramids of tapers, presents an appearance which is strikingly picturesque.

On entering the Residence we notice a peculiar air of calm—call it monastic gloom if you are worldly-minded—that pervades the whole place. All is silent. The sun shines dimly through ground-glass windows and Venetian blinds at the end of a long stone-paved corridor downstairs. No one is there but one or two priests, walking to and fro noiselessly like shadows, saying their Breviary. First and second floor: corridors ditto, shadows ditto; more of the Venetian blinds and less of the sunlight. All the novices occupy the third story; the *Pères de Résidence* alone live below. They are old or middle-aged for the most part; authors, confessors, preachers getting their Lent, Advent, and Mission sermons ready, and aged men "preparing themselves for death," as the *Status* (or annual register) used to put it, I am told: *Pater X., parat se ad mortem*. Nowadays, however, they would prefer to write simply *senex* after the name; but *parat se ad mortem* is an occupation, and *senex* is not. As everything in the chapel bore witness to opulence and taste, so everything in the Residence testifies to cleanliness and affluence. The tokens of affluence, however, stop short at the threshold of the Fathers' rooms; those of cleanliness go further. You will find in their cells—large indeed and airy enough—only a few almost indispensable objects: A writing-desk, a lamp, a small bronze crucifix, a *prie-Dieu*, two, or sometimes even three rush-bottomed chairs, a curtained bedstead in a recess, a broom peeping out from a corner, and a wash-hand stand;

no carpets, flowers, mirrors, pictures, or curtains. No *luxuries*, in a word. All that is not strictly necessary is strictly prohibited.

But we are visiting the Novitiate, not the Residence. Let us accordingly go up-stairs to the third floor, a few minutes to four A.M. All is dark in the passage. A light is suddenly struck. The bell must ring at four precisely, as the novices, like the rest of the Society, have seven hours of sleep allotted to them; and the *Frère Réglementaire* is getting up betimes in order to begin his day's work. This is no sinecure; for I have reckoned that he rings the bell thirty-five times in seventeen hours. It sounds—and at the first “ding-dong” a series of jumps on to the floor is heard in reply. For the bell is the voice of God, as Ignatius says; and as no novice would have thought of rising without leave one instant before, so no one would, even for a second, hesitate to obey the divine call. The *Frère* goes down the passage with a lighted *queue-de-rat* in his hand, and successively lights one lamp in each room, saying as he passes, “*Benedicamus Domino!*” to which each and all, hurriedly dressing, washing, or shaving, reply from behind the curtains, “*Deo Gratias!*” Haste must be made, for all these operations, besides that of carrying dirty water to the sink, must be performed in twenty-five minutes, in order to leave five minutes free for a visit in the private chapel to the “Master of the house.”

Here they come,—and first of all the most fervent and saintly among them, Brother Seraphicus, as the novices playfully call him. It is 4.15: so he will pay a visit of a quarter of an hour. Alas! Seraphic Brother, I am afraid a shorter visit would have been preferable; you have neglected more than one duty to get these extra ten minutes. One shoe is badly laced; your tooth-brush is dry; and even your hands might be whiter. *Mon Frère*, with all your fervor, you will never be a son of Ignatius: that old Saint has a military liking for tidiness and order. In two years you will leave the Novitiate, to become a good pious priest, but never a Jesuit. Now go in and sigh, and lean your head on one side, languishing with burning love for “*Jésus Hostie!*” All that is very well in its way, but—*discipline must be maintained.*

Second on the list comes another young Brother, half French and half Irish, of quite another type, rather dry in his orisons, and not at all given to soaring in mystic contemplation. He cannot even fancy St. Peter during the Meditation, without thinking of an old tar, with a “south-wester” on his head, and a short black pipe in the corner of his mouth. But he is irreproachably neat in all his belongings; and in fact, I think, prides himself on the rapidity with which he does all things so well. Still, pride is a sin,—and, to say the truth, his demeanor is far from novice-like. He holds his head erect not with a gentle curve forward, as most of his companions do; his eyes, though not wandering, are yet far from downcast. Can he remain in the Society, when Brother Seraphicus is not good enough? Yes, and do good solid work in the colleges, too.

Here comes at last the rest of the Community, all stepping lightly on tiptoe, as the “Master of the novices” has ordered. Were they fifty together, they must all walk along in this fashion,—which looks rather ridiculous, but is meant to inculcate respect for silence. All hurry toward the sink, carrying each in his hand the requisite vessel. Rectors, Provincials, nay, ever Generals, are also bound to this rule of “self-help,” and not novices only; unless, indeed, they are too much engaged, and then a lay-brother does the work.

Five-and-twenty minutes have elapsed; all novices coming henceforward to the chapel must kneel down outside the door, not to disturb the others,—and there is often a whole string of them outside, when a long walk on the previous day has made them so sleepy that they are not able to do everything both speedily and well. For besides their outward occupations, their mind has all the time to be busily at work. They must take their morning resolution for the day—what evil specially to avoid, and what virtue to cultivate: and then there is the Meditation to be thought about; and they must offer the coming day to God. All this not unfrequently delays them.

The hour strikes; the novices all trip up-stairs—for the private chapel is on the second floor—to meditate from 4.30 to 5.30. The subject was given out the day before, and is taken from the *Exercitia*

Spiritualia. Leaving the novices to kiss the ground in the presence of God, and then to work out the different heads, we may remark that some of them take advantage of this hour to practice a most painful kind of penance, insupportable to not a few. They remain all the time absolutely motionless on their knees. Now in England, immobility would signify little; but we are in France, and in the south of France, where the utmost cleanliness fails to keep a house clear of fleas, at least in summer. Novices are forbidden to wear sackcloth on account of their health; but the crawling, tickling sensation, here—there—everywhere—and then the sharp unexpected bite, is a great deal worse, and more irritating—*Esperito crede!* I had to give it up very soon, and as the slightest movement was enough to frighten the torturers, it was not difficult to keep them off.

The Meditation coming to an end, pens run over paper during a quarter of an hour devoted to the Review. This part of the exercise, considered so essential a part of the Meditation by St. Ignatius that he will on no account suffer it in any case to be set aside, is a mental glance or survey of the hour that has just gone by. The grand principle of *practical reflection on the Past, with a view toward progress*, is brought to bear on the Meditation; whether it has been successful or not, and why, is noted down in the "Spiritual Journal." The beds are then made, and this is no easy task. If the furniture of the Fathers down stairs *seemed* to be the acme of simplicity, that of the novices is the acme in very deed. We pass over the want of fire (supplied in cold weather by a box of hay or a foot-bag), of a wash-hand stand, of a *prie-Dieu*, and even of matches. The bedstead consists of two trestles, across which three or four deal boards are laid; the bed is a mere sack filled with maize-straw, covered with sheets and blankets. The art of the bed-maker is to give this a decent and neat appearance—and he succeeds. See, an *Ancien de Chambre*—a novice of the second year, appointed in each room to instruct the new-comers—is giving a lesson. He shows how the ends of the counterpane must be symmetrically folded together, with what care every straw that falls should be picked up, and how the bolster-ends, covered with the sheet, can

be made to assume an artistic form. Art too should appear in the folding of the white curtains, that must hang gracefully over their iron rods; and often does the *Frère Admoniteur*—the Master's organ and representative—come round to see that all is in perfect order. Often, too, beds not sufficiently neat are pulled down to be made up again; and sometimes, it is hinted, this is done merely as a trial of patience.

Again the bell rings, and again the novices troop away—to Mass, this time. One Brother, rather sulky and stubborn-looking, with a high forehead and a dull eye and complexion, comes in late; he was intent on doing something else, and would not put it by at once. And the Rule insists on complete, instant, and joyful obedience. A bad omen, Brother, if at the boiling-point of fervor you give neither. Besides, you were (a most irregular thing indeed!) looking out of the window a few days ago; hankering, perhaps, after the world you have left. You will remain in the Society just as long as the *Frère Séraphique*—and what will become of you afterward, I cannot tell.

Mass is said in the little private chapel, carefully waxed, ornamented with red hangings, white window-curtains, and plentifully gilded all round. It smells a little too much of paint. A statue of the Immaculate Virgin and another of St. Stanislaus stand to right and left before the sanctuary; but the paint makes them too lifelike, and their immobility too deathlike, not to offend æsthetic taste. Another figure produces a widely different impression. In, or rather below the altar is a deep recess, with a large sheet of glass before it. By the dim light that shines through the glass, we can perceive a pale, a deadly pale wax figure, reclining on a couch, clad in the *toga prætexta*, and with a palm in his hand. By his side stands an earthenware phial, and the inscription: ADON · PUER · IN · PACE. Enclosed in the waxen mould is the skeleton of some unknown child-martyr, thus exposed to veneration in a manner sufficiently realistic to strike, yet not crude enough to repel. Before this shrine the novices kneel nearly the whole time of the service. The attitude generally considered the most correct is as follows: Head slightly bent forward, neither to right nor left; eyes cast down; body straight as an a-

row ; face serene ; hands folded or clasped. This attitude is recommended at all times, *mutatis mutandis*, according to the dictates of common sense. An assistant in a college could hardly be required to see "with downcast eyes" what his hundred boys are about.

These details may be looked upon as *minutiae* unworthy of the genius of Loyola, and reducing every Jesuit to the station of a mere actor. Waiving that question (as also the other one which it includes, viz., whether "all the world" is not "a stage," as a contemporary of Ignatius seems to think), I can only state that he considered his "Rules of Modesty" to be of supreme importance. His idea was—*Jesuita, alter Jesus* ; and he wished his disciples to imitate the exterior of Jesus. And, instead of leaving this imitation to the judgment of his followers themselves, each man copying his own ideal, Ignatius thought it best to lay down directions for them according to the model he had in his own mind. His soldier-like love of order and uniformity amply accounts for this ; but there are other reasons. Our Master, in a lecture on the subject, once used words to the following effect : "There are two converse methods. One is, Sanctify the exterior by first rendering the interior man holy ; the other, Render the interior holy by previously sanctifying what is exterior. Be a saint, and you will by degrees come to look outwardly like one. Take care to act outwardly like a saint, and you will gradually become one. Which plan is the best ? All depends on circumstances ; both may be used with great profit ; but, given our position of men that have to appear much in public, the latter system is preferable for us." All this, of course, does not come naturally to a novice, and this straining after "modesty" is frequently one of the most disagreeable spectacles one can see when in a bad humor, and the most laughable when in a good one.

After Mass, until half-past seven, the novices read a commentary upon Holy Scripture. But let it not be thought that they may choose the commentary which they prefer, or the part of the Bible they like best. They have to submit their preferences to the Master, and he chooses for them. So likewise for all the books read in the Novitiate ; so likewise for everything else. From the moment they

rise till the time when they stretch their limbs in bed, they are under obedience—drilled all day long. The lesson of self-denial is taught them, not by a few great sacrifices, but by a continued series of trifles to be given up. Obedience is incessantly present, in season, and, one might think, out of season too. See the novices going down into the refectory ; it is a fast-day, and all of them must pass by the Master, standing at the door of his room. Why ? Because they must ask permission to take the *frustulum*, a morsel of bread allowed by dispensation to all who fast. And if they do not wish to avail themselves of the dispensation ? They must also ask leave not to avail themselves of it ! "We," said a Capuchin friar to me one day, "we have severer penances than you ; and yet you have more to endure. One can little by little get hardened to the scourge, but not to never doing one's own will." Perhaps the good Capuchin was right.

After breakfast, work ; *travaux manuels*. It is not the Admonitor who commands here, but the *Frère Directeur des travaux*. Novices must, from the very beginning, learn to obey their companions, so as to have less difficulty in doing the same in after-years ; and if Superiors are afterward strongly advised to give hints and counsels, rather than orders and commands, it is quite the contrary now : the *Directeur des travaux* has to say : Go there, and they go ; Do this, and it is done. Novices, being extra fervent, can support without so much danger an extra dose of obedience ; and besides, O Ignatius, hast thou not learned, when yet a soldier of the world, that the strength of cannons is tried by firing them with extra charges ?—so, each novice goes and humbly asks for work.

There is plenty to do. Sweeping rooms and passages and garden paths ; waxing the floor of the private chapel—terrible work !—down in the cellar, drawing wine, or up in the garret cleaning shoes ; or out of doors, digging ; or within, laying the table for dinner : not one novice is unemployed. Some are sitting in the lecture-room, to learn the way of making rosaries, disciplines, haircloths, and those chains whose sharp points enter into the flesh. A dozen or more are working under the superintendence of a strict, morose, lantern-jawed Brother, who has a little of the

Buonaparte type in his face, and a good deal of sombre obstinacy in his character ; he will remain in the Society only five years, making himself generally disliked, and brooding over imaginary wrongs done to him. In a corner are two of the youngest Brothers, one of whom sometimes glances at the other full slyly, and then shakes with suppressed laughter ; for that other is engaged upon an awful girdle, at least six inches broad, ordered for penitential purposes by some tough old Father. All this is very pleasant to see ; but the sly Brother is a trifle too friendly, though perhaps he does not know it as yet ; it is only his first week here. Particular friendships are not allowed : that is, though one may feel greater sympathy for one than for another, one ought not to show it. The wrong is, not in the feeling, but in the injustice done to others by a show of that feeling. As a member of a community, equal kindness is due to all ; and any extraordinary amount of kindness received by one, is taken away from the rest. So the motto is : *Tous, mais pas un !* And this rule applies even to brothers according to the flesh, if any such happen to be together in the Novitiate : they must be to one another neither more nor less than the first novice that comes. Spiritual fraternity ought to predominate over natural brotherhood ; the indissoluble links of religion form a far stronger chain than those ties which, springing out of corruption, are again to dissolve into corruption ; Eternity is more than Time.

When I came to the Novitiate, I had been told of many most extraordinary things I should be required to do as a test of my obedience ; and I was rather disappointed than otherwise, on finding that nobody ordered me to eat peas with a two-pronged fork, or to sweep out a cell with the wrong end of a broom. I was expected to take it for granted that the orders given me were reasonable ; if I did not think them so, my duty was to ask for explanations. Nothing is false than the idea that a Jesuit is a mere machine for obeying orders. Let us say rather—setting aside cases in which it would be a duty to disobey—that he is a machine for understanding the true sense of the orders given, and for carrying them out in their true sense. “ I have done,” writes Laynez to Loyola, “ not what you ordered

me, but what, had you been present, you would have ordered me.” And St. Ignatius approved him. Yet the conduct of that novice who remained a whole day in the Master’s room without stirring, because he had been told to remain there, and had then been forgotten, is held up to public admiration. To admiration, yes ; to imitation, no. This example ought to have no more influence on the ordinary course of life than that of the other novice who on his deathbed asked permission of his Superior to quit the Novitiate, thinking that he could not possibly die without leave.

At 8.30, leaving a bottle of wine half filled, a link of a chain half formed, or a garden-weed half pulled out, all the novices run to get their book on “ Christian Perfection,” by Rodriguez. We may call it the standard ascetic work of the Novitiate ; even on whole holidays, even during the vacation, it is regularly read for half an hour every day. The peculiarity consists in the manner of reading. The *Frère Admoniteur* goes down into the garden and opens his book ; all the novices follow him at random, one after another ; while he takes the lead with a rapid step, they have to walk after him at the same pace, taking care not to tread on the heels of their neighbors. This is technically called *tourner Rodriguez*, and certainly does look very absurd. The reason for this strange manner of reading is to give the novices a sufficient amount of exercise in the morning, together with fresh air. In the afternoon there is plenty of motion : two hours of recreation, besides manual work ; and three walks in the week. So, to make up for this deficiency, *Frère Admoniteur* has orders to move on at a brisk pace, and he does. At the end of the line, last of all, walks the *Frère Substitut*—a pale worn little man, nearly forty years old. He very seldom speaks of himself. All we know is that he was a solicitor, and has come here thinking to find rest from the world. And all day long he has to carry about *soutanes*, boots, combs, brushes, and what not, supplying all the wants of the community, and bustling about like Martha, when the repose of Mary would suit him better. Still, wan and wearied as he is, he seems very patient, and self-will has all but died out of him. Perhaps something tells him that he may soon find rest enough, and

that in little more than a year's time all will be over forever.

The Lecture on the Rules, or Conference, follows Rodriguez. The Master, a man of evidently sanguine, bilious temperament, though both elements of his character are well under control, comes into the room—not on tiptoe, and yet with a noiseless step—kneels down, and says a short prayer, after which he asks a novice for an abstract of what was said last time. His manner is cool, restrained; his style almost dry; and yet his voice thrills at times with suppressed emotion; his gestures are almost as few as those of an ordinary English speaker; he speaks in so low a key as not unfrequently to be inaudible, were it not for his very distinct utterance of each word. This manner of lecturing, though perhaps disappointing to one who expects the noisy pulpit eloquence of the south of France, is, however, specially calculated for those to whom the oratorical “ways and means” of creating a sensation have become contemptible through familiarity. Here emotion must spring from no other source: but the subject itself and the thoughts directly connected therewith; the speaker cannot keep himself too much in the shade. Hence this attempted suppression of all feeling—this outward dryness—this low pitch of the voice. The hearers, whether pupils fresh from the study of Bossuet and Cicero, barristers from the law courts, or young *vicaires* accustomed to criticise the sermons of their fellow-priests, might otherwise have been too sorely tempted to forget that the Conference is a lesson to be acted upon, not a performance to be judged.

The Master's voice drops; the Conference is over, and he goes out. Then follows the Repetition—a strange scene of apparent hubbub, rendered still more striking by the solemn silence in which the “still small voice” of the Master has been heard. Groups of novices, each of them with a note-book in his hand, are told off by the *Admoniteur*. One in each group begins reading his notes, his voice rising louder and louder as other voices rise in succession, until twelve or more are speaking at once in the room—not a large one—and the din becomes almost deafening. To an outsider this would appear excessively ridiculous; but here, intent on comparing and correcting notes, they do

not even remark the clamor that is going on around them.

Again, after a short visit to the chapel, the novices proceed in single file to the garden, to learn a few verses of Scripture. This is the “Exercise of Memory,” the only study (with that of foreign languages) permitted by St. Ignatius. Foreign languages even were not allowed in my time, and for two whole years I did not speak English, though there were some who knew that language in the Novitiate. On the whole, this “Exercise of Memory” is rather a formality than anything else. Twice a week it is missed; the recitation is not seriously insisted upon; the novices are free to go up-stairs as soon as they think they know, and they enjoy free time as soon as they come to this conviction. And in that short space of free time, that lasts only till eleven o'clock, how much they have to do! Shoe cleaning, clothes-brushing, reading the “Instructions” (a book that must be got through once a month), writing applications to the Librarian or the Substitute for the next volume of Rodriguez, or for a wearable hat: they must, besides, see and confer with the Master once in a fortnight. Soon, too soon, eleven o'clock strikes.

The class of pronunciation, from eleven to half-past, is a very important time, particularly here; for a good accent is absolutely necessary to a public speaker, and the accent is very bad in the South of France. The difference between *à* and *á*, *ò* and *ó*, *é*, *è* and *ê*—and the nasal vowels especially, O ye Gascons!—are most particularly noted and minutely dwelt upon, both by precept and example. An explanation of the rules takes up about half the time; reading and criticism by the fellow-novices occupies the other half. Now and then two or three giggles, threatening to become general fits of laughter, are occasioned by some slight mistake, or even without any visible cause; for the novices' nerves are highly strung, and they are perhaps more inclined to laughter than any other class of human beings. They are generally young, they are continually striving after supernatural gravity; they have no cares, no cause for uneasiness or sorrow: so the veriest trifle—even a recollection of past fun—is enough to set them laughing, sometimes in very undue places; but they cannot help it: “*Novitius, animal ridens et risibile, scan-*

dalisabile, frangens vitrum, fundens oleum" was the humorous quasi-scholastic definition of the species given by some unknown wag many years ago.

Before dinner there is a private examination of conscience for one quarter of an hour; before bed-time, similarly. These are, if not the most important, at least the most indispensable spiritual exercises of the day; St. Ignatius would rather, in case of want of time, sacrifice the morning Meditation. And he was not satisfied with these alone; he wanted every one of the actions done to be reviewed in like manner, so as to cultivate a habit of reflection. One day he asked a Father how often he examined his conscience. "Every hour," said the latter. "That is very seldom," answered Ignatius.

At last the Angelus rings: it is noon, and the novices, hungry as hunters, and quite willing to obey the Divine call, rush down on tiptoe and with downcast eyes. The bill of fare cannot be reasonably complained of. Before each plate there stands half a litre—about a pint—of *vin ordinaire*. On festivals, one bottle of dessert wine is allowed to each table. The first dish, according to the Continental custom, is always soup or broth. Then comes boiled meat, and then roast; a dish of vegetables follows them. Between this and the dessert, consisting of cheese and some kind of fruit, there is sometimes, on festival days, either salad or a sweet dish of custard or pudding. Without special leave a novice may not refuse any of the dishes, though he may reduce his share to an all but infinitesimal quantity. Look at this pale young man pouring three drops of wine into a glass of water—and at that one, paler still, helping himself to one leaf of salad only, after having put a microscopic bit of meat on his plate! His neighbor, a kind-hearted though surly original, with a huge nose and a very dyspeptic stomach, is furious at the poor fellow's excessive penance, that ruins his health; he tosses the rest of the salad into his own plate, and eats it all up, with his head defiantly on one side, in mute protestation; for usually he does not care for salad, nor indeed for anything in the way of food. "You see I am not afraid to eat!" The neighboring novices, who have somehow or other managed to see all without looking up, are vastly amused at the sight.

During dinner-time those novices who (with permission, of course) wish to accuse themselves of some fault—a glass broken, negligence in duties, useless words, etc.—do so, kneeling in the middle of the refectory; after which "the reader drones from the pulpit." Scripture first, as by right; then Church History, by Abbé Darvas, very brilliantly written, sometimes too brilliantly. When, for instance, he ends a phrase with a metaphor like this, "*C'est un point d'interrogation suspendu à travers les siècles*," the novices, satirical creatures! venture to laugh at the author's affectation and bad taste. The more they are kept apart from literature and politics, the more easily they are impressed by whatever concerns either. *Frère Séraphique* is constantly praying for the conversion of Bismarck; others are offering communions, prayers, and penances, in order that Don Carlos may take Bilbao (which he is now blockading), or Henry V. be seated on the French throne.

Dinner over, the Holy Sacrament is again visited, in order to prepare for the most difficult exercise of the day—the Recreation. Why I call it the most difficult will presently appear. To pass it correctly, an all but impossible combination of virtues is required. Its aim is "the unbending of the spirit," in order to rest awhile from the constraint produced by the self communion of the morning, and to give the mind fresh vigor for the exercises of the afternoon. At the same time, it is recommended to remain perfectly self-possessed from beginning to end, keeping a strict watch over the lips, the eyes, and the whole demeanor, lest anything should be said or done unworthy of one's high calling. It is recommended to speak of pious subjects, though not in too serious a manner. Discussions, tiring to the mind and too often irritating to the temper, are to be avoided. Jokes are not well looked upon, as they are apt to be remembered when the Recreation is done, and cause distractions; besides, Christ and His apostles, whom Jesuits ought to imitate, cannot be imagined as joking together. No conversation about studies, literature, or science is allowed; and it is still more severely forbidden to criticise the conduct of any Brother or Father. Such criticism is however not only allowed, but enjoined, on another occasion

—in presence of the criticised person. I allude to the "Exercise of Charity," which ought regularly to take place once a week, instead of the Conference. A novice, designated by the Master, goes down on his knees in the middle of the lecture-room, and listens to all that the others, when questioned, have to say against him: they, on their part, are bound to state whatever they may have noticed amiss in his conduct. Of course, external defects alone are to be mentioned. Instead of saying, "*Notre Frère* is not fervent," they must point out fixed acts of seeming negligence in religious duties, which may spring from absent-mindedness quite as well as from lack of fervor. This exercise, properly practised, effectually stops all backbiting or complaints against others; while the defects are made known to the person himself, so that he can take advantage of this knowledge. It is quite an upside down world.

The fact that so many virtues—charity, modesty, cordiality, piety, self-possession, gayety—are requisite to pass the Recreation well, is the reason why the result is so generally unsuccessful. Some, striving to be supernatural in all things, contrive to be only unnatural and highly disagreeable in all. Others, very rightly laying down as a first principle that one must be natural, forget their position, and talk as they used to talk, before they "left the world." A few sentences having been exchanged about the weather, one novice, eager to avoid "useless words," effectually puts an end to the conversation in his group by relating, immediately and without transition, what he is reading about the torments of hell. Another has filled a little note-book with anecdotes and sentences of the Saints about the Mother of Christ: he begins the Recreation by asking his brother novices to "tell him something about Mary;" and, on their professing themselves unequal to the task, launches off for a whole hour into a sea of words learned by heart. The Franco-Irish Brother makes his companions roar with laughter at the tricks he played on his teachers while at college; but by his side walks a mournful one, who, mindful of Seneca's saying, "*Quoties inter homines fui, minor homo redii*," and of the Eastern proverb, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold," has resolved to be silent,—and does not even look up once during

the whole time. And the difficulty is greater still, because one is never allowed to choose one's companions; the first group you find is your group. They are, besides, generally formed by the *Admoniteur* at the beginning of the Recreation; he, according to instructions received, often puts together, as a test of temper, the most opposite characters of all. How amusing it is to see the *Frère Directeur*, late a lieutenant in the Mobs during the war—a rollicking, jovial lover of harmless fun, and a great hater of what he calls "mysticism,"—walking about day after day and week after week with the Seraphic Brother above mentioned, who never will speak of anything less holy than the Sacred Heart, the conversion of the whole world, or a scheme formed by him for administering all railways by some new religious Order, designed to stoke and convey the passengers gratis, for the love of God! If you step into the Novitiate a month later, you will find them both in the same room; when *Frère Séraphique* begins sighing and groaning in his meditations, *Frère Directeur* has orders to put a stop to this *piété extérieure* by a loud, dry cough.

Then there are differences of principle too. Who would fancy that in the Novitiate, on a mere question of interpretation of the Rules, there could be found a vestige of two great parties? Yet so it is. *Frère Admoniteur* is waxing very red in the face, and having a serious tussle with the stoutest Brother in the whole lot. The latter, who has been a barrister of considerable practice at Angoulême, is now trying his professional abilities in the Novitiate. The Rules contradict each other, he says. In one place we find that Brothers who are "in experiment," i.e., having their vocation tested by menial offices and labors, are not to speak with those who remain after the first Recreation is over, until two o'clock. In another, it is said, on the contrary, that they must be present at this second Recreation. *Frère Admoniteur*, full of zeal, thinks to reconcile the contradiction by laying down the law thus: they are to be present, but not to speak. The ex-lawyer has him on the hip at once. What absurdity! a speechless Recreation! Both are indignant, but their indignation soon cools down, and they will beg each other's pardon very frankly before sunset.

In recreation again, the two contrary currents that must always be found in any Christian body of men are clearly noticeable; I mean the worldly and the unworldly tendency. This of course is very relative, and perhaps the term "worldly" may be found too strong, when describing a man who regularly scourges himself once a week or oftener. Still, in a community where this is the fashion, it is no decisive proof of unworldliness. A dislike to such as are more fervent; an undue notice and nervous horror of those little exaggerations to which pious persons are liable; an inordinate esteem of the purely natural qualities,—wit, energy, imagination, etc.,—are much surer signs of the contrary direction of mind. Placed in a very different situation from men of the world, they judge of things, so far as it is lawful for them to judge at all, with the very same eyes as the latter. "*Ah, mon Frère!*" says Brother Seraphicus, "*on retrouve le monde au noviciat.*" Rather disappointing, but very much to be expected; no man—and a *fortiori* no number of men—being quite unworldly. All is relative, *mon Frère!* This worldly tendency is of course kept down and severely dealt with; but that those in whom it is found the most are the most opposed to the "spirit of the Society," I am not prepared to affirm. Worldly-minded men are usually practical; and practical men are of great use. Certainly, among my con-novices who left, as many left on account of exaggerated fervor as of worldliness. The lofty mystic will find more difficulty in getting on with St. Ignatius than the *terre-à-terre* man of business; and yet Ignatius is mystic too.

No wonder that, under these difficulties, the Recreation is followed (for many) by a very remorseful visit to the chapel, deploping broken resolutions, schemes of "interior life" blown up, sore feelings of irritation, or headaches caused by too much constraint. Shortly after, the bell rings again for another exercise—that of the "Tones." It is a short sermon, only one page in length, which every novice knows by heart; it contains in that brief compass, and without any transitions, all the principal *tones* which a preacher can take. The calm measured notes of the exposition—the thrilling call of tenderness and mercy—the ecstatic invocation to God—the thunders of rebuke, followed up by

a long Latin quotation from Joel,—a yet more vehement cry of holy indignation, swelling at once to enthusiasm, and then suddenly dying away on a key still lower than that of the exordium;—all these so short, so condensed as to render it quite impossible really to *feel* sentiments of so brief duration: such is this exercise. A good delivery of the Tones is almost as seldom to be met with as a black swan. But then, say those who favor it, that is the great advantage of the thing. If you can once get to deliver the Tones with effect: if you can manage to pass from this sentence, "*Agneau plein de douceur! qui vous a donc forcé à vous charger de nos fautes, à accepter la mort pour nous donner la vie!*" to the following: "*O hommes stupides! ô hommes plongés dans le sommeil du péché!*" giving their full and natural emphasis to each of these sentences, both so vehement in such a different way, you are not very likely to have much difficulty in delivering an ordinary sermon.

After the Tones, the bell is rung for Catechism, an exercise in which the novices have to learn, both in speculation and by practice, the art of teaching in general, and especially the art of teaching religion. The Father who presides (sometimes a novice, at others the Socius of the Master) first gives general rules and hints, both as to what to say and how to say it; and notes how much severity, with what temperament of kindness, is required to maintain discipline. Then a novice stands forth in the middle, and for the nonce becomes the catechist; all the others are Sunday-school children. He proceeds to explain the first notions of religion to them; questions them sometimes; they, on their part, must personate children. They rather overdo it in general. Such laziness, such disorder, such insubordination, could hardly be found in a reformatory. He has here to show his presence of mind, his energy, his self command, and all the qualities indispensable to a good teacher. Then comes, as usual, the criticism; sometimes favorable, sometimes severe, always useful. In after life, the teacher will have no witnesses of his class but the boys, and no one to give him good advice. True, it will be more serious then, and this is but a sort of child's play; but there is no objection to sham fights, naval manœuvres, and the *Kriegspiel*—why then

should not this sort of game have its value too?

Here I may add a word or two about a similar exercise, which, as I have heard, is practised during the Third Probation* (or second novitiate) by the priests who, after their theological studies, pass a year to prepare for active life in the ministry. I allude to the "Exercise of Confession." Certain of the "Tertiaires" are appointed beforehand, and have to study their parts as penitents, so as to give the most trouble possible to the Confessor. One is a *dévoté*, laden with the sins of other people; another, a nun, with no end of scruples and peccadilloes of her own; a third is a soldier, rough and ready—says he has done nothing, but lets plenty of sins be wormed out of him by degrees. A man kneels down—he is a Voltairean workman, come to dispute; followed by an inn-keeper, whose earnings are not always of the most honorable kind; and then there comes a monk, with an unintelligible confession, having done something he does not like to say, and fears to leave unsaid. After all these have been questioned, counselled, rebuked, and (if possible) absolved in turn, there is the inevitable judgment upon the performance. "*Notre Père* might have shown himself a little more authoritative in dealing with the Voltairean . . . perhaps patience was wanting in his treatment of the monk . . . he seemed to listen too willingly to the *dévoté's* tales . . ." and so on. This exercise, though highly comical, if properly prepared by the characters, is also of great and undeniable value to the Catholic priest. It certainly seems at first sight irreverent; but then, let such as are shocked at the idea of "making game" of confession remember that by no other means can a priest, on account of the inviolable secrecy of that sacrament, discover either his own defects, or the remedy to them. Other priests cannot hear him while he confesses, and he is not allowed to hear others. The penitent may not correct him when he is wrong, and no one else is there to set him right. Long experience will of course help him, but at the cost of the penitents; and besides, time and age too often only confirm a bad habit of undue sternness or leniency.

* The First Probation comprises only the time of Postulancy, before admission as a novice.

After the Catechism, half an hour of manual work. I pass rapidly over the rest of the day, in which the exercises are of less importance. A writing lesson, French grammar class, reading of the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Life of a Saint," a short meditation, the recital of the Rosary, and the preparation of the Meditation for next day, bring the novices down to supper before they have time to think about it. Busy hours fly swiftly.

At supper the Menologium is read—a short biographical notice of the most remarkable Fathers who died on the following day. I do not mean to call in question the good faith of the author of these notices; but, really, some facts, when read, always excited my feelings of curiosity as to how far they could be properly authenticated. For instance, the life of Father Anchieta, a missionary in Brazil, deals in the marvellous to a very great extent; and without questioning the possibility of miracles, we very naturally inquire by what evidence these miracles are corroborated. Father Anchieta commanded the birds of the air, and they came and perched on his shoulder, or hovered over a sick companion to shade him from the burning sun. He walked out in the forest at night, and returned accompanied by a couple of "panthers," to which he threw a cluster of bananas to reward them for having gone with him. He took most venomous serpents into his hands and placed them on his lap, and they did not bite him. Many other similar and still more extraordinary things are related of him, probably first made known to the world by his Indian converts, whose truthfulness was not equal to the occasion, and collected by some Father who never thought of suspecting others of falsehood of which he was himself incapable. Such Fathers, dove-like in simplicity, if not serpent-like in wisdom, do exist, as I well know;—whether my supposition as regards the Indians is likely, the reader may judge for himself.

The evening Recreation, from 7.30 to 8.15, is enlivened by several interesting incidents. One is the arrival of a new Brother, who, having gone home after his retreat to bid his relations farewell, is rather low-spirited and dejected, and will remain so for about a week or two; but there is great jubilation over him for all that. Another is the visit of the Father

Minister, who has to take charge of all temporal affairs in the house; an aged, hoary-headed and white bearded priest, who looks older than he is on account of the scorching sun of Madura, where he was a missionary. He generally has plenty of tales to relate concerning the Hindoos; revolts of the native Christians against their missionaries when the latter are too high handed; arrival of an excommunicated priest from Goa to take his place; state of drunkenness in which the latter is found shortly after; disgust and repentance of the natives, and subsequent recall of the missionary. Also his poor opinion of the English Church in those parts, and his high appreciation of the impartiality of the British Government. But to-night he comes on a very different errand. As Minister of the Residence, he is in want of money. Things are going on very badly indeed; expenses are high and few alms are given, because the Jesuits have the reputation of being rich. "It is our churches," says he. "When people see the churches adorned as they are, they cannot believe that we are sometimes at a loss to know what we shall have to eat to-morrow." And it is true: for the rule is, that the Residences and Novitiates must subsist on alms. The colleges, which have fixed revenues, come to their help now and then; but there is no denying that sometimes there is a hard pull. Nevertheless, Ignatius is for adorning the churches, no matter what impression is produced, and Ignatius must be obeyed. Having arranged with the novices for a Novena to St. Joseph, the Father goes away; to return a few days afterward, triumphantly showing four bank-notes of a hundred francs.

Frère Admoniteur smites his hands to-

gether; it is the signal to begin rehearsing the points of next day's Meditation, during the fifteen minutes which remain. The rehearsal does not, of course, exclude any private remarks or developments that a novice may have to give; and so the conversation goes on, until the bell rings.

Then commences the great silence—*silentium majus*—to be observed until after breakfast next day. Novices must not speak at any time without some degree of necessity; but during the *silentium majus* they must not speak unless the necessity be absolute and immediate. All go to the private chapel, together with the Residence Fathers, and evening prayer, viz., the Litany of the Saints, is said. They then retire to their cells and examine their consciences, as before noon.

At nine the bell rings for bed-time. *Frère Réglementaire* is probably very glad to be able to put by his instrument for seven whole hours—if he does not dream of it at night. The curtains are pulled down, and divide the room into as many compartments as there are beds. Even to take off their coat or *soutane*, they must withdraw behind the curtains. Lights are extinguished, one after another; you soon hear a rushing, whistling, beating sound: it is the discipline, only permitted to some by special favor, for it is not Friday to-day.

All is silent again; and the novices, by order of Holy Obedience, go to sleep thinking of the next day's Meditation, with their hands crossed over their breast.

And now as we retire, let me in conclusion remind you, reader, of the title which this paper bears. It is but a glimpse into the Novitiate, and the very best eyes can see but little at one glimpse.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A TURKISH LANDGRABBER.*

BY VINCENT CAILLARD.

It is just nine years—it seems only yesterday—since I first saw his tall athletic

* The chief incidents of this attempt at "landgrabbing" are related in as nearly as possible the same terms as they were to the writer by the principal actor in them. It will be observed that they took place some forty years ago, and it should be added that of recent years

figure, his piercing eyes, like jewels set in bronze glittering in the sunlight, glancing full at me from the sun-tanned face—a noble face with proud aquiline features framed in gray locks which peeped forth

no similar occurrences, so far as the writer is aware, have taken place in Turkey.

like a silver rim, from under the crimson fez which he wore and which seemed to be part of himself, to have grown to him, so inseparable was it from the head which it covered. Stepan Boda, such was my friend's name, lived in a good-sized farm, his own property, in the outskirts of Antivari, a little town reduced to ruin in the last war and then ceded to Montenegro. But the Angel of War had been kind to Stepan, and had not overshadowed his house; there were nothing but signs of peace. It stood in a homely farm-yard, where I loved to saunter in the caressing rays of the sun, full of those sounds and objects sweet to the soul of a country-bred man. There was a great stack of dried maize-stocks against which I used to nestle and sketch, and under which the fowls would congregate in clucking harmony to scratch up treasures from the earth; and I used to watch them lazily for more hours than I like to confess, giving sudden digs with an air of dubious expectancy, exploring the result with looks of pleased surprise, darting pecks at their discoveries in victorious satisfaction, until I almost felt my soul transmigrating into them, and myself their sympathetic companion with no ogreish suspicion of the future meals they would provide. Then a fierce old watch-dog, who abominated strangers and who at first regarded me with keen suspicion, would come and poke his friendly nose under my indolently dropped hand, and press his head upward for a caress, while the tip of his tail, slowly wagging, made tiny regular beats on the ground and set fragments of straw in little puffs of dust dancing in the sunlight, so many atoms of gold shining through ruddy mist until, his suspicions aroused by some sight or sound without the range of my dull human sense, he would dart away and round the other side of the house, furiously awaking the echoes with his deep bass bark. Straightway I would forget him and watch with sleepy approbation the gambolling of the calves in the meadow beyond, where their mothers lay reflectively chewing the cud, from time to time lazily whisking tails against aggressive flies, or giving a faint grumbling low of disapproval at the outrageous activity of their offspring despite the hot summer sun; or would let my eyes wander slowly along the deep-eaved wall with the ladder leaning up against it where the olive-press was,

and further on to the wooden stair-way leading up from the yard to the loft, until they rested finally on the gray olive trees through which from afar off shone patches of the blue Adriatic. A sleepy, happy, lotus-eating kind of being I was at such times, the monotonous murmur of the summer insects in the scented air and lazy chirping of birds, and distant tinkling of sheep-bells, lulling me to greater repose, with only a distant consciousness that I ought to be sketching and not idle to make the repose all the more delicious.

"Heugh!" I am woken up one afternoon, as indeed I was on many, from some such delicious excursion into the Land of Forgetfulness, by the curious throat whistle of my friend Boda, the sound with which Albanian shepherds call the attention of their sheep. I watched him from under half closed eyelids—his tall commanding figure, his noble features, and his curious, feeble, tottering gait. I had frequently wondered at the contrast presented by this gait—the gait of a broken-down old man—to the rest of his demeanor and apparent strength, but had never forgotten politeness so far as to show my curiosity.

"Well, Sir," said Boda (I may here mention that we conversed either in Italian, which is spoken all down that coast, or Turkish, in both of which tongues I was pretty proficient), "I hope the cock did not annoy you again last night, and that Maria is learning how to attend upon you."

"Maria," I answered, "is most attentive. I could not ask to be better waited upon. The cock" (I should here mention that the fowl-house was underneath my bedroom) "began to crow at about half-past one in the morning and continued until daybreak when I arose."

"I shall slay the cock," said Boda impressively.

"Can I help you to catch him?" I asked.

"No, he is a tame bird and will come at my call," he replied, tottering away to put his decision into execution; "you shall have him for supper. I am coming back—I wish to speak to you."

While he is slaying the cock, I will state for my readers' information that the rest of the household consisted of Boda's wife, an energetic gray-haired woman, with bright, piercing eyes, completely devoted to her husband; and Maria, a

woman of say between forty-five and fifty, active, and having the remains of what had evidently been remarkable beauty, but very nervous and shy, who helped in the cooking and cleaning, and the small amount of waiting that I required. She spoke to me as little as possible, indeed she scarcely ever spoke to any one, though quiet and firm affection seemed to dwell in the little household. In a few minutes Boda returned.

"He will trouble you no more unless he gives you evil dreams to-night," said he, smiling. "It is a pity; he was a fine bird, and I loved him, but you know the Turkish proverb, 'The untimely crowing cock has his head cut off.' Well! Well! he must have died some time or other. And now permit me to ask you, my Effendi,—will you pardon me if I change some of the furniture in your room? You shall be incommoded as little as possible, and—"

"The furniture is yours, my dear Boda," I interrupted, "pray make no ceremony; I have my camp equipment with me, and could really do without furniture as long as you leave me the room."

"I am ashamed to ask you this," said Boda; "it is utterly against my desire. The fact is"—here he blushed and stammered,—"the fact is, that my eldest son has asked for his portion, and to-morrow I must divide my goods, and give him his share."

I began to think that I was still dozing, and that my dreams had taken the shape of the "Prodigal Son," with Boda acting the part of the father. I watched Arslan, the dog, gathering himself together for a mighty bark, in the expectation that he would act like the ordinary dream animal and turn into something else, or that instead of barking he would speak. But he gave vent to so uncompromising a wide-awake bark that the cows, startled, slowly got up and looked round to see what was the matter, and a cat, creeping cautiously along the eaves on its way to the loft, stopped, wagged its tail, stealthily seated itself, and smiled down defiance.

"But what do you do that for?" I inquired. "Surely you are not bound to split up your property during your lifetime unless you desire?"

Boda looked at me with quiet surprise.

"Of course my son has a right to his

portion," he said; "it is the same in your country."

My contradiction of this statement was met by Boda with polite disbelief, and an evident impression that I was sadly ignorant.

"It is the same," said Boda, extending his remark, "in all countries."

I must say that I looked forward to the partition with much interest, and my curiosity was rewarded by my being the witness of an unexpected and to me, at the time, inexplicable scene. The two sons of Boda arrived with their wives on the morrow, both fine-looking young men, and apparently a little ashamed of their position. It did not require five minutes for me to perceive that it was the wife of the eldest son who was at the bottom of it all, and who was egging him on. This lady quickly let down her yashmak (I have forgotten to say that the Boda family was Catholic, but the Albanian Catholic ladies are quite as particular about their yashmaks as their Mussulman countrywomen), and, with great shrillness of voice and volubility of tongue, set about claiming half of everything of value in the house—everything. There were two brass candlesticks in my room: she took one; there was a large mirror: she said she must have half; it could be divided into frame and glass—the frame she would leave to the father, the glass she would take. This caused a most excited discussion, at the end of which she relinquished her claim on condition of receiving ample compensation in some other form. There were two iron bedsteads in the house, one used by old Boda and one by me; she wanted mine. After more wrangling, old Boda went and whispered in her ear, but she was not to be lulled into such weakness as a whisper.

"Then give the Effendi your own," she bawled; "he is not my guest, and can't lie on my bed."

Gradually her husband—the other son stood quite aloof, and accepted shamefacedly what had been allotted as his portion—got dragged into the quarrelling, at first half-heartedly, but finally to quite as thorough an extent as his wife could wish. The climax was reached when the discussion turned upon the kitchen utensils. So far as I could make out, young Boda and his wife claimed them all: their claim was indignantly repulsed. Old Boda at last

began to grow really angry; he turned a deaf ear to his daughter-in-law, and bitterly reproached his son with his undutiful behavior. The latter answered scornfully, and tempers were running dangerously high, when suddenly, to my intense surprise, Maria—the quiet Maria, who hardly ever addressed a word to any one, and who till that moment had seemed to stand an indifferent spectator of the scene—stepped forward with eyes and face aflame, and addressed to the younger Boda an apostrophe of startling energy and violence. She upbraided him and scolded at him with increasing fury, while all of us, as well as himself, stood looking at her in silent wonder, until her rage seemed to outdo her power of speech and she came to a full stop. Then she gathered herself together as if for a final effort, and deliberately spat in his face. For a moment surprise continued to hold every one still, and then young Boda, with a kind of angry growl, advanced upon her with arm upraised, as if to strike her to the ground. At once, with dramatic rapidity, the scene changed. Old Boda, seeming for an instant to regain his strength, was at one stride between the man and the woman, faced his son, and raised his arm as if he too were about to strike. His wife and other son rushed forward to prevent the unnatural collision, while Maria, white as a sheet, her eyes still aflame, clenched her hands and seemed to be preparing to make a spring, like some wild animal, upon the young man the moment the first blow was struck, and the other two women cowered in a corner, frightened at the result which the rapacity of one of them had produced. But young Boda had half crouched down, and stretched out his hand as if to deprecate the blow which his father seemed ready to deal him. Thus for a moment they all stood; and never to my dying day shall I forget the extraordinarily dramatic picture they formed.

"Strike her not," said old Boda at last, in a commanding tone; "whoever strikes her, strikes me."

"Quite right," said his wife.

I can remember no more of what passed about the partition, I could pay it no more attention; I kept on going over this scene in my mind, and endeavoring to explain it. I am ashamed to say that I arrived at conclusions concerning the relations be-

tween old Boda and Maria not flattering to either of them, and only remained puzzled by the attitude of his wife. This I at last put down to "customs of the country," and felt satisfied.

A few days later, Boda approached me with the subject upon which I had always been so curious.

"Have you," he asked, "never considered it curious that a man of my build should be so crippled in his walk?"

"Well," I replied, "yes, I have."

"Ah!" said Boda. "Well, my Effendi, after what you witnessed here the other day, I should like to tell you the story, if it will not tire you."

"Not at all," I answered; "I should of all things like to hear it."

My story (said Boda, after a short pause and with an evident effort to begin) is a sad one, and I fear it will not amuse you. About thirty years ago, I was a young man; I feared nobody; I was rich and influential; I wanted nothing. I was strong and active, no one could wrestle with me. At the time I am speaking of I had been married about three years; both my sons were already born. Now it happened that at about that time a new Mütessarif* had come to Antivari, who was, even for their way, more greedy and rapacious than usual. I was in the Council of Notables, and had more than once endeavored to stop some cruel injustice being done to the poor and powerless. Thus it came to be that the Mütessarif conceived a great enmity and dislike for me, and no doubt promised himself that he would be revenged. Now turning over in his mind how he could best strike me, it must have occurred to him that he would begin by ruining me; and one day he sent me a message, saying that he required a piece of my land, and would pay me fair and full price for it. You will understand, my Effendi, that for a Mütessarif a fair and full price is not the hundredth part of the real value of the property; moreover, even that price which he binds himself to pay, he never pays. The piece of land which he chose of mine was about the third of my property, and the richest which I had. I accordingly sent back word to say that I required no money, that my land was not more than I could

* District governor.

work, and that I respectfully declined his kind offer. I heard that the Mütessarif was incensed at what he called my insolence, and that he made a vow that if the dog (meaning me) would not give up peaceably what was required of him, it should be wrested from him by force. Not a day then passed that the Mütessarif did not send me up a messenger to urge me to sell my land; he even increased his price, though, as he never would have paid anything, that made but little difference. I, however, remained unmoved, and determined that not one *arschin* of ground should he have. He even took to openly threatening me when he by chance met me; but I laughed at his threats, for I was powerful, and had many friends who, if he had tried to use force, would have stood together and supported me. At last he seemed to grow tired before my obstinacy, and for some time I heard nothing from him; I began to hope that he had been conquered by my many refusals, and would thenceforward leave me in peace. But one day I again saw a messenger coming to me from the Mütessarif, and though I felt angry at his persistence, I could not but laugh within myself at the fresh refusal he would receive, and the rage he would be in. To my surprise the messenger brought nothing but words of peace and friendship. The Mütessarif, he said, was sorry that unfriendliness should have grown between us on account of a piece of land; he valued my good will more than a few *deunums*, which God would provide for him elsewhere; he begged me to forget all that had passed, and to mark our reconciliation by coming that day to dine with him, bringing my wife also that she might receive hospitality in his harem. Now I knew the Mütessarif to be an evil man, and I conceived suspicions that under these smooth words there lurked some base treachery; therefore, after careful consideration, I replied, also with honeyed words, saying that I was just gathering in my wine harvest, and that I begged he would have me excused. In less than an hour the messenger returned; the Mütessarif, he said, was grieved at my refusal, it seemed that I was of an unforgiving heart and determined to be at enmity with him; moreover a refusal to such an invitation looked as if I doubted his, the Mütessarif's, honor and feared that his

hospitality covered evil designs; he could not, said the messenger, doubt my courage, which was widely famed abroad, but nevertheless, in order to reassure me, he gave me his word of honor that no harm should come to me or mine, and he begged therefore that I would no longer refuse, but would, with my wife, honor his invitation. I still suspected him, but the allusion to my courage was too much for me, and I gave way. "Take many salutes to the Mütessarif from me," I said; "tell him that I fear nothing; that I will leave my work for to-day and will be with him in an hour, and my wife shall come with me to pass on and pay her respects to the *hannum*." Then I turned and went to prepare myself. My wife was much frightened, and tried hard to dissuade me. But I would not listen to her; I bade her hold her peace, and not bother me with her woman's fears, but make herself ready to come with me. And so I walked forth with her from my home and went to the *Konak*. As we passed through the gates, and my wife left my side to turn to the door of the harem, I saw the Mütessarif seated under a big tree which was there, smoking a *narghilé*. He rose when he saw me, and advanced smiling toward me as if graciously to receive me. And even as I was bowing to make my first *salaam* to him, I was seized suddenly from behind and thrown on my back, and so was held by two men while a third bound my hands and feet. So suddenly was this done, and so completely was I taken by surprise that I had no time to resist. Within a minute after I had passed the gate I was lying a helpless log on the ground. I had heard my wife give a shriek, and could see from where I lay that she had been roughly stopped by two men, and forced to stay where she was. Then I heard the gates shut.

"Bring him here," said the Mütessarif. And they dragged me to him.

"Now, you dog," cried the Mütessarif, "will you give me that land or not?" I heard my wife crying to me not to be obstinate, but to bow before the will of the Mütessarif, and so obtain mercy, and go in peace and safety.

"Silence, woman!" I called to her. "You make me fear that you are the mother of cowards. Cease your crying, for I will not let my courage ooze through

your eyes." But she stopped me again with her wailing. "Yield, Stepan, yield," she sobbed; "they will kill you; I shall have you no more, and your children will be fatherless. Yield! am not I and your children better than all your land?"

Then I paid her no more attention, and looking at the Mütessarif, I said, "This, Effendi, is no doubt a joke you are playing upon me, but you have frightened my wife too much. Tell these fellows to unbind me, and let me go, for we have had enough of this play."

The Mütessarif was smoking his *narghilé*, and evilly smiling to himself as he heard my wife's mourning. "Will you give me the land?" he said.

"No," I said; "I have told you I will not. But do you forget your message to me—your word of honor that if I came to you now no harm should come to me or mine?"

"Empty words," he answered, disdainfully; "what have such dogs as you to do with honor? If I want to kill an obstinate beast, do not I hold him out a tempting morsel in one hand and plunge my knife into him with the other? Is there any necessity that I should feel my honor hurt because he believes in the pleasant meal, and knows not of the knife? Honor!" said he, laughing bitterly, "what an insolent knave this is, to be sure! Will you give up your land, fellow?" he concluded, furiously.

For an instant my heart fell, as I heard my dear young wife weeping and moaning to herself; but when I saw the Mütessarif smiling evilly again at her sobs, and smoking quietly the while, my rage knew no bounds. "No!" I shouted, "I would sooner die first! Do your worst, hound, and may the curse of God be upon you and your children forever!"

"Then go on," said the Mütessarif, in a quiet voice, and settling himself back to smoke more comfortably.

At these words two men, who till then had been hidden behind the tree, came forth dragging between them two upright posts, with a horizontal plank fixed between them about three feet from the ground, in the centre of which were scooped two semicircular notches. They brought this up to me, then raising my feet from the ground, they bared them, while I did not struggle, for I saw that it

was useless, and scorned to show fear, and bound my ankles tightly into the notches, my feet projecting over the other side. Then they went behind the tree again, and brought forth each a bundle of long heavy sticks, every stick as thick as three fingers. They each selected a stick, and went and stood on each side of me behind the posts.

"Will you give me the land?" said the Mütessarif.

"No," I replied through my set teeth.

"Then go on," said the Mütessarif in the same voice as before.

I saw the sticks go up and descend with all the force the men could command upon the soles of my feet. The pain was such that it seemed to me as if a mountain of agony had risen up from each foot, and was reaching up to the blue sky above me. At each blow the mountains sprang up higher, until they seemed to fill all space; they seemed to crush me under their weight, and their bases were lakes of living fire. I heard my wife shrieking, but it seemed as if the shrieks were an immeasurable distance off. My ears were full of confused sound, and the sky seemed to come down and meet my eyes; I saw the branches of the tree between me and it, but they seemed to be part of my brain, and the leaves tortured me by their shivering. Yet the men had only struck me five times. Then there was a pause, and I heard the voice of the Mütessarif, mingled with my wife's screams, coming to me as if from far away, "Will you give me the land?"

"No," I panted, but my voice was as the voice of another, I knew it not.

"Then go on." I thought it was the voice of the devil wafted to me from hell.

My legs seemed to have grown to two huge pillars upon which those fearful burning mountains were set; the burning mountains seemed to be so full of raging fire that they were stretched beyond the strength of their sides; when the blows recommenced the mountains burst and fell in rivers of fiery torment down the pillars, but new mountains sprang up at once and took their place: heavy crushing mountains of ice at first, but changing at once to the fires of hell again. The sky grew black, the leaves shook my brain with agony, my head burst, and I knew no more. My wife has told me the rest. After twenty strokes the Mütessarif

stopped them and addressed the same question as before—"Will you give me the land?" But this time he got no answer. He asked louder, but I made no sign nor sound. Then he rose and came and looked at me, puffing smoke in my face; after which he went and sat down again comfortably by his *narghilé* and said, "Go on." One hundred blows they struck me on each foot; they had to continually take fresh sticks, for the force of the blows soon shivered them to pieces. At the end, my feet were shapeless lumps of mutilated bleeding flesh, my legs swollen to twice their natural size, the nails had fallen from my toes and lay in pools of blood upon the ground. When the Mütessarif gave the final signal for them to stop, he had my wife brought up to me and told her brutally that she might walk back with me now, that the dinner was finished and he had no more to say; then he rose and sauntered off into the Konak. She told me that even my executioners seemed to take some pity on her then, for they procured a litter and carriers for her, and bid her hasten to take me away lest the Mütessarif should change his mind.

For six months afterward I lay near death; many times they thought that my legs would have to be cut off; but in the end my strength triumphed and I recovered my health. But two things I lost. I have never since been able to walk except with the tottering gait of a feeble old man. I have walked like that (said Boda, sighing) for thirty years. And I lost my spirit; it was broken. My friends came in and offered revenge, but I would not listen to them; only I had made up my mind obstinately that I would never give up my land, and it is mine still.

Here Boda paused, and thinking that his story was finished, I said, "What a horrible story, my poor friend! I feel myself that I would like to take vengeance for you on that cruel devil of a Mütessarif. What became of him? Surely such an act was not allowed to pass unpunished?" "Wait, my Effendi!" replied Boda. "I have more to say." He paused for a moment, evidently under the effect of strong emotion; then he continued:

I had a younger brother called Agostin, a splendid young fellow, beloved by every

one, but by me as if he were another self. When I got well again, he came to me and said, "Stepan, you must revenge yourself; no Skipetar can remain under such insult and offence as you have suffered at the hands of that dog of a Mütessarif unavenged. I would have shot him myself long ago, but while there was hope that you would live, I would not step in your place and take that pleasure away from you. Now you are well, you must lie in wait for him and shoot him. Fear no consequences; I and many other lusty friends are here to protect you." But, as I told you, my spirit was broken, and though before I would never have refused a *vendetta*, I could not now bring myself to contemplate doing as my brother urged me. I knew he thought me a coward; but he was generous, and knowing the suffering I had been through, he never reproached me with my want of courage, though he did not cease to endeavor to persuade me. At last, seeing that he could not rouse my spirit, he told me he should kill the Mütessarif himself. I strove hard to dissuade him, but for all answer he swore the *vendetta* against the Mütessarif, and with a laugh bid me hold my peace. The time of Agostin's wedding was then drawing nigh; he was engaged to a lovely girl, the only child of a widow in Antivari. It is not the custom among us, as you know, to see courtship or love before marriage; the match is arranged by the parents of the young couple, and the bridegroom buys his wife at the price of a cow or two, or other valuables. But Agostin was an exception; he had fallen in love with the girl and longed for the day of wedding her. She could bring him no property; but he had his portion of land and his dwelling, and desired her only. He grew happier and happier as the day came closer, and I was glad not only for that, but because he seemed to have forgotten the *vendetta*, and I hoped that his marriage would make him change his mind, for I feared the Mütessarif in spite of my resolution to keep my land, and foresaw some evil to my dear Agostin, should he endeavor to execute his oath. On the eve of his wedding-day he came and sat with me for a long time; he spoke of his happiness, and of how he loved his bride, and of his impatience at the length of the hours which separated her from him, and of how he would have

her mother to dwell with them. "And you, my poor Stepan," he said affectionately; "I know you cannot leap and dance like the others." I saw his face darken as he remembered why, and the fear came over my heart again. "But," he continued, "you must nevertheless be one of my bride's escort, and be a witness of my carrying her across my threshold. I cannot do without you at the happiest occasion of my life." I promised I would come, and we kissed each other lovingly, and then he went out from my house, singing a Turkish love-song, as happy as any man the sun shone upon.

The next day I went to the house of the bride to join in the escort which was to accompany her to my brother's house. You know that our custom is that the bride, veiled from head to foot and mounted on a horse, should be taken by her own friends and those of the bridegroom to the bridegroom's house; there he lifts her from the horse, carries her into his house, bids her welcome, and unveils her. Afterward is the marriage-feast. So the procession started; on my account it advanced at a slow pace; but it was none the less merry and joyous for that. At the head was an *improvvisatore*, playing wild and happy music on his clarionet, and the men were dancing and leaping round the bride's horse, firing their pistols into the air and shouting her praises aloud for all passer-by to hear, while the summer sun shone down upon us to gladden our hearts. When we neared my brother's house, and I saw the door wide open, and I thought of my brother waiting inside in rich happiness, his heart beating as he heard the bridal noise drawing close, I felt my own heart beat in sympathy with his, and I was happier than I ever thought I could have been after the wreck of me by the bastinado; I loved my brother so dearly. I looked for him when we were quite close, but he did not show himself. When we stopped at the door, the firing and the playing ceased, and we waited for him to appear. "Come out, thou sluggard, Agostin!" called out one, "art thou afraid of our firing at thee?" Then there was a laugh, and another shouted, "Nay, he is shy, and is hiding from the eyes of his wife," and they laughed again. Still Agostin came not. "We must go in and drag him forth," called a third, and indeed, as

Agostin gave no answer, two or three of his most intimate friends entered the house, and I tottered after them. But before I had reached the door they came out again with surprised faces; he was not there. The clarionet played joyfully again, and the firing of the pistols recommenced in order to call him. For more than an hour we waited, and the wedding-guests began to ask me impatiently what we were to do, when two mounted Zaptiehs suddenly rode up to the house.

"What's all this?" said one. "Go away all of you, while we seal up the house."

"You are mistaken," I said, with a great fear at my heart; "this is Agostin Boda's house, and his wedding day, and we are waiting for him to come and take his bride."

"There will be no wedding to-day," said the Zaptieh, not roughly; he seemed a good fellow enough and sorry, "Agostin Boda is in prison at the Konak."

"In the name of God, what for?" I cried.

"He has killed the Mütessarif, and is in prison," said the Zaptieh; "it is no use your waiting here; you had better all go away."

The wedding-party had commenced rapidly to break up in dismay, when I heard a sobbing sigh and a heavy fall. We had forgotten the bride; she had fallen from the horse in a dead faint. Poor child! it was a sad unveiling; instead of the loving bridegroom proudly unveiling her, while she blushed and smiled and thrilled under his touch, it was I, with heavy fear and bitter sadness at my heart, who, hastily enough indeed, tore the veil from her to give her water and restore her, and saw her there with her face deathly white, and the long lines of tears wet upon her face. When she came to herself again she got up and, sobbing the while as if her heart would break, she disposed her dress to look as little bridal as possible. Then she said to me through her tears, "Stepan Boda, take me home." So I seated her on her horse and we set our faces homeward. We passed over the ground which only two hours before we had trodden with joyful hearts, surrounded by the merry noisy wedding party; now we were alone, I tottering painfully and leaning heavily on her horse for support, she riding by my side, her face hid-

den in her hands, shaking with sobs. Well ! my Effendi, I tried hard to see my brother in prison, but they would not let me ; so I have never been able to find out for certain by what evil chance it happened that he met his opportunity for vengeance on his wedding morning. From what the Zaptieha, whom my friends and I questioned continually afterward, let drop, I believe that he had seen the Mütessarif pass his house apparently alone, that he had seized his rifle on the spot and shot him dead there and then. But there was an escort, which my brother had not seen because it was hidden by a rise in the ground, only a hundred paces or so behind, so that he was taken red-handed. I say I believe that to be true, though nothing is certain, because Agostin was a hot-headed youth, and would not have waited to consider, if he thought he saw his chance.

"And what became of him ?" I asked.

"God knows only," replied Stepan ; "from that time to this I have never seen him, nor even been able to obtain any news of his fate. He may be living still ; he may have died then. The Turkish authorities here would never tell me anything or give me any clew. I even went to Stamboul, and after much time and great difficulty my whole story and Agostin's were laid before the Padischah. They told me that the Padischah was furious, and declared that the Mütessarif richly deserved to be killed, and that Agostin had done no more than was right. They bid me return to Antivari happy, for the Padischah would give the order that Agostin should at once be restored to me. And I did return happy with the hope in my heart. But either the Padischah forgot me, for I am humble, or else the order was given and they could not restore me Agostin and were ashamed to tell me. It is nearly thirty years since I saw him walking away from my house in the light of the setting sun, joyfully singing his

Turkish love-song, his heart full of his beloved and the morrow which would give her to him. I long clung to the hope that one day I should see him return to us, but now that hope has quite died away. Only the priest says that I shall meet him again in the Afterward, and I try to content myself with the thought of our joy, his and mine, and hers who was to have been his wife, at meeting."

Stepan's voice trembled as he concluded his story, and the big tears stood in his eyes. Far away behind the blue Adriatic the setting sun was sinking, and the plain below us was glowing in the mellow golden light, the warm shadows growing longer and longer as if they were striving to carry a message of hope for the morrow to the East. From a distant Khan the wild music of an *improvisatore's* clarionet faintly reached my ears ; it seemed like the echo of Stepan's story, and I fancied I could almost see the happy wedding-party dancing their way to Agostin's house, and then the lonely, mournful couple, the sorrowful and enfeebled man and the broken hearted weeping woman, returning from it. I felt a sob rising to my throat and my voice was thick as I asked my last question.

"And what of the bride ?" I said.

"Very shortly after what should have been her wedding-day her mother died," replied Stepan, "and she was left alone, ill with grief. I sent my wife to her to tell her to come to us and make our home hers ; she came, and we have loved her always, and love her as a most dear sister. Poor child ! she never could become happy again, but like me she has faith in the Afterward. You know her," added Stepan after a slight pause and with a queer sad smile on his face—"she is Maria."

And then I understood the scene I had witnessed at the partition of the Boda property.—*Murray's Magazine.*

WEEDS.

WHEN I say weeds, I do not mean cigars. The fragrant weed, as cheap essayists of the Dick Swiveller school love to call it, is not a weed at all, but on the contrary an expensive and legitimate prod-

uct of commerce and agriculture. So far from growing wild anywhere in the world in that kind of profusion which weediness implies, tobacco is indeed a dainty plant that requires careful drainage, excellent

shelter, and such an amount of rich manure as seldom or never occurs on any field casually in a state of nature. In fact, the Virginian nicotiana is well known to be a most exhausting crop, rapidly using up the potash and lime of the soil in which it roots, and grown to the greatest perfection as a garden plant in virgin land only. Hence it has nothing at all to do with the present philosophical discussion, any more than widows' weeds or the gay weeds of poetry: the sole weed I contemplate for the moment being the common weedy weed of the average cornfield or of the domestic flower-garden.

But what exactly constitutes any plant a genuine weed it would be hard to say: only as dirt is matter in the wrong place, so, I take it, a weed is simply a herb or flower which grows where the agriculturist or the gardener doesn't want it. A curious instance of the relativity of weediness (as John Stuart Mill would have put it) will point this moral to greater advantage. There is a well-known blue garden-flower which rejoices in the tasteful scientific name of *ageratum*, and which adorns the old fashioned "mixed border" in the grounds of many an innocent suburban villa. Now, the wife of a former Governor of Ceylon, says veracious legend, anxious to transport loved memories of other days to her new home, brought over a plant of this familiar hardy annual from Clapham or Lee to her garden at Colombo. The climate of the Indies suited the newcomer down to the ground, and it began to spread over the adjacent plots with marvellous rapidity. Furthermore, it has winged seeds, which the balmy breezes that (according to the poet) "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle" immediately wafted to every part of that fertile region. The consequence is that nowadays the people, as in Lord Tennyson's apologue, "call it but a weed," and with good reason: for it has been calculated that it costs the unlucky planters over 250,000*l.* yearly to keep down that blue *ageratum* in their coffee plantations.

The great moral lesson of this interesting little tale is not far to seek. A herb or shrub is a "garden plant" as long as it grows only where you want it to grow: the moment it begins to spread beyond control and flourish exceedingly of its own accord, it is considered as a weed, and receives no quarter from the hard heart and

harder hands of the irate agriculturist. Clover is a "crop," where it is deliberately sown: but when it comes up lawlessly of its own mere motion in a flower-bed on the lawn, it is treated at once to Jeddburgh justice—decapitated and mutilated at sight, without form of trial.

Hence it also results that a weed, wherever it shows its weedy nature, belongs to what Darwin used to call "a dominant species," that is to say, one that then and there can take care of itself, and live down or kill out all feebler competitors. It is this vivacious peculiarity that constitutes the original sin of all weeds: they are plants that you don't want to grow, but that nevertheless possess qualities and attributes which enable them to oust and overshadow those that you do. Most of the flowers or fruits man selfishly tills for his own base purposes, to smell at or to eat, are more or less exotics in most countries where he tills them. Left to themselves, they would soon be overrun by the hardier natives, the strong and vigorous plants that exactly suit the soil and climate. Therefore cultivation—tell it not to the Cobden Club—consists essentially in the suppression of weeds, or in other words the restriction of free and natural competition. It is protection run rampant. We clear a given space, with plough, spade, hoe, or cutlass, from its native vegetation; we plant the seeds of species that do not normally grow there; and then, as far as possible, we keep down the intrusive aborigines that seek always to return, by continuous toil of hand or instrument. And this is really and truly almost all that anybody means by cultivation.

Man, however, is not the only animal who has discovered this eminently practical division of the vegetable world into weeds on the one hand and garden plants on the other. Our ingenious little six-legged precursors, the ants, have anticipated us in this as in so many other useful discoveries and inventions. They were the first gardeners. I need hardly add that it is an American ant that carries the art of horticulture to the highest perfection: only a Yankee insect would be so advanced, and only Yankee naturalists would be sharp enough to discover its method. This particular little beast who grows grain resides in Texas; and each nest owns a small claim in the vicinity of its mound, on which it cultivates a kind

of grass, commonly known as ant-rice. The claim is circular, about ten or twelve feet in diameter: and the ants allow no plant but the ant-rice to encroach upon the cleared space anywhere. The produce of the crop they carefully harvest, though authorities are still disagreed upon the final question whether they plant the grain, or merely allow it to sow its own seed itself on the protected area. One thing, however, is certain—that no other plant is permitted to sprout on the tabooed patch: the ants wage war on weeds far more vigorously and effectually than our own agriculturists. Even in our less go-ahead eastern continent, Sir John Lubbock has noticed in Algeria (and the present humble observer has verified the fact) that ants allow only certain species of plants, useful to themselves, to grow in the immediate neighborhood of their nests.

But the very fact that we have to root out weeds proves that the weeds, if left to themselves, would live down the plants we prefer to cultivate. Everybody knows that if a garden is allowed to "run wild," as we oddly phrase it, coarse herbs of various kinds—nettles, groundsels, and rag-worts—will soon crush out the dahlias, geraniums, and irises with which we formerly stocked it. On the other hand, everybody also knows that very few garden plants, even the hardiest, ever venture to look over the garden wall, ever sow themselves outside and naturalize themselves even in favorable situations. Of course there are exceptions, like the ageratum in Ceylon, or the ivy-leaved toad flax in England: and to these, the parents of the future cosmopolitan weeds, I shall hereafter address myself. For the present, it is sufficient to notice that a weed is a plant capable of living down most other species, and of taking care of itself in free open situations.

I say of set purpose "in free open situations," for nobody regards any forest tree or woodland herb as a weed: because such plants don't come into competition with our crops or flowers. To be sure, some of these forestine types are quite as obtrusively pushing, in their own way, and therefore quite as truly weedy at heart, as charlock or couchgrass, those dreaded enemies of the agricultural interest. For example, the beech is a most aggressive and barefaced monopolist—a sort of arboreal Vanderbilt or Jay Gould

—and under the dense shade of its closely-leaved and spreading branches, no forest tree, except its own hardy seedlings, stands the faintest chance in the struggle for existence. Even the most unobservant townsman must have noticed (like Tityrus) that the ground is always bare or at best just lightly moss-clad *patula sub legmine fagi*. It is known, indeed, that in Denmark the beech, with its thick shade of close-set foliage, is driving out the lighter and more sparsely-leaved birch in the forests where the two once grew like friends together. At touch of the stronger tree, the slender silvery birch loses its lower branches, and devotes all its strength at first to its topmost boughs, which fade one after another till it succumbs at last of old age or inanition. So, in a minor degree, among the lower woodland flora of America, the beautiful May-apple, a most poetic plant (which in its compounded form supplies the returned Anglo-Indian with that excellent substitute for his lost liver, podophyllin pills), has large round leaves, eight or ten inches across, and expanded by ribs from a stalk in the centre exactly after the fashion of a Japanese parasol, on purpose to prevent rival plants that sprout beneath from obtaining their fair share of air and sunshine.

None of these greedy woodland kinds, however, are weeds for us, because they don't interfere with our own peculiar cultivated plants. Man tills only the open plain; and therefore it is only the wild herbs which naturally grow in the full eye of day that can compete at an advantage with his corn, his turnips, his beet-root, or his sugar-cane. Hence arises a curious and very interesting fact, that the greater part of the common weeds of western Europe and America are neither west European nor American at all, but Asiatic or at least Mediterranean in type or origin. Our best-known English wayside herbs are for the most part aliens, and they have come here in the wake of intrusive cultivation.

The reason is obvious. Western Europe and eastern America, in their native condition, were forest-clad regions. When civilized man came with his axe and plough, he cleared and tilled them. Now, the wild flowers and plants that grow beneath the shades of the forest primeval won't bear the open heat of the noonday sun. The consequence is that, whenever

the forest primæval is cleared, a new vegetation usurps the soil, a vegetation which necessarily comes from elsewhere. In America, where the substitution is a thing of such very late date, we can trace the limits of the two floras, native and intrusive, with perfect ease and certainty. Strange as it sounds to say so, European weeds of cultivation have taken possession of all eastern America to the exclusion of the true native woodland flora almost as fully as the European white man with his horses and cows has taken possession of the soil to the exclusion of the noble Red Indian and his correlative buffalo. The common plants that one sees about New York, Philadelphia, and Boston are just the familiar dandelions, and thistles, and ox-eye daisies of our own beloved fatherland. In open defiance of the Monroe doctrine, the British weed lords it over the fields of the great republic: the native American plant, like the native American man, has slunk back into the remote and modest shades of far western woodlands. Nay, the native American man himself had noted this coincidence in his Mayne Reidish way before he left Massachusetts for parts unknown: for he called our ugly little English plantain or ribgrass "the White Man's Foot," and declared that wherever the intrusive pale-face planted his sole, there this European weed sprang up spontaneous, and ousted the old vegetation of the primæval forest. A pretty legend, but, Asa Gray tells us, botanically indefensible.

What is happening to-day under our own eyes (or the eyes of our colonial correspondents) in Australia and New Zealand helps us still further to understand the nature of this strange deluge of ugly and uncouth plants—a deluge which is destined, I believe, to swamp, in time, all the cultivable lowlands of the entire world, and to cover the face of accessible nature before many centuries with a single dead-level of cosmopolitan weediness. When the great southern continent and the great southern island were first discovered, they possessed the most absurdly belated fauna and flora existing anywhere in the whole world. They were hopelessly out of date; a couple of million years or so at least behind the fashion in the rest of the globe. Their plants and animals were of a kind that had "gone out" in Europe about the time when the chalk was accumulating

on an inland sea across the face of the South Downs, and the central plain of France and Belgium. It naturally resulted that these antiquated creatures, developed to suit the conditions of the cretaceous world, could no more hold their own against the improved species imported from nineteenth century Europe than the Australian black fellow could hold his own against the noble possessor of the Remington rifle. European animals and European plants overran this new province with astonishing rapidity. The English rat beat the Maori rat out of the field as soon as he looked at him. The rabbit usurped the broad Australian plains, so that baffled legislators now seek in vain some cheap and effectual means of slaying him wholesale. The horse has become a very weed among animals in Victoria, and the squatters shoot him off in organized battues, merely to check his lawless depredations upon their unfenced sheep walks.

It is the same with the plants, only, if possible, a little more so. Our petty English knotgrass, which at home is but an insignificant roadside trailer, thrives in the unencumbered soil of New Zealand so hugely that single weeds sometimes cover a space five feet in diameter, and send their roots four feet deep into the rich ground. Our vulgar little sow-thistle, a yellow composite plant with winged seeds like dandelion-down, admirably adapted for dispersal by the wind, covers all the country up to a height of 6,000 feet upon the mountain sides. The watercress of our breakfast tables, in Europe a mere casual brookside plant, chokes the New Zealand rivers with stems twelve feet long, and costs the colonists of Christchurch alone 300*l.* a year in dredging their Avon free from it. Even so small and low-growing a plant as our white clover (which, being excellent fodder, doesn't technically rank as a weed) has completely strangled its immense antagonist, the New Zealand flax, a huge iris-like aloe, with leaves as tall as a British Grenadier, and fibres powerful enough to make cords and ropes fit to hang a sheep-stealer. For weeds are genuine Jack-the-Giant-killers in their own way; a very small plant can often live down a very big one, by mere persistent usurpation of leaf-space and root-medium.

Sometimes the origin of these obtrusive settlers in new countries is ridiculously casual. For example, a dirty little Eng-

lish weed of the weediest sort thrives and flourishes abundantly on a remote, uninhabited island of the Antarctic seas. How did it get there? Well, the first observers who found it on the island noticed that it grew in the greatest quantities near a certain spot, which turned out on examination to be the forgotten grave of an English sailor. Here was the solution of that curious mystery in geographical distribution. The grave had of course been dug with a civilized spade; and that spade had presumably been brought from England. Clinging to its surface at the time it was used were no doubt some little unnoticed clots of British clay, embedded in whose midst was a single seed, that rubbed itself off, it would seem, against the newly-dug earth. The embryo germinated, and grew to be a plant; and in a very few years, in that unoccupied soil, the whole island was covered with its numerous descendants. Finding a fair field and no favor, which is the very essence of natural selection, it had been fruitful, and multiplied, and replenished the earth to some purpose, as all weeds will do when no human hand interferes to prevent them.

The greater part of our existing weeds, as I already remarked, come to us, like all the rest of our civilization, good, bad, or indifferent, from the remote east. In many cases their country of origin is not even now fully known; they are probably as antique as cultivation itself, contemporaries of the bronze-age or stone-age pioneers, and have spread westward with corn and barley till they have now fairly made the tour of the world, and like all other globe-trotters might consider themselves entitled at last to write a book about their travels. Our little shepherd's purse is a good typical example of these cosmopolitan voyagers; there is hardly a quarter of the world where it does not now grow in great profusion; yet it is nowhere found far from human habitations; it loves the roadside, the garden, the fallow, the bare patch in towns where the tall board of the eligible building site "lifts its head and lies" with more brazen impudence than even the London Monument. Even today, nobody knows where this ubiquitous founding, this gypsey among plants, really comes from. It is a native of nowhere. All that the most authoritative of our botanists can find to tell us about it is that it may be "probably of European or West

Asiatic origin, but now one of the commonest weeds in cultivated and waste places, nearly all over the globe without the tropics." Like the rat and the cockroach, it follows civilization in every ship; it spreads its seeds with every sack of corn; and it accompanies the emigrant, in the very dirt on his boots, to every corner of the colonizable earth.

It doesn't necessarily follow, however, that all weeds are ugly or inconspicuous. Some familiar pests, which seem to have been specially developed to suit the exigencies of cornfield cultivation, are both noticeable and handsome. Our scarlet corn-poppies, our blue corn-cockles, our purple corn-campion, are instances in point; so is the still more brilliant southern cornflag or wild gladiolus that stars, with its tall spikes of crimson blossom, the waving expanse of French and Italian wheat-fields. I think the reason here is that corn is wind-fertilized, so the plants that grow among its tall stems, in order to attract the fertilizing insects sufficiently, have themselves to be tall and very attractive. In other respects, however, it is curious to notice how closely these beautiful weeds have accommodated their habits to the peculiar circumstances of cornfield tillage. The soil is ploughed over once a year; so they are all annuals; roots or bulbs would be crushed or destroyed in the ploughing; they flower with the corn, ripen with the corn, are reaped and thrashed with the corn, and get their seeds sown by the farmer with his seed-corn in spite of his own efforts. One of the most deadly and destructive among them, indeed, the parasitical cow-wheat, which fastens its murderous sucker-like roots to the rootlets of the corn, and saps the life-blood of the standing crop, has gone so far as to produce seeds that exactly imitate a grain of wheat, and can only accurately be distinguished from the honest grains among which they lurk by a close and discriminative botanical scrutiny. This is one of the best instances known of true mimicry in the vegetable world, and it is as successful in the greater part of Europe as such wicked schemes always manage to be.

Still, as a rule, weeds undoubtedly are weedy-looking; they are the degraded types that can drag out a miserable existence somehow in open sunlit spots, with short allowance of either soil or water.

Most of them have fly-away feathery seeds, like thistles, dandelion, groundsel, and coltsfoot: all of them have advanced means of dispersion of one sort or another, which ensure their going everywhere that wind or water, beast or bird, or human hands can possibly carry them. Some, like burrs and tickseed, stick into the woolly fleeces of sheep or goats, and get rubbed off in time against trees or hedges: others, like the most dangerous Australian pest, are eaten by parrots, who distribute the undigested seeds broadcast. A great many have stings, like the nettle, or are prickly, like thistles, or at least are rough and unpleasantly hairy, like comfrey, hemp-nettle, borage, and bugloss. The weediest families are almost all disagreeably hirsute, with a tendency to run off into spines and thorns or other aggressive weapons on the slightest provocation. Their flowers are usually poor and inconspicuous, because weedy spots are not the favorite feeding grounds of bees and butterflies, to whose æsthetic intervention we owe the greater number of our most beautiful blossoms: indeed, a vast majority of weeds show an inclination to go back to the low habit of self-fertilization (long cast aside by the higher plants), which always involves the production of very grubby and wretched little flowers. As a whole, in short, the weedy spirit in plants resembles the slummy or urban spirit in humanity; the same causes that produce the one produce the other, and the results in either case tend to assimilate in a striking manner.

Till very recently, the cosmopolitan weed was for the most part one of Mediterranean or West Asiatic origin. It could at least claim to be a foster-brother and contemporary of nascent civilization, a countryman of the Pharaohs, the Sennacheribs, or the Achæmenids. Of late years, however, new weeds from parts unknown, without pedigree or historical claims, are beginning to push their way to the front, and to oust these comparatively noble descendants of Egyptian and Mesopotamian ancestors. The Great West is turning the tables upon us at last, and sending us a fresh crop of prairie weeds of its own devising, as it now threatens us also with the caucis, the convention, and the Colorado beetle. A return-wave of emigration from west to east is actually in progress; and in weeds, this return-wave

promises in the end to assume something like gigantic proportions. Many years ago, the great Boston botanist, Asa Gray, prophesied its advent, and his prophecy has ever since gone on fulfilling itself at the usual rapid rate of all American phenomena, social or natural.

It is easy enough to see why the western weeds should have the best of it in the end, under a *régime* of universal civilization. Eastern America, this side the Alleghanies, was a forest-clad region till a couple of centuries since; and when its forests were cleared, French and English vegetation supplanted the native woodland flora. But the Mississippi Valley had been from the very beginning a vast basin of treeless prairie-land; and on these sun-smitten prairies, innumerable stout plants of the true weedy sort had such elbow room to grow and compete with one another as nowhere else in the whole world, save perhaps on the similar South American pampas. Here, then, the struggle for existence among field-weeds would be widest and fiercest; here the most perfect adaptations of plant life to meadow or pasture conditions would be sure to evolve themselves; here the weed would naturally reach the very highest pitch of preternatural and constitutional weediness. As long, however, as the forest intervened between the open prairies and the eastern farms, these rude western weeds had no chance of spreading into the sunny crofts and gardens of the neat New England farmer. But when once the flowing tide of civilization reached the prairie district, a change came o'er the spirit of the cone-flower's or the tick-seed's dream. By the cutting down of the intermediate forest belt, man had turned these adventurous plants into vegetable Alexanders, who found new worlds, hitherto unsuspected, before them to conquer. They were equal to the occasion. The prairie vegetation set out on its travels eastward, to reach, and soon I believe to cross in its thousands the barrier of the Atlantic.

The railways helped the prairie migrants greatly on their eastward march; indeed, what is the good of railways if it isn't to facilitate communications between place and place? And the run of the railways exactly suited the weeds, for almost all the great trunk lines of America lie due east and west, so as to bring the corn and pork of the Mississippi Valley to the great

shipping ports of the Atlantic seaboard. But they brought the pests of agriculture just as well. The waste spaces along their sides form everywhere beautiful nurseries for weeds to multiply in; and the prevailing north-west winds, which in America blow on an average three days out of four the year round, carried their winged seeds bravely onward toward the unconscious farms of Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Another way, however, in which the prairie plagues spread even more insidiously was by the eastern farmer using western seed, in the innocence of his heart, to sow his fields with, and thus introducing the foe in full force with his own hands into his doomed domain. One of the worst pests of Wisconsin and Minnesota has thus been naturalized in Canada through the use of Western clover-seed. Some twenty years ago, prairie weeds were unknown everywhere along the Atlantic seaboard; now, they dispute possession with the European buttercups, dandelions, or goosefoots, and will soon, in virtue of their sturdier and stringier prairie constitution, habituated to long drought or broiling sunshine, live down those damp-loving and dainty cis-Atlantic weeds.

In time, too, they must reach Europe; and here they will in many cases almost entirely swamp our native vegetation. In fact I think there can be little doubt that, with the increase of intercourse all over the world, a few hardy cosmopolitan weeds must tend in the long run to divide the empire of life, and map out the cultivable plains of the globe between them. Symptoms of this tendency have long been noted, and are growing clearer and clearer every day before our eyes. Weeds are keeping well abreast of the march of intellect, and are marching, too, wherever (like the missionaries) they find a door opened in front of them. In fact, they stand in the very van of progress, and sometimes spread even into uncivilized tracts as fast as the salvationist, the slave-trader, and the dealer in rum, rifles, and patent medicines generally.

Now, every country, however uncivilized, has a few true weeds of its own—local plants which manage to live on among the cleared spaces by the native huts, or in the patches of yam, Indian corn, and plantain. The best of these weeds—that is to say, the weediest—may be able to compete in the struggle for life even with

the well-developed* and fully-equipped plagues of more cultivated countries. Thus, even before the opening out of the prairie region, a few American plants of the baser sort had already established themselves by hook or by crook in Europe, and especially in the dry and congenial Mediterranean region. I don't count cases like that of the Canadian river-stopper, the plant that clogs with its long waving tresses all our canals and navigable streams, because there the advantage of Canada, with its endless network of sluggish waterways, is immediately obvious; a plant developed under such special conditions must almost certainly live down with ease and grace our poor little English crowfoots and brookweeds. But the Canadian fleabane, a scrubby, dusty, roadside annual, with endless little fluffy fruits as light as air, has, for more than a century, held its own in the greatest abundance as a highway vagabond in almost all temperate and hot climates; while the Virginian milkweed, also favored by its cottony seeds, is now as common in many parts of the Old World as in the barren parts of its native continent. I don't doubt that in time these picked weeds of all the open lowland regions, but more especially those of the prairies, the pampas, the steppes, and the veldt, will overrun the greater part of the habitable globe. They are the fittest for their own particular purpose, and fitness is all that nature cares about. We shall thus lose a great deal in picturesque variety between country and country, because the main features of the vegetation will be everywhere the same, no matter where we go, as they already are in Europe and Eastern America. *Toujours perdrix* is bad enough, but *toujours luit d'âne*—always sow-thistle—is surely something too horrible to contemplate.

Nevertheless, the symptoms of this dead-level cosmopolitanization of the world's flora abound to the discerning eye everywhere around us. At least three North American weeds have already made good their hold in England, and one of them, the latest comer, a harmless little *Claytonia* from the north-western States, is spreading visibly every year under my own eyes in my own part of Surrey. Thirty years ago Mr. Brewer, of Reigate, noted with interest in his garden at that town the appearance of a small exotic *Veronica*; the "interesting" little plant

is now by far a commoner pest in all the fields of southern England than almost any one of our native knotweeds, thistles, or charlocks. The Peruvian galinsoga (I apologize for its not having yet acquired an English name; our farmers will find one for it before many years) has spread immensely in Italy and the Riviera, and now grows quite commonly wild on the roadsides about Kew, whence it will swoop in time with devouring effect upon the surrounding counties. Elsewhere in the world our European thistles have usurped whole thousands of square miles in the plains of La Plata, while in Australia the South African Capeweed, a most pugnacious composite, has rendered vast areas of sheep-walk unfit for grazing. These are but a few out of thousands of instances which might easily be given of the way in which the cosmopolitan weed is driving out the native vegetation all over the world, just as the brown rat of the Lower Volga has driven out the old black rat in every civilized land, and as the European house-fly and the Asiatic cockroach have driven out the less pestiferous flies, crickets, and midges of most other countries.

Finally, let us give the devil his due. These weeds do not necessarily in every case live down all kinds of cultivated

plants; it is an open fight between them, in which victory inclines sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other. Thus sorrel and knotweed are terrible plagues in New Zealand, but they yield at last to judicious treatment if the ground is thoroughly sown with red clover. On the other hand, though white clover is strong enough to live down all the native New Zealand weeds, if our coarsest English hawkweed once gets into the soil, with its deep taproot and its many-winged seeds, the clover is nowhere in the hopeless struggle with that most masterful composite. Once more, Mr. Wallace tells us that the Capeweed, long considered "unextinguishable" in Australia, has succumbed, after many trials, to the dense herbage formed by cultivated lucerne and choice grasses. In this way man will have to fight and conquer the cosmopolitan weed all the world over when its time comes, and will succeed in the end. But his commercial and agricultural success will be but a small consolation after all to the lover of nature for that general vulgarization and equalization of the world's flora which universal culture and increased intercourse must almost of necessity bring in their train to every quarter of the habitable globe.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

THE story of the lives of those remarkable women who, as leaders of brilliant *salons*, have witnessed the leading men of the day in French society, literature and politics at their feet, can never be void of interest. Many of them indeed, as described by Sydney Smith, "violated all the common duties of life, though they gave very pleasant little suppers;" but in one respect, at any rate, Madame Récamier differed widely from her predecessors, for not even at the zenith of her celebrity was the slightest breath of scandal ever associated with her name, and though the list of the conquests of Don Giovanni pales before the catalogue of her triumphs, and though half her lifetime seems to have been spent in creating the most passionate attachments, and the other half to have been passed in taming them down to the level of ordinary friend-

ships, so vigilantly does she appear to have guarded her good name that she was likened to the "nymph Arethusa bearing the unmingled freshness of her stream through the waters of the Ionian Sea."

Of *bourgeois* origin, and with no pretension to literary gifts or what was called *esprit*, it may be asked what was the nature of the spell which enabled the enchantress to exercise a sway so potent over the Parisian world? The answer to this question must be sought in the influence of pre-eminent beauty and an intense desire to please. But her story must speak for itself.

Julie Adelaide Bernard was born at Lyons, where her father was a notary, December 4, 1777. He was handsome, and married to a pretty blonde, from whom his daughter inherited the exquisite and unmatchable beauty to which she was

mainly indebted for her celebrity. Brothers and sisters she had none, whence perhaps it arose that she was quickly withdrawn from the shelter of the convent which had been her early home, and recollections of the endless round of ceremonies and processions, the clouds of incense, the chants and flowers which had been associated with her every-day existence were thenceforth but a vague, sweet dream. About the year 1784 M. Bernard obtained an appointment in Paris, where he was shortly afterward joined by the youthful Juliette. Among the most frequent visitors at her father's house was Barrère, to whose friendly influence the family were indebted for their safety during the stormy days of the Revolution, and M. Rose Récamier, son of a hosier at Lyons, a wealthy Parisian banker, destined to become the young lady's husband. M. Récamier—somewhat of a supernumerary on the scenes to be described—seems to have been a good-looking but weak man, ready to oblige his friends while they lived, and equally ready to be separated from them by the hand of Death. During the Terror he was a constant attendant at the guillotine, and witnessed the sad end of the King and Queen, as well as many of his acquaintances, with the view of hardening himself, as he said, against the time when his own hour should likewise come. When M. Récamier proposed marriage to the child whose beauty he had watched in its development, he was forty-two years of age and she fifteen. No difficulties seemed to have been raised by the fair Juliette, who at once accepted the worthy banker without apprehension or repugnance. He had ever been kind and generous in her infant days, had given her, as she said, her prettiest dolls, what doubt therefore that he would prove himself *un mari plein de complaisance*. And so it befell that at the darkest hour of the Revolution—the very year indeed that the King and Queen were put to death—these two were married; but the tie which bound them was but nominal, Madame Récamier received only her name from her husband, and the relations between the banker and his young and beautiful wife remained ever of a filial and parental character.

No long time, however, elapsed ere the lady was to take her place among the reigning beauties of the day. She had indeed been prepared for such a position

from her earliest years; when a tiny child, a watchful neighbor who caught her climbing a fence to steal his fruit was so subdued by her charms as she sat crying on the wall that she escaped with no heavier punishment than an apronful of fruit. At twelve years of age she had been singled out by Marie Antoinette from the midst of a crowd of strangers assembled to gaze on royalty at Versailles; and now, the churches being reopened after the Revolution, as she handed round the *alma-bag* at St. Roch, the people mounted chairs, pillars, even the altars of the side chapels in order to see her, and at Longchamps—then in full vogue—every voice pronounced that she was the fairest. She excelled especially in dancing, and her bewitching evolutions in the “shawl dance” served Madame de Staël as a model in “*Corinne*.”

It was in connection with negotiations preliminary to the purchase of M. Neckér's hotel in the Rue du Mont B'anc (Chaussée d'Antin) by her husband, that she was first introduced to Madame de Staël. The acquaintance rapidly ripened into inseparable friendship, so that, as Madame Hamelin laughingly observed, the most certain way to insure the presence of either of the ladies in society, was to invite them both. It was at her house that a young man, delighted at finding himself seated between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, complimented them by thanking his host for thus placing him between wit and beauty; the Swedish Ambassador, who was not handsome, thereupon remarked that this was the first time in her life that she had ever been called beautiful.

In the month of December 1797, the Government resolved to celebrate the return of the young conqueror of Italy by giving a triumphant *fête*. In the first court of the Luxembourg palace, an altar and statue of Liberty were erected, at the foot of which sat the five Directors in full Roman costume, and in one of the seats reserved for those who had been specially invited, Madame Récamier found place. She had never seen the youthful general, and, anxious to obtain a better view of his features, she rose for that purpose. By this movement, the eyes of the crowd were attracted to her, and her surpassing loveliness was greeted by a spontaneous burst of admiration. The sound by no

means escaped the ears of the hero of the day. Turning to see what object could possibly have served to divert public attention from the victor of Castiglione and Rivoli, his eye fell upon a young woman dressed in white; and the frown with which he greeted her was of such unendurable severity that she hastily resumed her seat. Such was the first meeting between Madame Récamier and Napoleon. It was perhaps a couple of years later, when Lucien Bonaparte, at the time about twenty-four years of age and married, became passionately enamored of the greatest beauty of the time, and hesitated not to express his feelings in a series of vehement and vulgar love letters, written in the character of Romeo. Madame Récamier appealed to her husband, who seems to have pointed out the danger of coming to an open rupture with a man in so influential a position as the brother of General Bonaparte, and to have suggested the adoption of some middle course between encouragement and total rejection. Though Lucien withdrew discomfited, Madame Récamier continued to frequent his house, and there it was that she once again encountered the First Consul at a ball. Dressed, as was her custom, entirely in white, with necklace and bracelets of pearls, she was the object of universal admiration. "Why did you not come and sit next me?" demanded Napoleon, on rising from the table. She replied that she could not, unauthorized, have presumed upon taking such a liberty. "You did wrong," said Bonaparte, "it was your place."

In the year 1805, while Madame Récamier was residing at the Château de Clichy, her country house near Paris, whose beautiful park stretched down to the banks of the Seine, the Consul, meanwhile become Emperor, once more be thought him of the lady with whose attractions he had been so deeply impressed, and whether deeming it politic to form an alliance with so fascinating an opponent, or coveting her beauty as an ornament to his new-made court, or perhaps, as has been suggested, for ends still viler, despatched Fouché, the crafty Minister of Police, the savage proconsul of Nevers—strange bearer of a love tale—to urge upon Madame Récamier's acceptance the post of lady of honor. Futile in result, however, was this requisition, and a refusal, though

couched in terms the least offensive, and even breathing the honeyed accents of gratitude, paved the way for persecution relentless as it was petty.

The circle of Madame Récamier's acquaintance at this time embraced elements the most diverse and discordant in the newly formed society of Paris—the remnant of the old *noblesse* returned from exile, combined with the new men who were indebted to talent and military glory for the rank to which they had recently attained. Thus among those who frequented her *soirées*, were the Duc de Guignes, Barrère, Lucien, Eugène Beauharnais, Fonché, Bernadotte, Massena (who wore her white favor on his arm throughout the siege of Genoa), Moreau, who had married her cousin, besides literary men such as M. de la Harpe—the French Quintilian—whose lectures she attended at the Athenæum. But amid the crowd of her admirers none shone more pre-eminent than Duke Mathieu de Montmorency, who, upward of twenty years later, represented France at the congress of Verona, with whom an intimacy was established which was only terminated twenty-seven years later by the touching and impressive death of the duke, who suddenly fell backward and expired while kneeling in the attitude of prayer in church, Good Friday 1826. Ever devoted and disinterested, he was fully alive to the danger to which Madame Récamier was especially exposed, and his counsels preserved her from many a youthful folly: but when Chateaubriand the monopolist took first place in her affections, he retired somewhat into the background.

During the brief interval of the peace of Amiens (1802) Madame Récamier, recommended to English society by introductions from one of her adorers, the veteran Duc de Guiche who had been ambassador in England some thirty years before, availed herself of the opportunity to visit this country. The fame of her beauty and fashion, of veils à l'Iphigénie harmonizing with the perfect oval of her face, and hair worn off one eyebrow à la Récamier, had preceded her; and when she appeared in Kensington Gardens with a companion, "both in white, with white veils and violet-colored parasols," such was the curiosity and rudeness of the mob by which they were hustled that the ladies were terribly frightened and with difficulty regained their carriage. During this visit she sat

to Cosway for her portrait, perhaps the most faithful resemblance of her existing, not even excepting the fine picture by Gérard, painter of kings and king of painters, in the gallery of the Louvre. Chateaubriand assures us that her portrait, engraved by Bartolozzi, was widely circulated in England, and was thence carried to the isles of Greece, and Ballanche commenting on this circumstance remarked "that it was beauty returning to the land of its birth."

Arrived once more at home, Madame Récamier was present at the trial of her friend Moreau, implicated (though she believed him wholly innocent of the accusation) in the royalist conspiracy of Pichegru and George Cadoudal. Nothing could exceed the gloom and terror which reigned at this period. Between the arrest and commencement of the proceedings, terrible events were known to have occurred: the Duc d'Enghien had been seized, and after a mock trial shot at dead of night beneath his prison walls, and the spectre of Pichegru seemed as though it hovered over the heads of the accused, for he had been mysteriously strangled in his cell. Madame Récamier was attended upon this occasion by a near relation of her husband, M. Brillat Savarin, a magistrate of gastronomic fame, and the moment she raised her veil, Moreau recognized her, rose and bowed to her, and she returned his salutation, as she expresses it "with emotion and respect." But this interview—if such it may be called—was to be the last; it was deemed wiser that she should not again attend the proceedings of the court, for Napoleon was displeased by her appearance, exclaiming sharply, when he heard that she had been present, "What was Madame Récamier doing there?"

Hitherto we have followed the fortunes of Juliette Récamier floating along the flood-tide of success, but for her, as for others, were appointed times of anxiety and suffering, as well as scenes of triumph and rejoicing, and she was ere long to discover that the power whose stability she had been somewhat too prone to depreciate, could on occasion be employed to do the bidding of passions the most petty and unworthy. Her husband's banking house having become embarrassed, it was necessary to apply to the bank of France for the loan of a million of francs, by which the difficulty could be tided over. The

accommodation, however, which needed the Emperor's sanction, was refused, the bank stopped payment (1806), and at the age of five-and-twenty, in the very zenith of her beauty and power, Madame Récamier was suddenly deprived of the fabulous luxury and splendor with which she had hitherto been surrounded. But nowise daunted, she met the disaster with the same calm resolution as characterized her in the most trying events of her life. Everything was surrendered to the creditors; plate, jewels, the bright accessories of the shrine wherein so much beauty had sat enthroned; all were sold, and Madame Récamier retired with her husband to the comparatively humble shelter of a small apartment. But even thus, she became the object of universal interest and respect. All Paris was at her door; and Junot—one of the warmest of her friends—on rejoining his Imperial master in Germany, so far allowed his zeal to get the better of his discretion as to expatiate for His Majesty's delectation on the extent of sympathy shown. "They could not have paid more honor to the widow of a Marshal of France who had lost her husband on the field of battle," was the Emperor's petulant reply.

It was at this juncture that Madame de Staël (exiled from Paris in 1809), becoming aware of her friend's embarrassed position, invited her to Coppet, a delightful residence which she occupied near the lake of Geneva. Incidents such as characterized her whole career awaited her here also, and a new personage makes his appearance upon the scene of her triumphs, in the shape of Prince Augustus of Prussia, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Smolensk (Oct. 1806), where his eldest brother, Prince Louis, was killed. Handsome, brave, chivalrous, and only twenty-four years of age, the young prince at once fell a victim to the charms of the fair inmate of Coppet, implored her to obtain a divorce and to marry him. Touched, it may well have been, by the devotion of royalty under misfortune, and influenced, perhaps, by the favoring counsel of her hostess, Madame Récamier yielded a somewhat hesitating consent, and even wrote to her husband proposing the formal dissolution of their marriage. M. Récamier professed his willingness to accede to her wishes, but appealed at the same time to her better feelings, and to

the memory of days gone by, ere misfortune had fallen upon his house. The remonstrance was not without its effect, the remembrance of all her husband's indulgence came back upon her, Catholic scruples and dread of quitting her country did the rest; the glamour which had been temporarily cast over her imagination passed away, and the lady returned to Paris in order to avoid the fulfilment of her promise. Yet, strange to say, the prince was not informed of her resolution; she trusted that time and absence—those two potent factors in assuaging the pangs of unrequited affection—would render less painful the destruction of his hopes; nor was it until three or four years later, when, tortured by anxieties, both public and private, he fell dangerously ill, that she summoned courage to give the *coup de grâce* to his expectations. Meanwhile, she had sent him her portrait, which was the brightest ornament of his home at Berlin until its return to Madame Récamier in accordance with his last wishes in 1845, and presented him with a ring, which, at his earnest desire, was buried with him. Albeit thus discomfited, Prince Augustus continued to correspond with Madame Récamier till the year 1815, when he entered Paris with the allied armies, at the head of the Prussian artillery, and his last interview with her took place as late as 1825, when he found her in her retreat at the Abbaye-aux-bois.

The penalty of exile which Madame Récamier now incurred for no other crime than that of paying a thirty-six hours' visit to Madame de Staël—the entire edition of whose celebrated work on Germany, which abounded with allusions to the Imperial police, had been seized, and who was contemplating departure to America—though it involved no more than prohibition to reside within one hundred and twenty miles of Paris, may be regarded as the crowning act of Napoleon's revenge. She fixed upon Châlons as her place of exile, subsequently removing to Lyons where she made the acquaintance of M. Ballanche, who, from the first day that he met her, became her abject slave. He was the son of a printer, and more favored by gifts of intellect than by external advantages. He was in fact extremely ugly, and his ugliness had been aggravated by the unskilled treatment of a charlatan, who had used such violent means for the cure of chronic headache as

to necessitate the removal of a portion of the jaw-bone; and yet it was impossible for any one to be much in his society without being attracted by the charm of his conversation and manner. An episode of the first interview between Madame Récamier and M. Ballanche seems prophetic of the nature of their whole subsequent intercourse. Exerting himself to the very utmost to prove agreeable, M. Ballanche observed the lady turn pale, and on asking the reason, Madame Récamier, who was on the point of fainting, confessed the cause of her indisposition. Poor Ballanche had caused his shoes to be new blacked in honor of the interview and the odor was insupportable to her. Without a word he quietly withdrew, deposited the offending shoes outside the door, re-entered the room as though nothing had happened and resumed the conversation exactly where he left it. Of the three whose names are most intimately associated as friends of Madame Récamier, the palm for sincerity and devotion must be yielded to M. Ballanche. The Duke de Montmorency, shocked at her love of dissipation, was always trying to convert her, but Ballanche thought she was perfect and loved all whom she loved, not even excepting Chateaubriand with his egotism and vanity. "You are my star of destiny," he writes to her, "it is impossible that I should survive you; were you to enter your tomb of white marble, a grave must be dug at once for me, wherein I also may be laid." Ballanche died 1847 and was buried in the same tomb which was two years later to receive all that was mortal of Madame Récamier. She was then old and blind, and in her anxiety to soothe his dying moments, neglected precautions recommended to her after an operation just performed upon her eyes, and with the flood of tears which she shed by his couch was lost forever all hope of recovering her sight.

At the time when Madame Récamier visited Rome in 1813, the capital of the Christian world was bereft of its Pontiff and was simply the headquarters of a French prefect who administered the department of the Tiber. She opened her *salon* in the Palazzo Fiano, where among others she received Canova, who almost by stealth transferred her bust to marble, and whose brother the abbé penned a daily sonnet to *la bellissima Zulièta*. From Rome she proceeded to Naples, where she

was received by the King and Queen with the utmost cordiality, precedence being assigned her even over all the ladies of the court. The times were critical and Murat's position was just then one of exceeding perplexity. To save his crown he had joined the coalition against the brother-in-law to whom he owed his greatness, and it was from the balcony of Queen Caroline's apartment that Madame Récamier beheld the British fleet entering, by Murat's invitation, the bright blue waters of the lovely bay.

Three years of husbandless but by no means solitary wandering were terminated by the fall of Napoleon, the gates of Paris were once more opened to her, and she immediately bent her steps homeward. Her beauty was still in full and perfect flower, and to all her other charms was now added the prestige of innocence long persecuted by the fallen power. Her mother's fortune, which amounted to four hundred thousand francs, added to the results of M. Récamier's industry, enabled her once again to surround herself with the comforts and indulgences of life. Old friends were not wanting to welcome her return, Madame de Staël was in Paris, and the widow of Moreau (who met death stricken by a French bullet when serving in the ranks of the Russian army) from whom she had been separated by ten long years of exile. Three generations of Montmorency were to be seen in her *salon*, and it was on observing the impression made by Madame Récamier upon his grandson Henri, that the old duke remarked so gracefully "that though they did not die of it, all nevertheless were wounded." It was at this period, and at Madame de Staël's, that the fair Juliette first made the acquaintance of the Duke of Wellington; and it is with reference to the words in which he is said to have addressed her the first time he saw her after the crowning victory over his illustrious enemy—*Je l'ai bien battu*—that the somewhat dubious assertion has been hazarded that his homage was unwelcome. The truth probably was that from motives of patriotism she disliked the duke; at any rate she preserved a selection of his effusions and ridiculed him as unable to spell correctly two consecutive words of French.

It was not long before the death of Madame de Staël in 1818, that the intimacy between Chateaubriand and Juliette Ré-

camier commenced while she was living in a hotel, Rue d'Anjon, which she had purchased and fitted up and wherein she hoped to pass the rest of her life in peace and security. But a fresh reverse of fortune occurring in 1820, she resolved no longer to form part of her husband's family, but while engaging to maintain him out of the wreck of her own fortune, she determined to withdraw entirely from the world, and hired apartments from the nuns of the Abbaye-aux-bois, a little convent which lay somewhat withdrawn from the street in the midst of the fashionable Faubourg S. Germain. This then was the final retreat which she rendered famous by thirty years of residence. In her "cell" she lived alone, but she dutifully procured a lodging for her husband (who died in 1830) in the neighborhood, and provided him and Ballanche with their daily dinner. But though her *salon* ever remained a temple, the object of worship, by degrees, was changed, the idol of former days became the priestess, while Chateaubriand who had quickly won the first place, if not in the heart, at least in the imagination of Madame Récamier, occupied the shrine and was worshipped, as it has been said, like the Grand Lama himself. When he deigned to talk, everybody was bound to listen, when he was moderately tired of a speaker, he stroked an ugly cat, placed purposely in a chair by his side, when he was tired beyond endurance he began playing with a bell-rope which lay conveniently within his reach, and then Madame Récamier would immediately rush to the rescue. Now and then the hostess, who sat on one side of the fireplace, the rest round in a circle, would relate some anecdote connected with earlier days; one such relating to Joseph Bonaparte has come down to us. "I was standing one day," said Madame Récamier, "at the door of the Spanish ambassador's hotel, conversing with the King; the royal carriage was in waiting, and the prince, who was always very gallant, had just taken leave of me, when I heard a gruff voice muttering something close to my ear, I turned round, and beheld a grenadier, a thorough 'vieux de la vieille,' who had posted himself by the footway as a sort of amateur sentinel. 'Citizen,' he blurted out, addressing King Joseph, 'thy equipage is ready,' then changing his tone after a moment's reflection, he added, 'Whenever it may please

your Majesty to step in.' " "Every day at the same hour," says one of his biographers, "exact as the clock, the inhabitants of the Rue de Sèvres saw Chateaubriand pass, elegantly dressed, in his short redingote, a riding whip in his hand, in the direction of the grille of the Abbaye-aux-bois. But when the infirmities of age began to beset him—when instead of walking to the Abbaye, he was compelled to go there in a carriage—when, after having long climbed the stairs lightly enough, he came at last to employ the support of a stick—and when finally he was carried there in an armchair by his servants—this decay caused him to abandon himself to profound and incurable melancholy. As his faculties became gradually weaker, he fell back more and more on himself, and, unwilling that others should perceive how his mind partook with his body the pressure of years, he condemned himself to silence, and hardly spoke any more." His attachment to Juliette Récamier, however, survived his power of enjoyment, and after the death of his wife, he offered her marriage, and would scarce pardon her gentle refusal. Chateaubriand expired July 4th, 1848, wholly exhausted and discontented with himself and the world; the cannon of Revolution roared round the bed of the dying man who had lost all powers of speech, but his parting agony was hidden from the sightless orbs of Madame Récamier; silence and darkness thus meetly prelude an eternal separation. His remains were interred in Grand Bey, a lonely islet off the coast of Brittany.

Such briefly was the personage on whom Madame Récamier lavished the sympathy of her declining years. Hard as might have been the task of amusing a being who

was no longer amusable, the difficulty was by no means lessened from the political rivalry which subsisted between M. de Montmorency and Chateaubriand. What wonder that the *salon* of the Abbaye-aux-bois was likened by one of the wittiest Frenchmen of the day to a "Happy Family," such as occasionally perambulated the streets of London, consisting of a cat, a dog, a mouse, a rabbit and other animals equally dissimilar in their natures and which may nevertheless be seen living in the same cage in apparent amity.

Thus left alone in her darkness—her occupation gone—Madame Récamier did not long survive the comrades of her life. She would indeed often speak of them as though they were only absent for awhile, and at certain moments she was wont to say that she experienced a thought of them so vivid, that it seemed to her almost like an apparition. Her early impressions of soft conventional devotion had never been effaced, and though to all her other trials, blindness was, as in the case of Madame du Deffand, superadded, she nevertheless enjoyed a measure of serenity and contentment, which contrasted favorably with the *ennui* wherewith Horace Walpole's "dear old woman" was so eternally beset. Thus she lived, and thus, in May 1849, she died of cholera—a disease of which she had ever entertained a special dread—at the age of seventy-two; and by a last and singularly happy privilege, the terrible scourge which usually leaves such saddening traces behind it spared the form whence the spirit had fled, and in the repose of death her features resumed for awhile the original and extraordinary beauty which in life she had so highly prized.—*Temple Bar*.

PLAIN WORDS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

If any species or race desires a continued existence, then above all things it is necessary that that species or race should go on reproducing itself.

This, I am aware, is an obvious platitude; but I think it was John Stuart Mill who once said there were such things in the world as luminous platitudes. Some truths are so often taken for granted in

silence, that we are in danger at times of quite losing sight of them. And as some good friends of mine have lately been accusing me of "barren paradoxes," I am anxious in this paper to avoid all appearance of paradox, barren or fertile, and to confine myself strictly to the merest truisms. Though the truisms, to be sure, are of a particular sort too much over-

looked in controversy nowadays by a certain type of modern lady writers.

Let us look then briefly at the needful conditions under which alone the human race can go on reproducing itself.

If every woman married, and every woman had four children, population would remain just stationary. Or rather, if every marriageable adult man and woman in a given community were to marry, and if every marriage proved fertile, on the average, to the extent of four children, then, under favorable circumstances, that community, I take it, would just keep up its numbers, neither increasing nor decreasing from generation to generation. If less than all the adult men and women married, or if the marriages proved fertile on the average to a less degree than four children apiece, then that community would grow smaller and smaller. In order that the community may keep up to its normal level, therefore, either all adults must marry and produce to this extent, or else, fewer marrying, those few must have families exceeding on the average four children, in exact proportion to the rate of abstention. And if the community is to increase (which on Darwinian principles I believe to be a condition precedent of national health and vigor), then either all adults must marry and produce more than four children apiece, or else, fewer marrying, those few must produce as many more as will compensate for the abstention of the remainder and form a small surplus in each generation.

In Britain, at the present day, I believe I am right in deducing (after Mr. F. Galton) that an average of about six children per marriage (not per head of female inhabitants) is necessary in order to keep the population just stationary. And the actual number of children per marriage is a little in excess of even that high figure, thus providing for the regular increase from census to census and for overflow by emigration.

These facts, all platitudes as they are, look so startling at first sight that they will probably need for the unstatistical reader a little explanation and simplification.

Well, suppose, now, every man and every woman in a given community were to marry; and suppose they were in each case to produce two children, a boy and a girl; and suppose those children were in every case to attain maturity: why, then,

the next generation would exactly reproduce the last, each father being represented by his son, and each mother by her daughter, *ad infinitum*. (I purposely omit, for simplicity's sake, the complicating factor of the length and succession of generations, which by good luck in the case of the human species practically cancels itself.) But as a matter of fact, all the children do not attain maturity: on the contrary, nearly half of them die before reaching the age of manhood—in some conditions of life, indeed, and in some countries, more than half. Roughly speaking, therefore (for I don't wish to become a statistical bore), it may be said that in order that two children may attain maturity and be capable of marriage, even under the most favorable circumstances, four must be born. The other two must be provided to cover risks of infant or adolescent mortality, and to insure against infertility or incapacity for marriage in later life. They are wanted to make up the categories of soldiers, sailors, imbeciles, cripples, and incapables generally. So that even if every possible person married, and if every married pair had four children, we should only just keep up the number of our population from one age to another.

Now, I need hardly say that not every possible person does marry, and that we do actually a good deal more than keep up the number of our population. Therefore it will at once be clear that each actual marriage is fertile to considerably more than the extent of four children. That is, indeed, a heavy burden to lay upon women. One aim, at least, of social reformers should certainly be to lighten it as much as possible.

Nevertheless, I think, it will be abundantly apparent from these simple considerations that in every community, and to all time, the vast majority of the women must become wives and mothers, and must bear at least four children apiece. If some women shirk their natural duties, then a heavier task must be laid upon the remainder. But in any case almost all must become wives and mothers, and almost all must bear at least four or five children. In our existing state six are the very fewest that our country can do with. Moreover, it is pretty clear that the best-ordered community will be one where as large a proportion of the women as possi-

ble marry, and where the burden of maternity is thus most evenly shared between them.* Admitting that certain women may have good reasons for avoiding maternity on various grounds—unfitness, or, what is probably much the same thing at bottom, disinclination—and admitting also that where such good reasons exist, it is best those women should remain unmarried, we must still feel that in most cases marriage is in itself desirable, and that limited families are better than large ones. In other words, it is best for the community at large that most women should marry, and should have moderate families, rather than that fewer should marry and have unwieldily large ones; for if families are moderate there will be a greater reserve of health and strength left in the mothers for each birth, the production of children can be spread more slowly over a longer time, and the family resources will be less heavily taxed for their maintenance and education. Incidentally this will benefit both parents, as well as the community. That is to say, where many marriages and small families are the rule, the children will on the average be born healthier, be better fed, and be launched more fairly on the world in the end. Where marriages are fewer and families large, the strain of maternity will be most constant and most heavily felt; the father will be harder-worked, and the children will be born feebler, will be worse fed, and will start worse equipped in the battle of life.

Hence I would infer that the goal a wise community should keep in view is rather more marriages and fewer children per marriage, than fewer marriages and more children per marriage.

Or, to put these conclusions another way: in any case, the vast majority of women in any community must needs become wives and mothers: and in the best-ordered community, the largest possible number will doubtless become so, in order to distribute the burden equally, and to produce in the end the best results for the nation.

Well, it may be brutal and unmanly to admit these facts or to insist upon these

facts, as we are often told it is by maiden ladies; but still, if we are to go on existing at all, we must look the facts fairly and squarely in the face, and must see how modern tendencies stand with regard to them.

Now, I have the greatest sympathy with the modern woman's demand for emancipation. I am an enthusiast on the Woman Question. Indeed, so far am I from wishing to keep her in subjection to man, that I should like to see her a great deal more emancipated than she herself as yet at all desires. Only, her emancipation must not be of a sort that interferes in any way with this prime natural necessity. To the end of all time, it is mathematically demonstrable that most women must become the mothers of at least four children, or else the race must cease to exist. Any supposed solution of the woman-problem, therefore, which fails to look this fact straight in the face, is a false solution. It cries "Peace, peace!" where there is no peace. It substitutes a verbal juggle for a real way out of the difficulty. It withdraws the attention of thinking women from the true problem of their sex to fix it on side issues of comparative unimportance.

And this, I believe, is what almost all the Woman's Rights women are sedulously doing at the present day. They are pursuing a chimæra, and neglecting to perceive the true aim of their sex. They are setting up a false and unattainable ideal, while they omit to realize the true and attainable one which alone is open to them.

For let us look again for a moment at what this all but universal necessity of maternity implies. Almost every woman must bear four or five children. In doing so she must on the average use up the ten or twelve best years of her life: the ten or twelve years that immediately succeed her attainment of complete womanhood. For note, by the way, that these women must also for the most part marry young: as Mr. Galton has shown, you can quietly and effectually wipe out a race by merely making its women all marry at twenty-eight: married beyond that age, they don't produce children enough to replenish the population. Again, during these ten or twelve years of child-bearing at the very least, the women can't conveniently earn their own livelihood; they must be provided for by the labor of the men—

* Oh, yes, I know all about Malthus; but Mr. Galton has shown that a certain amount of over-population is necessary for survival of the fittest, and that if the best and most intelligent classes abstain, the worst and lowest will surely make up the leeway for them.

under existing circumstances (in favor of which I have no Philistine prejudice) by their own husbands. It is true that in the very lowest state of savagery special provision is seldom made by the men for the women even during the periods of pregnancy, childbirth, and infancy of the offspring. The women must live (as among the Hottentots) over the worst of these periods on their own stored-up stock of fat, like hibernating bears or desert camels. It is true also that among savage races generally the women have to work as hard as the men, though the men bear in most cases the larger share in providing actual food for the entire family. But in civilized communities—and the more so in proportion to their degree of civilization—the men do most of the hardest work, and in particular take upon themselves the duty of providing for the wives and children. The higher the type, the longer are the wives and children provided for. Analogy would lead one to suppose (with Comte) that in the highest communities the men would do all the work, and the women would be left entirely free to undertake the management and education of the children.

Seeing, then, that these necessities are laid by the very nature of our organization upon women, it would appear as though two duties were clearly imposed upon the women themselves, and upon all those men who sympathize in their welfare: First, to see that their training and education should fit them above everything else for this their main function in life; and, second, that in consideration of the special burden they have to bear in connection with reproduction, all the rest of life should be made as light and easy and free for them as possible. We ought frankly to recognize that most women must be wives and mothers: that most women should therefore be trained, physically, morally, socially, and mentally, in the way best fitting them to be wives and mothers; and that all such women have a right to the fullest and most generous support in carrying out their functions as wives and mothers.

And here it is that we seem to come in conflict for a moment with most of the modern Woman-Question agitators. I say for a moment only, for I am not going to admit, even for that brief space of time, that the doctrine I wish to set forth

here is one whit less advanced, one whit less radical, or one whit less emancipatory than the doctrine laid down by the most emancipated women. On the contrary, I feel sure that while women are crying for emancipation they really want to be left in slavery; and that it is only a few exceptional men, here and there in the world, who wish to see them fully and wholly enfranchised. And those men are not the ones who take the lead in so-called Woman's Rights movements.

For what is the ideal that most of these modern women agitators set before them? Is it not clearly the ideal of an unsexed woman? Are they not always talking to us as though it were not the fact that most women must be wives and mothers? Do they not treat any reference to that fact as something ungenerous, ungentelemanly, and almost brutal? Do they not talk about our "casting their sex in their teeth?"—as though any man ever resented the imputation of manliness. Nay, have we not even, many times lately, heard those women who insist upon the essential womanliness of women described as "traitors to the cause of their sex?" Now, we men are (rightly) very jealous of our virility. We hold it a slight not to be borne that any one should impugn our essential manhood. And we do well to be angry: for virility is the keynote to all that is best and most forcible in the masculine character. Women ought equally to glory in their femininity. A woman ought to be ashamed to say she has no desire to become a wife and mother. Many such women there are no doubt—it is to be feared, with our existing training, far too many: but instead of boasting of their sexlessness as a matter of pride, they ought to keep it dark, and to be ashamed of it—as ashamed as a man in a like predicament would be of his impotence. They ought to feel they have fallen short of the healthy instincts of their kind, instead of posing as in some sense the cream of the universe, on the strength of what is really a functional aberration.

Unfortunately, however, just at the present moment, a considerable number of the ablest women have been misled into taking this unfeminine side, and becoming real "traitors to their sex" in so far as they endeavor to assimilate women to men in everything, and to put upon their shoulders, as a glory and privilege, the burden

of their own support. Unfortunately, too, they have erected into an ideal what is really an unhappy necessity of the passing phase. They have set before them as an aim what ought to be regarded as a *pis-aller*. And the reasons why they have done so are abundantly evident to anybody who takes a wide and extended view of the present crisis—for a crisis it undoubtedly is—in the position of women.

In the first place, the movement for the Higher Education of Women, in itself an excellent and most praiseworthy movement, has at first, almost of necessity, taken a wrong direction, which has entailed in the end much of the present uneasiness. Of course, nothing could well be worse than the so-called education of women forty or fifty years ago. Of course, nothing could be narrower than the view of their sex then prevalent as eternally predestined to suckle fools and chronicle small beer. But when the need for some change was first felt, instead of reform taking a rational direction—instead of women being educated to suckle strong and intelligent children, and to order well a wholesome, beautiful, reasonable household,—the mistake was made of educating them like men—giving a like training for totally unlike functions. The result was that many women became unsexed in the process, and many others acquired a distaste, an unnatural distaste, for the functions which nature intended them to perform. At the present moment, a great majority of the ablest women are wholly dissatisfied with their own position as women, and with the position imposed by the facts of the case upon women generally; and this as the direct result of their false education. They have no real plan to propose for the future of women as a sex: but in a vague and formless way they protest inarticulately against the whole feminine function in women, often even going the length of talking as though the world could get along permanently without wives and mothers.*

In the second place, a certain real lack of men to marry, here and now, in certain classes of society, and those the classes

that lead thought, has made an exceptional number of able women at present husbandless, and thus has added strength to the feeling that women must and ought to earn their own living. How small and local this cause is I shall hereafter try to show: but there can be no doubt that it has much to do with the present discontents among women. There is a feeling abroad that many women can't get married: and this feeling, bolstered up by erroneous statistics and misunderstood facts, has greatly induced women to erect into an ideal for all what is really a *pis-aller* for a small fraction of their body—self-support in competition with men.

But are there not seven hundred thousand more women than men in the United Kingdom? And must not these seven hundred thousand be enabled to earn their own living? That is the one solid fact which the "advanced" women are always flinging at our heads; and that is the one fallacious bit of statistics which seems at first sight to give some color of reasonableness to the arguments in favor of the defeminization of women.

As a matter of fact, the statistics are not true. There are not 700,000 more women than men, but 700,000 more *females* than *males* in the United Kingdom. The people who say "seven hundred thousand women," picture to themselves that vast body of marriageable girls, massed in a hollow square, and looking about them in vain across wide leagues of country for non-existent husbands. But figures are things that always require to be explained, and above all, to be regarded in their true proportions to one another. These 700,000 females include infants in arms, lunatics, sisters of charity, unfortunates, and ladies of eighty. A large part of the excess is due to the greater longevity of women; and the number comprises the great mass of widows, who have once in their lives possessed a husband of their own, and have outlived him, partly because they are, as a rule, younger, and partly by dint of their stronger constitutions. Moreover, this total disparity of 700,000, including babies, lunatics, and widows, is a disparity on a gross population of something more than thirty-five millions. Looking these figures straight in the face, we find the actual proportion of the sexes to be as 172 males to 179 females. Speaking very roughly, this makes

* A short time ago I received an angry letter from a correspondent in Iowa, full of curious bluster about "doing without the men altogether." Apparently this lady really imagined that the human race could be recruited from the gooseberry bushes. ;

about four females in every hundred, including babies, widows, and so forth, who haven't a complementary male found for them. This in itself is surely no very terrible disproportion. It doesn't more than cover the relative number of women who are naturally debarred from marriage, or who under no circumstances would ever submit to be married. Out of every hundred women, roughly speaking, ninety six have husbands provided for them by nature, and only four need go into a bunnery or take to teaching the higher mathematics. And if the marriageable men and women only are reckoned in the account, as far as I can gather from existing statistics, the disproportion sinks to a quite insignificant fraction.

Nevertheless, it is a fact, that both in England and America the marriageable men of the middle and upper classes are not to the fore; and that accordingly in these classes—the discussing, thinking, agitating classes—an undue proportion of women remains unmarried. The causes of this class-disparity are not far to seek. In America, the young man has gone West. In England he is in the army, in the navy, in the Indian Civil Service, in the Cape Mounted Rifles. He is sheep farming in New Zealand, ranching in Colorado, growing tea in Assam, planting coffee in Ceylon; he is a cowboy in Montana, or a wheat-farmer in Manitoba, or a diamond-digger at Kimberley, or a merchant at Melbourne: in short, he is anywhere, and everywhere, except where he ought to be, making love to the pretty girls in England. For, being a man, I, of course, take it for granted that the first business of a girl is to be pretty.

Owing to these causes, it has unfortunately happened that a period of great upheaval in the female mind has coincided with a period when the number of unmarried women in the cultivated classes was abnormally large. The upheaval would undoubtedly have taken place in our time, even without the co-operation of this last exacerbating cause. The position of women was not a position which could bear the test of nineteenth-century scrutiny. Their education was inadequate; their social status was humiliating; their political power was *nil*; their practical and personal grievances were innumerable: above all, their relations to the family—to their husbands, their children, their friends, their

property—was simply insupportable. A real Woman Question there was, and is, and must be. The pity of it is that the coincidence of its recognition with the dearth of marriageable men in the middle and upper classes has largely deflected the consequent movement into wrong and essentially impracticable channels.

For the result has been that instead of subordinating the claims of the unmarried women to the claims of the wives and mothers, the movement has subordinated the claims of the wives and mothers to the claims of the unmarried women. Almost all the Woman's Rights women have constantly spoken, thought, and written as though it were possible and desirable for the mass of women to support themselves, and to remain unmarried forever. The point of view they all tacitly take is the point of view of the self-supporting spinster. Now, the self-supporting spinster is undoubtedly a fact—a deplorable accident of the passing moment. Probably, however, even the most rabid of the Woman's Rights people would admit, if hard pressed, that in the best-ordered community almost every woman should marry at twenty or thereabouts. We ought, of course, frankly to recognize the existence of the deplorable accident; we ought for the moment to make things as easy and smooth as possible for her; we ought to remove all professional barriers, to break down the absurd jealousies and prejudices of men, to give her fair play, and if possible a little more than fair play, in the struggle for existence. So much our very chivalry ought to make obligatory upon us. That we should try to handicap her heavily in the race for life is a shame to our manhood. But we ought at the same time fully to realize that she is an abnormality, not the woman of the future. We ought not to erect into an ideal what is in reality a painful necessity of the present transitional age. We ought always clearly to bear in mind—men and women alike—that to all time the vast majority of women must be wives and mothers; that on those women who become wives and mothers depends the future of the race; and that if either class must be sacrificed to the other, it is the spinsters whose type perishes with them that should be sacrificed to the matrons who carry on the life and qualities of the species.

For this reason a scheme of female edu-

education ought to be mainly a scheme for the education of wives and mothers. And if women realized how noble and important a task it is that falls upon mothers, they would ask no other. If they realized how magnificent a nation might be moulded by mothers who devoted themselves faithfully and earnestly to their great privilege, they would be proud to carry out the duties of their maternity. Instead of that, the scheme of female education now in vogue is a scheme for the production of literary women, schoolmistresses, hospital nurses, and lecturers on cookery. All these things are good in themselves, to be sure—I have not a word to say against them; but they are not of the centre. They are side-lines off the main stream of feminine life, which must always consist of the maternal element. "But we can't know beforehand," say the advocates of the mannish training, "which women are going to be married, and which to be spinsters." Exactly so; and therefore you sacrifice the many to the few, the potential wives to the possible lady-lecturers. You sacrifice the race to a handful of barren experimenters. What is thus true of the blind groping after female education is true throughout of almost all the Woman Movement. It gives precedence to the wrong element in the problem. What is essential and eternal it neglects in favor of what is accidental and temporary. What is feminine in women it neglects in favor of what is masculine. It attempts to override the natural distinction of the sexes, and to make women men—in all but virility.

The exact opposite, I believe, is the true line of progress. We are of two sexes: and in healthy diversity of sex, pushed to its utmost, lies the greatest strength of all of us. Make your men virile: make your women womanly. Don't cramp their intelligence: don't compress their waists: don't try to turn them into dolls or dancing girls: but freely and equally develop their feminine idiosyncrasy, physical, moral, intellectual. Let them be healthy in body: let them be sound in mind: if possible (but here I know even the most advanced among them will object) try to preserve them from the tyranny of their own chosen goddess and model, Mrs. Grundy. In one word, emancipate woman (if woman will let you, which is more than doubtful) but leave

her woman still, not a dulled and spiritless epicene automaton.

That last, it is to be feared, is the one existing practical result of the higher education of women, up to date. Both in England and America, the women of the cultivated classes are becoming unfit to be wives or mothers. Their sexuality (which lies at the basis of everything) is enfeebled or destroyed. In some cases they eschew marriage altogether—openly refuse and despise it, which surely shows a lamentable weakening of wholesome feminine instincts. In other cases, they marry, though obviously ill adapted to bear the strain of maternity; and in such instances they frequently break down with the birth of their first or second infant. This evil, of course, is destined by natural means to cure itself with time: the families in question will not be represented at all in the second generation, or will be represented only by feeble and futile descendants. In a hundred years, things will have righted themselves. But meanwhile, there is a danger that many of the most cultivated and able families of the English-speaking race will have become extinct, through the prime error of supposing that an education which is good for men must necessarily also be good for women.

I said just now that many women at present eschew marriage, and that this shows a weakening of wholesome feminine instinct. Let me hasten to add, for fear of misconception,—I mean, of course, if they eschew it for want of the physical impulse which ought to be as present in every healthy woman as in every healthy man. That independent-minded women should hesitate to accept the terms of marriage as they now and here exist, I do not wonder. But if they have it really at heart to alter those terms, to escape from slavery, to widen the basis of the contract between the sexes, to put the wife on a higher and safer footing, most sensible men, I feel sure, will heartily co-operate with them. As a rule, however, I observe in actual life that "advanced" women are chary of either putting forward or accepting modifications in this matter. They dread the frown of their Grundian deity. They usually content themselves with vague declamation and with erecting female celibacy into a panacea for the ills that woman is heir to, while they refuse to meddle at all in definite terms with the question of mar-

riage or its substitute in the future. While denouncing loudly the supremacy of man, they seem ready to shake off that supremacy only for the celibate minority of their sex, without attempting to do anything for the married majority.

To sum up the point whither this long, and I confess discursive, argument is tending. There is, and ought to be, a genuine Woman Question and a genuine Woman Movement. But that movement, if it is ever to do any good, must not ignore—nay, on the contrary, must frankly and unreservedly accept and embrace the fact that the vast majority of adult women are and will always be wives and mothers (and when I say “wives,” I say so only in the broadest sense, subject to all possible expansions or modifications of the nature of wifehood). It must also recognize the other fact that in an ideal community the greatest possible number of women should be devoted to the duties of maternity, in order that the average family may be kept small, that is to say, healthy and educable. It must assume as its goal, not general celibacy and the independence of women, but general marriage and the ample support of women by the men of the community. While allowing that exceptional circumstances call for exceptional tenderness toward those women who are now compelled by untoward conditions to earn their own livelihood, it will avoid creating that accident into a positive goal, and it will endeavor to lessen the necessity for the existence of such exceptions in the future. In short, it will recognize maternity as the central function of the mass of women, and will do everything in its power to make that maternity as healthy, as noble, and as little burdensome as possible.

If the “advanced” women will meet us on this platform, I believe the majority of “advanced” men will gladly hold out to them the right hand of fellowship. As

a body we are, I think, prepared to reconsider, and to reconsider fundamentally, without prejudice or preconception, the entire question of the relations between the sexes—which is a great deal more than the women are prepared to do. We are ready to make any modifications in those relations which will satisfy the woman’s just aspiration for personal independence, for intellectual and moral development, for physical culture, for political activity, and for a voice in the arrangement of her own affairs, both domestic and national. As a matter of fact, few women will go as far in their desire to emancipate woman as many men will go. It was Ibsen, not Mrs. Ibsen, who wrote the *Doll’s House*. It was women, not men, who ostracized George Eliot. The slavishness begotten in women by the régime of man is what we have most to fight against, not the slave driving instinct of the men—now happily becoming obsolete, or even changing into a sincere desire to do equal justice. But what we must absolutely insist upon is full and free recognition of the fact that, in spite of everything, the race and the nation must go on reproducing themselves. Whatever modifications we make must not interfere with that prime necessity. We will not aid or abet women as a sex in rebelling against maternity, or in quarrelling with the constitution of the solar system. Whether we have wives or not—and that is a minor point about which I, for one, am supremely unprejudiced—we must at least have mothers. And it would be well, if possible, to bring up those mothers as strong, as wise, as free, as sane, as healthy, as earnest, and as efficient as we can make them. If this is barren paradox, I am content to be paradoxical; if this is rank Toryism, I am content for once to be reckoned among the Tories.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE ETHICS OF THE DRINK QUESTION.

BY JAMES RUNCIMAN.

ALL the statistics and formal statements published about drink are no doubt impressive enough to those who have the eye for that kind of thing; but, to most of us, the word “million” means nothing at all, and thus when we look at figures, and

find that a terrific number of gallons are swallowed, and that an equally terrific amount in millions sterling is spent, we feel no emotion. It is as though you told us that a thousand Chinamen were killed yesterday; for we should think more

about the ailments of a pet terrier than about the death of the Chinese, and we think absolutely nothing definite concerning the "millions" which appear with such an imposing intention when reformers want to stir the public. No man's imagination was ever vitally impressed by figures, and I am a little afraid that the statistical gentlemen repel people instead of attracting them. The persons who screech and abuse the drink-sellers are even less effective than the men of figures; their opponents laugh at them, and their friends grow deaf and apathetic in the storm of whirling words, while cool outsiders think that we should be better employed if we found fault with ourselves and sat in sack-cloth and ashes instead of gnashing teeth at tradesmen who obey a human instinct. The publican is considered, among platform folk in the temperance body, as even worse than a criminal, if we take all things seriously that they choose to say, and I have over and over again heard vague blather about confiscating the drink sellers' property and reducing them to the state to which they have brought others. Then there is the rant regarding brewers. Why forget essential business only in order to attack a class of plutocrats whom we have made, and whom our society worships with odious grovelling? The brewers and distillers earn their money by concocting poisons which cause nearly all the crime and misery in broad Britain; there is not a soul living in these islands who does not know the effect of the aforementioned poisons; there is not a soul living who does not very well know that there never was a pestilence crawling over the earth which could match the alcoholic poisons in murderous power. There is a demand for these poisons; the brewer and distiller supply the demand and gain thereby large profits; society beholds the profits and adores the brewer. When a gentleman has sold enough alcoholic poison to give him the vast regulation fortune which is the drink-maker's inevitable portion, then the world receives him with welcome and reverence; the rulers of the nation search out honors and meekly bestow them upon him, for can he not command seats, and do not seats mean power, and does not power enable talkative gentry to feed themselves fat out of the parliamentary trough? No wonder the brewer is a personage. Honors which used to be reserved

for men who did brave deeds, or thought brave thoughts, are reserved for persons who have done nothing but sell so many buckets of alcoholized fluid. Observe what happens when some brewer's wife chooses to spend a matter of £5000 on a ball. I remember one excellent lady carefully boasting (for the benefit of the Press) that the flowers alone that were in her house on one evening cost in all £2000. Well, the mob of society folk fairly yearn for invitations to such a show, and there is no meanness too despicable to be perpetrated by women who desire admission. So through life the drink-maker and his family fare in dignity and splendor; adulation surrounds them; powerful men bow to the superior force of money; wealth accumulates until the amount in the brewer's possession baffles the mind that tries to conceive it—and the big majority of our interesting race say that all this is good. Considering, then, how the English people directly and indirectly force the man of drink onward until he must of necessity fancy there is something of the moral demi-god about him; considering how he is wildly implored to aid in ruling us from Westminster; considering that his aid at an election may procure him the same honor which fell to the share of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham—may we not say that the community makes the brewer, and that if the brewer's stuff mars the community we have no business to howl at him. We are answerable for his living, and moving, and having his being—the few impulsive people who gird at him should rather turn in shame and try to make some impression on the huge, eringing, slaving crowd who make the plutocrat's pompous reign possible.

But for myself, I cannot be bothered with bare figures and vague abuse nowadays; abstractions are nothing, and neat arguments are less than nothing, because the dullest quack that ever quacked can always clench an argument in a fashion. Every turn that talk can take on the drink question brings the image of some man or woman, or company of men and women, before me, and that image is alive to my mind. If you pelt me with tabular forms, and tell me that each adult in Britain drank so many pints last year, you might just as well recite a mathematical proof. I fix on some one human figure that your words may suggest, and the image of the

bright lad whom I saw become a dirty, loafing, thievish sot is more instructive and more woful than all your columns of numerals.

Before me passes a tremendous procession of the lost : I can stop its march when I choose and fix on any given individual in the ranks, so that you can hardly name a single fact concerning drink which does not recall to me a fellow-creature who has passed into the place of wrecked lives and slain souls. The more I think about it the more plainly I see that, if we are to make any useful fight against drink, we must drop the preachee-preachee ; we must drop loud execrations of the people whose existence the State fosters ; we must get hold of men who *know* what drinking means, and let them come heart to heart with the victims who are blindly tramping on to ruin for want of a guide and friend. My hideous procession of the damned is always there to importune me ; I gathered the dolorous recruits who form the procession when I was dwelling in strange, darkened ways, and I know that only the magnetism of the human soul could ever have saved one of them. If anybody fancies that Gothenburg systems, or lectures, or little tiresome tracts, or sloppy yarns about " Joe Tomkins's Temperance Turkey," or effusive harangues by half-educated buffoons, will ever do any good, he must run along the ranks of my procession with me, and I reckon he may learn something. The comic personages who deal with the subject are cruelly useless ; the very notion of making jokes in presence of such a mighty living Terror seems desolating to the mind ; I could not joke over the pest of drink, for I had as lief dance a hornpipe to the blare of the last Trumpet.

I said you must have men who *know*, if you care to rescue any tempted creature. You must also have men who address the individual and get fast hold of his imagination ; abstractions must be completely left alone, and your workers must know so much of the minute details of the horror against which they are fighting that each one who comes under their influence shall feel as if the story of his life were known and his soul laid bare. I do not believe that you will ever stop one man from drinking by means of legislation ; you may level every tavern over twenty square miles, but you will not thereby prevent a

fellow who has the *bite* of drink from boozing himself mad whenever he likes. As for stopping a woman by such merely mechanical means as the closing of public-houses, the idea is ridiculous to anybody who knows the foxy cunning, the fixed determination of a female soaker. It is a great moral and physical problem that we want to solve, and Bills and clauses are only so much ink and paper which are ineffective as a schoolboy's copybook. If a man has the desire for alcohol there is no power known that can stop him from gratifying himself ; the end to be aimed at is to remove the desire—to get the drinker past that stage when the craving presses hardly on him, and you can never bring that about by rules and regulations. I grant that the clusters of drink-shops which are stuck together in the slums of our big towns are a disgrace to all of us, but if we closed 99 per cent. of them by Statute we should have the same drunken crew left. While wandering far and wide over England, nothing has struck me more than the steady resolution with which men will obtain drink during prohibited hours ; the cleverest administrator in the world could not frame a network of clauses that could stop them ; one might close every drink-selling place in Britain, and yet those folks that had a mind would get drink when they wanted it. You may ply bolts and bars ; you may stop the working of beer-engines and taps ; but all will be futile, for I repeat, that only by asserting power over hearts, souls, imaginations can you make any sort of definite resistance to the awe-striking plague that envenoms the world. With every humility I am obliged to say that many of the good people who aim at reform do not know sufficiently well the central facts regarding drink and drinkers. It is beautiful to watch some placid man who stands up and talks gently to a gathering of sympathizers. The reposeful face, the reposeful voice, the refinement, the assured faith of the speaker are comforting ; but when he explains that he has always been an abstainer, I am inclined to wonder how he can possibly exchange ideas with an alcoholized man. How can he know where to aim his persuasions with most effect ? Can he really sympathize with the fallen ? He has never lived with drunkards or wretches ; he is apart, like a star, and I half think that he only has a blurred vision of

the things about which he talks so sweetly. He would be more poignant, and more likely to draw people after him, if he had living images burned into his consciousness. My own set of pictures all stand out with ghastly plainness as if they were lit up by streaks of fire from the Pit. I have come through the Valley of the Shadow into which I ventured with a light heart, and those who know me might point and say what was said of a giant: "There is the man who has been in hell." It is true. Through the dim and sordid inferno, I moved as in a trance for awhile, and that is what makes me so keen to warn those who fancy they are safe; that is what makes me so discontented with the peculiar ethical conceptions of a society which bows down before the concocter of drink and spurns the lost one whom drink seizes. In a fit of savage despair I chose to plunge into oblivion for a time, and I thought the time would be brief, and that I might, may be, emerge cured into the upper air. But it was not such a quick piece of work as all that comes to, and before I wrenched myself fairly clear I had seen the nether side of life; I had seen all possible phases of moral putridity, and I learned to look with yearning pity and pardon on all who have been blasted in life by their own weakness, and gripped by the trap into which so many weakly creatures stumble. Looking at brutal life, catching the rotting soul in the very fact, have made me feel the most careless contempt for Statute-mongers, because I know now that you must conquer the evil of evils by a straight appeal to one individual after another and not by any screed of throttling jargon. One Father Matthew would be worth ten Parliaments, even if the Parliaments were all reeling off curative measures with unexampled velocity. You must not talk to a county or a province and expect to be heard to any purpose; you must address John, and Tom, and Mary. I am sure that dead-lift individual effort will eventually reduce the ills arising from alcohol to a minimum, and I am equally sure that the blind groping of half-informed men who chatter at St. Stephen's will never do more good than the chatter of the same number of jackdaws. It is impossible to help admiring Sir Wilfrid Lawson's smiling courage, but I really do not believe that he sees more than the faint shadows of the evils against

which he struggles; he does not know the true nature of the task which he has attacked, and he fancies that securing temperance is an affair of bolts, and bars, and police, and cackling local councils. I wish he had lived with me for a year.

If you talk with strong emotion about the dark horror of drink you always earn plenty of jibes, and it is true that you do give your hand away, as the fighting men say. It is easy to turn off a light paragraph like this: "Because A chooses to make a beast of himself, is that any reason why B, and C, and D should be deprived of a wholesome article of liquid food?"—and so on. Now, I do not want to trouble B, and C, and D at all; A is my man, and I want to get at him, not by means of a policeman, or a municipal officer of any kind, but by bringing my soul and sympathy close to him. Moreover, I believe that if everybody had definite knowledge of the wide ruin which is being wrought by drink there would be a general movement which would end in the gradual disappearance of drinking habits. At this present, however, our state is truly awful, and I see a bad end to it all, and a very bad end to England herself, unless a great emotional impulse travels over the country. The same middle class which is envenomed by the gambling madness is also the heir of all the more vile habits which the aristocrats have abandoned. Drinking—conviviality I think they call it—is not merely an excrescence on the life of the middle class—it is the life; and work, thought, study, seemingly conduct are now the excrescences. Drink first, gambling second, lubricity third—those are the chief interests of the young men, and I cannot say that the interests of mature and elderly men differ very much from those of the fledglings. Ladies and gentlemen who dwell in quiet refinement can hardly know the scenes amid which our middle-class lad passes the span of his most impressionable days. I have watched the men at all times and in all kinds of places; every town of importance is very well known to me, and the same abomination is steadily destroying the higher life in all. The Chancellors of the Exchequer gayly repeat the significant figures which give the revenue from alcohol; the optimist says that times are mending; the comfortable gentry who mount the pulpits do not generally care to ruffle the fine dames

by talking about unpleasant things—and all the while the curse is gaining, and the betting, scoffing, degraded crew of drinkers are sliding merrily to destruction. Some are able to keep on the slide longer than others, but I have seen scores—hundreds—stop miserably, and the very faces of the condemned men, with the last embittered look on them, are before me. My subject has so many thousands of facets that I am compelled to select a few of the most striking. Take one scene through which I sat not very long ago, and then you may understand how far the coming regenerator will have to go. A great room was filled by about 350 men and lads, all of the middle class; a concert was going on, and I was a little curious to know the kind of entertainment which the well-dressed company liked. Of course there was drink in plenty, and the staff of waiters had a busy time; a loud crash of talk went on between the songs, and, as the drink gathered power on excited brains, this crash grew more and more discordant. Nice lads, with smooth, pleasant faces, grew flushed and excited, and I am afraid that I occupied myself in marking out possible careers for a good many of them as I studied their faces. There was not much fun of the healthy kind; fat, comfortable, middle-aged men laughed so heartily at the faintest indecent allusion that the singers grew broader and broader, and the hateful music-hall songs grew more and more risky as the night grew onward. By the way, can anything be more loathsomely idiotic than the average music-hall ditty, with its refrain and its quaint stringing together of casual filthiness? If I had not wanted to fix a new picture on my mind I should have liked better to be in a taproom among honestly brutal costers and scavengers than with that sniggering, winking gang. The drink got hold, glasses began to be broken here and there, the time was beaten with glass crushers, spoons, pipes, and walking-sticks; and then the bolder spirits felt that the time for good, rank, unblushing blackguardism had come. A being stepped up and faced a roaring audience of enthusiasts who knew the quality of his dirtiness; he launched out into an unclean stave, and he reduced his admirers to mere convulsions. He was encored, and he went a trifle further, until he reached a depth of bestiality below which a gaff in

Shoreditch could not descend. Ah! Those bonny lads, how they roared with laughter, and how they exchanged winks with grinning elders! Not a single obscure allusion to filth was lost upon them, and they took more and more drink under pressure of the secret excitement until many of them were unsteady and incoherent. I think I should shoot a boy of mine if I found him enjoying such a foul entertainment. It was léze-Humanity. The orgie rattled on, to the joy of all the steaming, soddened company, and I am not able to guess where some of the songs and recitations came from. There are deeps below deeps, and I suppose that there are skilled literary workmen who have sunk so far that they are ready to supply the unspeakable dirt which I heard.

There was a merry crowd at the bar when this astounding functionary ceased, and the lively lads jostled, and laughed, and quoted some of the more spicy specimens of nastiness which they had just heard.

Now, I should not have mentioned such an unsavory business as this, but that it illustrates in a curious way the fact that one is met and countered by the power of Drink at every turn in this country. Among that unholy audience were one or two worthies who ought by rights to have called the police, and forced the promoters of the fun to appear before the Bench in the morning. But then these magistrates had an interest in Beer, and Brewery shares were pretty well represented in the odious room, and thus a flagrant scandal was gently passed aside. The worst of it is that, after a rouse like this, the young men do not care to go to bed, so they adjourn to some one's rooms and play cards till any hour. In the train next morning there are blotchy faces, dull eyes, tongues with a bitter taste, and there is a general rush for "liveners" before the men go to office or warehouse; and the day drags on until the joyous evening comes, when some new form of debauch drowns the memory of the morning's headache. Should you listen to a set of these men when the roar of a long bar is at its height at night, you will find that the life of the intellect has passed away from their midst. The fellows may be sharp in a small way at business, and I am sure I hope they are; but their conversation is painful in the extreme to any one who wishes to retain a shred of respect for his

own species. If you listen long, and then fix your mind so that you can pick out the exact significance of what you have heard, you become confounded. Take the scraps of "bar" gabble. "So I says, 'Lay me fours.' And he winks and says, 'I'll give you seven to two, if you like.' Well, you know, the horse won, and I stood him a bottle out of the three pound ten, so I wasn't much in." "What!" says I; "step outside along o' me, and bring your pal with you, and I'll spread your bloomin' nose over your face." That corked him." "I tell you Flyaway's a dead cert. I know a bloke that goes to Newmarket regular, and he's acquainted with Reilly of the Greyhound, and Reilly told him that he heard Teddy Martin's cousin say that Flyaway was tried within seven pounds of Peacock. Can you have a better tip than that?" "I'll give you the break, and we'll play for a bob and the games." "Thanks, deah boy, I'll jest have one with you. Lor! wasn't I chippy this morning? I felt as if the pavement was making rushes at me, and my hat seemed to want a shoehorn to get it on or off for that matter. Bill's whisky's too good." "I'm going out with a Judy on Sunday, or else you'd have me with you. The girls won't leave me alone, and the blessed dears can't be denied." So the talk goes steadily forward. What can a bright lad learn there? Many of the assembly are very young, and their features have not lost the freshness and purity of skin which give such a charm to a healthy lad's appearance. Would any mother like to see her favorite among that hateful crowd? I do not think that mothers rightly know the sort of places which their darlings enter; I do not think they guess the kind of language which the youths hear when the chimes sound at midnight; they do not know the intricacies of a society which half encourages callow beings to drink, and then kicks them into the gutter if the drink takes hold effectually. The kindly, seemly woman remains at home in drawing-room, papa slumbers if he is one of the stay-at-home sort; but Gerald, and Sidney, and Alfred are out in the drink-shop hearing talk fit to make Rabelais turn queasy, or they are in the billiard-room learning to spell "ruin" with all convenient speed, or perhaps they have "copped it"—that is the correct phrase—rather early, and they are

swaggering along, shadowed by some creature—half girl, half tiger-cat—who will bring them up in good time. If the women knew enough, I sometimes think they would make a combined, nightly raid on the boozing-bars, and bring their lads out.

Some hard-headed fellows may think that there is something grandmotherly in the regrets which I utter over the cesspool in which so many of our middle class seem able to wallow without suffering asphyxia; but I am only mournful because I have seen the plight of so many and many after their dip in the sinister depths of the pool. I envy those stolid people who can talk so contemptuously of frailty—I mean I envy them their self-mastery; I quite understand the temperament of those who can be content with a slight exhilaration, and who fiercely condemn the crackbrain who does not know when to stop. No doubt it is a sad thing for a man to part with his self-control, but I happen to hold a brief for the crackbrain, and I say that there is not any man living who can afford to be too contemptuous, for no one knows when his turn may come to make a disastrous slip.

Most strange it is that a vice which brings instant punishment on him who harbors it should be first of all encouraged by the very people who are most merciless in condemning it. The drunkard has not to wait long for his punishment; it follows hard on his sin, and he is not left to the justice of another world. And yet, as we have said, this vice, which entails such scathing disgrace and suffering, is encouraged in many seductive ways. The talk in good company often runs on wine; the man who has the deadly taint in his blood is delicately pressed to take that which brings the taint once more into ill-omened activity; but, so long as his tissues show no sign of that flabbiness and general unwholesomeness which mark the excessive drinker, he is left unnoticed. Then the literary men nearly always make the subject of drink attractive in one way or other. We laugh at Mr. Pickwick and all his gay set of brandy-bibbers; we laugh at John Ridd, with his few odd gallons of ale per day; but let any man be seen often in the condition which led to Mr. Pickwick's little accident, and see what becomes of him. He is soon shunned like a scabbed sheep. One had better incur penal servitude than fall into that vice

from which the Government derives a huge revenue—the vice which is ironically associated with friendliness, good temper, merriment, and all goodly things. There are times when one is minded to laugh for very bitterness.

And this sin, which begins in kindness and ends always in utter selfishness—this sin, which pours accursed money into the Exchequer—this sin, which consigns him who is guilty of it to a doom worse than servitude or death—this sin is to be fought by Act of Parliament. On the one hand, there are gentry who say, "Drink is a dreadful curse, but look at the revenue." On the other hand, there are those who say, "Drink is a dreadful thing; let us stamp it out by means of foolscap and printers' ink." Then the neutrals say, "Bother both your parties. Drink is a capital thing in its place. Why don't you leave it alone?" Meantime the flower of the earth are being bitterly blighted. It is the special examples that I like to bring out, so that the jolly lads who are tempted into such places as the concert-room which I described may perhaps receive a timely check. It is no use talking to me about culture, and refinement, and learning, and serious pursuits saving a man from the devouring fiend; for it happens that the fiend nearly always clutches the best and brightest and most promising. Intellect alone is not worth anything as a defensive means against alcohol, and I can convince anybody of that if he will go with me to a common lodging-house which we can choose at random. Yes, it is the bright and powerful intellects that catch the rot first in too many cases, and that is why I smile at the notion of mere book-learning making us any better. If I were to make out a list of the scholars whom I have met starving and in rags, I should make people gape. I once shared a pot of fourpenny ale with a man who used to earn £2000 a year by coaching at Oxford. He was in a low house near the Waterloo Road, and he died of cold and hunger there. He had been the friend and counsellor of statesmen, but the vice from which statesmen squeeze revenue had him by the throat before he knew where he was, and he drifted toward death in a kind of constant dream from which no one ever saw him wake. They swarm in the houses of poverty, do these once bright and splendid intellectual beings: if you pick up with a

peculiarly degraded one you may always be sure that he was one of the best men of his time, and it seems as if the very rich quality of his intelligence had enabled corruption to rankle through him so much the more quickly. I have seen a tramp on the road—a queer, long-nosed, short-sighted animal—who would read Greek with the book upside-down. He was a very fine Latin scholar, and we tried him with Virgil; he could go off at score when he had a single line given him, and he scarcely made a slip, for the poetry seemed ingrained. I have shared a pennyworth of sausage with the brother of a Chief Justice, and I have played a piccoco while an ex-incumbent performed a dance which he described, I think, as Pyrrhic. He fell in the fire and used hideous language in Latin and French, but I do not know whether that was Pyrrhic also. Drink is the dainty harvester; no puny ears for him, no faint and bending stalks: he reaps the rathe corn, and there is only the choicest of the choice in his sheaves. That is what I want to fix on the minds of young people—and others; the more sense of power you have, the more pride of strength you have, the more you are likely to be marked and shorn down by the grim reaper; and there is little hope for you when the reaper once approaches, because the very friends who followed the national craze, and upheld the harmlessness of drink, will shoot out their lips at you and run away when your bad moment comes.

The last person who ever suspects that a wife drinks is always the husband; the last person who ever suspects that any given man is bitten with drink is that man himself. So stealthily, so softly does the evil wind itself around a man's being that he very often goes on fancying himself a rather admirable and temperate customer—until the crash comes. It is all so easy, that the deluded dupe never thinks that anything is far wrong until he finds that his friends are somehow beginning to fight shy of him. No one will tell him what ails him, and I may say that such a course would be quite useless, for the person warned would surely fly into a passion, declare himself insulted, and probably perform some mad trick while his nerves were on edge. Well, there comes a time when the doomed man is disinclined for exertion, and he knows that something is wrong. He has become sly almost with-

out knowing it, and, although he is pining for some stimulus, he pretends to go without, and tries, by the flimsiest of devices, to deceive those around him. Now that is a funny symptom : the master vice, the vice that is the pillar of the revenue, always, without any exception known to me, turns a man into a sneak, and it generally turns him into a liar as well. So sure as the habit of concealment sets in, so surely we may be certain that the dry-rot of the soul has begun. The drinker is tremulous ; he finds that light beverages are useless to him, and he tries something that burns ; his nerve recovers tone ; he laughs at himself for his early morning fears, and he gets over another day. But the dry-rot is spreading ; body and soul react on each other, and the forlorn one soon begins to be fatally false and weak in morals, and dirty and slovenly in person. Then in the dead, unhappy nights he suffers all the torments that can be endured if he wakes up after his day's supply of alcohol lies stagnant in his system. No imagination is so retrospective as the drunkard's, and the drunkard's remorse is the most terrible torture known. The wind cries in the dark and the trees moan ; the agonized man who lies waiting the morning thinks of the times when the whistle of the wind was the gladdest of sounds to him ; his old ambitions wake from their trance and come to gaze on him reproachfully ; he sees that fortune (and mayhap fame) have passed him by, and all through his own fault ; he may whine about imaginary wrongs during the day when he is maudlin, but the night fairly throttles him if he attempts to turn away from the stark truth, and he remains pinned face to face with his beautiful, dead self. Then, with a start, he remembers that he has no friends. When he crawls out in the morning to steady his hand he will be greeted with filthy public-house cordiality by the animals to whose level he has dragged himself, but of friends he has none. Now, is it not marvellous ! Drink is so jolly ; prosperous persons talk with such a droll wink about vagaries which they or their friends committed the night before ; it is all so very, very lightsome ! The brewers and distillers who put the mirth-inspiring beverages into the market receive more consideration, and a great deal more money, than an average European prince ;—and yet the poor dry-rotted unfortunate

whose decadence we are tracing is like a leper in the scattering effects which he produces during his shaky promenade. He is indeed alone in the world, and brandy or gin is his only counsellor and comforter. As to character, the last rag of that goes when the first sign of indolence is seen ; the watchers have eyes like cats, and the self-restrained men among them have usually seen so many fellows depart to perdition that every stage in the process of degradation is known to them. No ! There is not a friend, and dry, clever gentlemen say, " Yes. Good chap enough once on a day, but can't afford to be seen with him now." The soaker is amazed to find that women are afraid of him a little, and shrink from him—in fact, the only people who are cordial with him are the landlords, among whom he is treated as a sort of irresponsible baby. " I may as well have his money as anybody else. He sha'n't get outrageously drunk here, but he may as well moisten his clay and keep himself from being miserable. If he gets the jumps in the night that's his look-out." That is the soaker's friend. The man is not unkind ; he is merely hardened, and his morals, like those of nearly all who are connected with the great Trade, have suffered a twist. When the soaker's last penny has gone, he will receive from the landlord many a contemptuously good-natured gift—pity it is that the lost wastrel cannot be saved before that weariful last penny huddles in the corner of his pocket.

While the harrowing descent goes on our suffering wretch is gradually changing in appearance : the piggish element that is latent in most of us comes out in him ; his morality is sapped ; he will beg, borrow, lie, and steal ; and, worst of all, he is a butt for thoughtless young fellows. The last is the worst cut of all, for the battered, bloodless, sunken ne'er-do well can remember only too vividly his own gallant youth, and the thought of what he was drives him crazed.

There is only one end : if the doomed one escapes *delirium tremens* he is likely to have cirrhosis, and if he misses both of these, then dropy or Bright's disease claims him. Those who once loved him pray for his death, and greet his last sigh with an echoing sigh of thankfulness and relief : he might have been cheered in his last hour by the graceful sympathy of

troops of friends ; but the State-protected vice has such a withering effect that it scorches up friendship as a fiery breath from a furnace might scorch a grass blade. If one of my joyous, delightful lads could just watch the shambling, dirty figure of such a failure as I have described ; if he could see the sneers of amused passers-by, the timid glances of women, the contemptuous off hand speech of the children—" Oh ! him ! That's old, boozy Blank ;" then the youths might well tremble, for the woebegone beggar that snivels out thanks for a mouthful of gin was once a brave lad—clever, handsome, generous, the delight of friends, the joy of his parents, the most brilliantly promising of all his circle. He began by being jolly ; he was well encouraged and abetted ; he found that respectable men drank, and that Society made no demur. But he forgot that there are drinkers and drinkers, he forgot that the cool-headed men were not tainted by heredity, nor were their brains so delicately poised that the least grain of foreign matter introduced in the form of vapor could cause semi-insanity. And thus the sacrifice of Society—and the Exchequer—goes to the tomb amid contempt, and hissing, and scorn ; while the saddest thing of all is that those who loved him most passionately are most glad to hear the clods thump on his coffin. I believe, if you let me keep a youngster for an hour in a room with me, I could tell him enough stories from my own shuddery experience to frighten him off drink for life. I should cause him to be haunted.

There is none of the rage of the convert in all this ; I knew what I was doing when I went into the base and sordid homes of ruin during years, and I want to know how any justification *not* fitted for the libretto of an extravaganza can be given by certain parliamentary gentlemen in order that we may be satisfied with their conduct. My wanderings and freaks do not count ; I was a Bohemian, with the tastes of a Roman and the curiosity of a philosopher ; I went into the most abominable company because it amused me and I had only myself to please, and I saw what a fearfully tense grip the monster, Drink, has taken of this nation ; and let me say that you cannot understand that one little bit, if you are content to knock about with a policeman and squint at signboards. Well, I want to know how these legislators can

go to church and repeat certain prayers, while they continue to make profit by re-tailing Death at so much a gallon ; and I want to know how some scores of other godly men go out of their way to back up a traffic which is very well able to take care of itself. A wild, night-roaming gypay like me is not expected to be a model, but one might certainly expect better things from folks who are so insultingly, aggressively righteous. One sombre and thoughtful Roman of my acquaintance said, " My brother, there are many things that I try to fight, and they knock me out of time in the first round." That is my own case exactly when I observe comfortable personages who deplore vice, and fill their pockets to bursting by shoving the vice right in the way of the folks most likely to be stricken with deadly precision by it.

It is not easy to be bad-tempered over this saddening business ; one has to be pitiful. As my memory travels over England, and follows the tracks that I trod, I seem to see a line of dead faces, that start into life if I linger by them, and mop and mow at me in bitterness because I put out no saving hand. So many and many I saw tramping over the path of Destruction, and I do not think that ever I gave one of them a manly word of caution. It was not my place, I thought, and thus their bones are bleaching, and the memory of their names has flown away like a mephitic vapor that was better dispersed. Are there many like me, I wonder, who have not only done nothing to battle with the mightiest modern evil, but have half encouraged it through cynical recklessness and pessimism ? We entrap the poor and the base and the wretched to their deaths, and then we cry out about their vicious tendencies, and their improvidence, and all the rest. Heaven knows I have no right to sermonize ; but, at least, I never shammed anything. When I saw some spectacle of piercing misery caused by Drink (as nearly all English misery is) I simply choked down the tendency to groan, and grimly resolved to see all I could and remember it. But now that I have had time to reflect instead of gazing and moaning, I have a sharp conception of the thing that is biting at England's vitals. People fish out all sorts of wondrous and obscure causes for crime. As far as England is concerned I should lump

the influences provocative of crime and productive of misery into one ; I say Drink is the root of almost all evil. It is heart-breaking to know what is going on at our own doors, for, however we may shuffle and blink, we cannot disguise the fact that many millions of human beings who might be saved pass their lives in an obscene hell—and they live so in merry England. Durst any one describe a lane in Sandgate, Newcastle-on-Tyne, a court off Orange Street or Lancaster Street, London, an alley in Manchester, a four-story tenement in the Irish quarter of Liverpool? I think not, and it is perhaps best that no description should be done ; for, if it were well done it would make harmless people unhappy, and if it were ill done it would drive away sympathy. I only say that all the horrors of those places are due to alcohol alone. Do not say that idleness is answerable for the grewsome state of things ; that would be putting cause for effect. A man finds the pains of the world too much for him ; he takes alcohol to bring on forgetfulness ; he forgets, and he pays for his pleasure by losing alike the desire and capacity for work. The man of the slums fares exactly like the gentleman : both sacrifice their moral sense, both become idle ; the bad in both is ripened into rakishness, and makes itself villainously manifest at all seasons ; the good is atrophied, and finally dies. Goodness may take an unconscionable time a-dying, but it is sentenced to death by the fates from the moment when alcoholism sets in, and the execution is only a matter of time.

England, then, is a country of grief. I never yet knew one family which had not lost a cherished member through the national curse ; and thus at all times we are like the wailing nation whereof the first-born in every house was stricken. It is an awful sight, and as I sit here alone I can send my mind over the sad England which I know, and see the army of the mourners. They say that the calling of the wounded on the field of Borodino was like the roar of the sea : on my battle-field, where drink has been the only slayer, there are many dead ; and I can imagine that I hear the full volume of cries from those who are stricken but still living. The vision would unsettle my reason if I had not a trifle of Hope remaining. The philosophic individual who talks in correctly frigid phrases about the evils of the

Liquor Trade may keep his reason balanced daintily and his nerve unhurt. But I have images for company—images of wild fear-someness. There is the puffy and tawdry woman who rolls along the street goggling at the passengers with boiled eye. The little pretty child says, "Oh ! mother, what a strange woman. I didn't understand what she said." My pretty, that was Drink, and you may be like that one of these days, for as little as your mother thinks it, if you ever let yourself touch the Curse carelessly. Bless you, I know scores who were once as sweet as you who can now drink any costermonger of them all under the stools in the Haymarket bar. The young men grin and wink as that staggering portent lurches past : I do not smile ; my heart is too sad for even a show of sadness. Then there are the children—the children of Drink they should be called, for they suck it from the breast, and the venomous molecules become one with their flesh and blood, and they soon learn to like the poison as if it were pure mother's milk. How they hunger—those little children ! What obscure complications of agony they endure, and how very dark their odd convulsive species of existence is made, only that one man may buy forgetfulness by the glass. If I let my imagination loose, I can hear the immense army of the young crying to the dumb and impotent sky, and they all cry for bread. Mercy ! how the little children suffer ! And I have seen them by the hundred—by the thousand—and only helped from caprice ; I could do no other. The iron winter is nearing us, and soon the dull agony of cold will swoop down and bear the gnawing hunger company while the two dire agencies inflict torture on the little ones. Were it not for Drink the sufferers might be clad and nourished ; but then Drink is the support of the State, and a few thousand of raw-skinned, hunger-bitten children perhaps do not matter. Then I can see all the ruined gentlemen, and all the fine fellows whose glittering promise was so easily tarnished ; they have crossed my track, and I remember every one of them, but I never could haul back one from the fate toward which he rambled so blindly ; what could I do when Drink was driving him ? If I could not shake off the memories of squalor, hunger, poverty—well-deserved poverty—despair, crime, abject

wretchedness, then life could not be borne. I can always call to mind the wrung hands and drawn faces of well-nurtured and sweet ladies who saw the dull mask of loathsome degradation sliding downward over their loved one's face. Of all the mental trials that are cruel, that must be the worst—to see the light of a beloved soul guttering gradually down into stench and uncleanness. The woman sees the decadence day by day, while the blinded and lulled man who causes all the indescribable trouble thinks that everything is as it should be. The Drink mask it a very scaring thing; once you watch it being slowly fitted on to a beautiful and spiritual face you do not care over-much about the revenue.

And now the famous Russian's question comes up: What shall we do? Well, so far as the wastrel poor are concerned, I should say, "Catch them when young, and send them out of England so long as there is any place abroad where their labor is sought." I should say so, because there is not a shadow of a chance for them in this country: they will go in their turn to drink as surely as they go to death. As to the vagabond poor whom we have with us now I have no hope for them; we must wait until death weeds them out, for we can do nothing with them nor for them.

Among the classes who are better off from the worldly point of view, we shall have sacrifices offered to the fiend from time to time. Drink has wound like some ubiquitous fungus round and round the tissues of the national body, and we are sure to have a nasty growth striking out at intervals. It tears the heart strings when we see the brave, the brilliant, the merry, the wise sinking under the evil ele-

ment in our appalling dual nature, and we feel, with something like despair, that we cannot be altogether delivered from the scourge yet awhile. I have stabs of conscience when I call to mind all I have seen and remember how little I have done, and I can only hope, in a shame-faced way, that the use of intoxicants may be quietly dropped, just as the practice of gambling, and the habit of drinking heavy, sweet wines have passed away from the exclusive society in which cards used to form the main diversion. Frankly speaking, I have seen the degradation, the abomination, and the measureless force of Drink so near at hand that I am not sanguine. I can take care of myself, but I am never really sure about many other people, and I had good reason for not being sure of myself. One thing is certain, and that is that the creeping enemy is sure to attack the very last man or woman whom you would expect to see attacked. When the first symptoms are seen, the stricken one should be delivered from *ennui* as much as possible, and then some friend should tell, in dull, dry style, the slow horror of the drop to the Pit. Fear will be effective when nothing else will. Many are stronger than I am and can help more. By the memory of broken hearts, by the fruitless prayers of mothers and sorrowing wives, for the sake of the children who are forced to stay on earth in a living death, I ask the strong to help us all. Blighted lives, wrecked intellects, wasted brilliancy, poisoned morality, rotted will—all these mark the road that the King of Evils takes in his darksome progress. Out of the depths I have called for aid and received it, and now I ask aid for others, and I shall not be denied.—*Contemporary Review*.

VERDI'S "OTELLO."

BY A. S.

THE enterprise of transplanting "Otello," with the whole La Scala company bodily from Milan to London last July, proved as successful as it was bold. The only undertaking of similar magnitude in our times was the importation a few years ago of a complete German company to play German opera, especially Wagner's later works. That was anything but successful,

in spite of the enormous advertisement given by the great Wagnerian controversy; and a similar fate was confidently predicted for the Italian experiment. Indeed its chances of success looked even less; for in the previous case there had at least been the attraction of several operas, whereas it was now proposed to give nothing but one single work throughout three

consecutive weeks ; that work, moreover, by a man whose name excites no bitter controversy, who is neither derided on the one hand as a charlatan, nor extolled on the other as the greatest genius the world has seen. Nevertheless, contrary to all expectation, it turned out most triumphantly successful ; far more so than would be supposed from the accounts of contemporary newspapers which, doubtless for reasons of their own, maintained for the most part a studiously cold attitude. As a matter of fact, the theatre was filled night after night by a genuine and increasingly enthusiastic audience ; and that in the face of a rival house enjoying an undeniably successful season. It may be worth while to inquire into the reasons for this really remarkable result. There were two—the performance, and the work itself.

In the first place the performance was one of great excellence. In addition to a conductor who has no living superior, a first-rate orchestra and chorus, the minor parts were adequately filled ; while the two principal artists offered an impersonation of remarkable merit. In speaking of Tamagno and Maurel, it is difficult to avoid using the language of exaggeration. But upon full and sober reflection it seems by no means too much to say that, for singing and acting combined, in all probability no better work has ever before been done on the stage by two men together. It is at any rate certain that Tamagno and Maurel have themselves never done so well before, nor indeed anything like it. The opera has clearly inspired them. This brings us to the second point. We find the reason for the unusual excellence of the performance in the work itself. What then is the peculiar merit of this opera ? What is its position in the history of the art ?

Song is simply extended and magnified speech, and its artistic basis lies in that fact. When any one speaks under the influence of emotion, he unconsciously does three things—he prolongs the sound of the expressive word uttered : he increases the inflection of the voice ; and he increases its loudness. The last is much less important than the two former. In proportion to the strength of the emotion are the prolongation, inflection, and (less often) the loudness of the voice, until it becomes what may properly be called a scream as of terror, or a roar as of rage. On the

stage, the actor, whose business it is to express emotion, consciously and purposely reproduces this lengthening and inflection of the words. So too does the orator. In oratory it is a common thing to see one speaker exercise an influence upon his audience infinitely greater than another of equal mental gifts and readiness of utterance. The secret lies in the studied use of the voice. Canon Liddon, for instance, in uttering from the pulpit such a phrase as "a pallid caricature of masculine self-assertion," prolongs the syllables to an almost incredible extent, but with so much art that the hearer is quite unconscious of anything of the sort. He only knows that the words come to him with such force, that they ring in his head and he cannot forget them. Another preacher might say the same thing with the same fervor, but without the voice and the art, and produce no effect at all. There is but one step between this and singing. Salvini, when he says in "Il Gladiatore" *Figlia mia* with an expression of intense parental tenderness, comes as near singing as is possible. Indeed there is no real break between the two : the one merges almost insensibly into the other ; and it is possible to recite a poem, gradually prolonging the syllables, until it becomes distinctly a song. Competent teachers of singing know that the one general principle on which to rely in forming a voice is to make the pupil produce the signing sound on a given note, in precisely the same way as the speaking sound upon the same note. The one is simply a prolongation of the other. The most successful singers are, *ceteris paribus*, those who most thoroughly carry out this principle, consciously or not. It is this which gives their peculiar charm to such singers as Patti, Sims Reeves, and de Soria. Their singing sounds natural and easy, because it is so. The words seem to drop out in a delightful manner as if spoken, but with a degree of meaning beyond speech. The same thing applies to the music sung. In vocal music the musical phrase is successful in proportion as it approximates to the spoken phrase in form and inflection, and that for two reasons. It expresses the meaning most intelligibly to the hearer, and it lies most naturally for the voice of the singer. It is successful, because intelligible and pleasing. In the best specimens of song the sentiment contained in the words,

whatever it may be, is so exactly expressed by the musical inflections, that it is quite intelligible when sung in an unknown tongue. No one could mistake "Adelaide" for anything but a love-song, or "The Erl-King" for anything but a tale of terror and affright. The poem of "The Erl-King" may be recited with the speaking voice note for note according to Schubert's music, and sound quite natural and effective when so done.

It is necessary to insist upon the artistic status of dramatic song, because, while lyrical and narrative song is universally admitted to be an art, the claim is curiously enough denied to opera. Of all forms of poetry, the one which lends itself most naturally and properly to musical expression is the drama. Since singing is, as we have seen, an extended form of emotional speaking, it follows that opera should be an extended form of drama. Yet it is constantly refused the title of a genuine art at all: it is derided as anomalous; and the feeling entertained for it by most "unmusical" people is one of half-contemptuous toleration, as for a thing necessarily absurd from an artistic point of view, but which pleases their "musical" neighbors. The only theoretical objection which can be urged against the musical drama, is that in ordinary life people do not express themselves in elaborate music. But of course, the same objection may be urged against the spoken drama, and especially against the highest form of it, grand tragedy. The stage is not ordinary life. Ordinary life does not consist of kings and queens, of heroes and monsters. In ordinary life people do not speak in verse rhymed or blank. Ordinary rooms are not formed by three walls and an open space; nor are a row of gaslights sunshine. Ordinary life is just what you do not want on the stage, or in any other art. We are suffering only too much from ordinary life in fiction and in the drama. The exact reproduction of real life, which seems to be the aim of so many novelists and dramatists, is not art. Art is not Nature.

For Art commends not counterparts or copies;
But from our life a nobler life would take,
Bodies celestial from terrestrial raise,
And teach us, not jejune what we are,
But what we may be, when the Parian block
Yields to the hand of Phidias.

The musical drama is as truly based upon Nature as is any other art. The real rea-

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son why it has met with so much contempt is the great difficulty of carrying it out successfully. Music imposes limits. Both the subject and its verbal handling must be specially adapted to musical treatment, before the immense difficulties of the actual composition are reached at all. It is on this rock that opera has usually struck. Both the play and its poetical treatment have been bad. The fault is invariably laid to the charge of the musician—but most unfairly. It is true that a certain color is lent to this accusation by the fact that many composers have apparently been too easily satisfied with the *libretti* provided for them; and many have shrunk from the difficulties imposed by a high ideal. It is so much easier to write a song than an opera; just as it is easier to write a few stanzas than a drama. Hence it happens that too many so-called operas are little more than albums of songs disguised; and so long as the public is content with an album of songs, the supply is sure to follow the demand. But is it to be supposed that composers have insisted on foolish plots and puerile language? On the contrary, the history of the opera is that of a constantly renewed struggle on the part of the musicians to obtain worthy subjects for their muse, a struggle unfortunately for the most part unsuccessful.

The originators of opera in Italy toward the end of the sixteenth century were animated by the purest artistic aspiration, that of re-constructing the Greek drama, which, as we believe, was musically declaimed; and from them down to the present day we have a long list of great musicians who undeniably appreciated the seriousness of their art, and the necessity of a fine subject for the exercise of it. Monteverde, Purcell, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Wagner may be mentioned, without referring to living writers, as having striven for a high ideal. One proof of the difficulty they encountered is the frequency with which they have had recourse to the same subjects. The story of Orpheus has been set to music by at least five composers, and that of Faust by as many more. Sometimes they have failed altogether to find a subject. Haydn and Beethoven wrote but one opera apiece; Mendelssohn could not find a satisfactory libretto at all until it was too late. The oft-repeated charge of slavish

submission to artificial forms of construction and the tyrannical caprices of singers, may be true enough in the case of weaker spirits, but does not apply to the great men whose names have just been mentioned. Handel for instance, who wrote at a time when rules for the construction of opera were the most strict and the most artificial, and when the despotism of singers was at its highest, never allowed either to stand in his way. The same is true to a great extent of Rossini. Purcell was a daring innovator. Gluck ran directly counter to the popular taste of his day in a noble, and to some extent successful, attempt to re-establish the musical drama on a true artistic basis. Mozart threw up at least one librettist in despair. Weber and Spohr invented, and successfully carried out a new style, half-way between tragic and comic, which, though not the highest, is yet a serious and worthy form of art. Meyerbeer worked like a slave at his operas, sparing no trouble or expense, and was so particular about the character of his *libretti* that he quarrelled with his dramatist, Scribe, who was probably the best that ever condescended to co-operate with a musician. Without extending the list any farther, or coming down to later writers, enough has been said to show that operatic composers have been neither unconscious of an ideal nor slaves to fashion.

The fault lies far more with the librettists. We see just the same thing in the case of sacred music. When the words are taken direct from the Bible, or are those of the holy offices, the composers have proved equal to the task and have produced truly magnificent results. When they have had inferior words, the result has been inferior. Compare Haydn's Masses with his "Creation." Where in all his Masses is there anything like the absurd duet between Adam and Eve, "Graceful consort! Spouse adored!"? Compare Beethoven's Mass in C with his "Olivet." But the great case in point is Handel. At the Handel Festival two oratorios are always given entire, the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt." All his others are represented by a selection, and quite properly. The words of these two are from the Bible; but it is not the words only that are superior;—the music corresponds. The other oratorios contain some great beauties, and these form the selections. They occur when the librettist has

chanced to give him a fine subject, or when his irresistible genius has broken through the fetters and clothed inferior words in music far too good for them. An instance of the former is the air "Total eclipse!" from "Samson," one of the most glorious specimens of musical declamation in existence. An instance of the latter is the chorus in "Joshua," "In watery heaps affrighted Jordan stood." The well known chorus "Envy! eldest-born of Hell!" might almost be cited phrase by phrase as showing the influence on a composer of good and bad words respectively.

A book might be filled with similar instances from opera, to show that when the musician has had a chance he has made the most of it, and has often succeeded in spite of impediments placed in his way by a poor librettist. Scores of beautiful fragments and many whole works have come down to us and hold their place to the present day, in which immortality is given to very poor lines by the genius of the musician. It will be sufficient to take the case of Mozart. Out of some twenty dramatic works of more or less pretensions, the only serious ones are taken from classical subjects. Dramatists seem to have thought at that time that grand art was impossible unless the subjects were taken from Greek or Roman history. This mistake, to which Gluck also fell a victim, was a legacy from the Renaissance. Shakespeare could write "Julius Caesar" and "Coriolanus," but the Abbate Varesco was not Shakespeare. The great classical Greek drama could no more be reproduced in another age than the classical Greek architecture. Mozart did all that was possible with the poor lifeless artificial stuff that was supplied to him. "Idomeneo" and "Clemenza di Tito" were as successful as such works could be. Of the comedies, many were very slight affairs; but three at least have survived with undiminished popularity to the present day, "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Die Zauberflöte." Of these it may be remarked in the first place that musical comedy is an inferior form of art. It is not the proper business of music to heighten comic effects or express trivialities, but to give effect to the higher emotions. Setting the composer of the "Requiem Mass" to work at comedies would be like giving Raphael comic scenes to paint. They were

beneath his genius. What he did was to invest some second or third rate plays with a beauty and grace which were not their own and to give them an immortality they were far from deserving. "Le Nozze di Figaro" is a very fair comedy, but far below Mozart's music. Take the air "Voi che sapete," for instance, one of the most exquisitely beautiful melodies ever written. What is there in the words to suggest it? Absolutely nothing. Of "Don Giovanni," that extraordinary genius, Ernest Hoffmann, himself an intensely artistic spirit, says, "It is difficult to understand how Mozart could conceive and compose such music on such a subject." And in order to account for it, like a true German, he invents a profound psychological study of the conflict between good and evil in the soul, making out Don Giovanni to be a sort of Faust. But it is to be feared that, in spite of Hoffmann's ingenuity, the commonplace libertine will remain commonplace. "Die Zauberflöte," the most musically perfect opera we have, is pure nonsense. Dark hints have been thrown out about recondite meanings intelligible only to Freemasons; but these have not gone farther than identifying some chords in the overture with a masonic sign having the same rhythm. If ever a man was competent to set Shakespeare to music it was Mozart, and he is thrown away upon such rubbish as this. Who were Varesco, da Ponte, and Bretzner, his best-known librettists? Who would ever have heard of them but for Mozart? Whatever importance their works possess is derived from his music.

In truth, the whole history of opera is not that of drama sacrificed to music, as has been so frequently said, but of good music thrown away on bad drama. This is true even of the later and despised Italian writers. Of course, when the play is rubbish and the words poor, the interest of the public is centred on the music. Hence the violations of dramatic propriety which have become customary in the performance. But that it is the fault of the dramatist the example of Wagner clearly shows. That great genius and innovator, dissatisfied with the condition of operatic art, set to work to compose, not a new kind of music, but a new kind of *libretto*. Unable to find a dramatist, he boldly determined to be his own. Unfortunately he was not a good workman, and he chose

a bad subject. He chose those mythological and legendary subjects which have always taken an epic form, for the very good reason that they are essentially epic and not dramatic in character. Upon these subjects he composed a truly wonderful mass of doggerel verse, for it is really nothing else; the splendid courage of the attempt should not blind us to its failure. Only the enthusiasm of a fanatic can call Wagner a great poet. The task he set himself was really beyond his powers, for he was a poor playwright and worse poet. Some fine dramatic situations he has, but no one can pretend that with the possible exception of "Der Holländer" there is a single one of Wagner's dramas dramatic enough to be played as such without the music. Some are disfigured by a startling degree of impropriety, which alone would prevent their being put upon any ordinary stage whatever; and scenic effects impossible to be presented otherwise than ridiculously are constantly demanded, notably in the "Nibelungen-Ring." But far more important than all this is the extreme tediousness of a great part of all his operas. The interminable and pointless dialogues, which so often occur, surpass in dullness anything else upon the stage; and the poverty of the verse is even greater than that of incident. The great bulk of it is either commonplace, or so ingeniously distorted as to be almost meaningless. The book of "Parsifal" is all but unintelligible; it is difficult to tell what any of the characters are saying or doing at any given moment. This is explained by its being a mystic sacred drama; but mystic only means obscure, and obscurity is a deadly fault. It will be said that one has no right to separate Wagner's plays from his music, and that on the stage imperfections in language disappear. This is merely saying that the audience is dazzled by splendor of sound and spectacle, and overlooks the lame verse. For, however closely united they may be, words and music are two separate things; and if one is bad, it remains bad, however good the other may be. Besides, the whole question here is that of the *libretto*. Of his music it is not necessary to say much. On the whole it is far too good for the words. For though the uncouth distorted phraseology has been to a great extent only too faithfully rendered by equally uncouth music, whenever he has given himself a

chance, and often when he has not, he has shown us what he might have done under happier auspices. Apart from the extreme beauty, ingenuity, and power of the well-known purely orchestral pieces, there are many noble and delightful fragments for the voice. The controversy is still too hot about Wagner to hope for a dispassionate opinion; but the time will come when he will be judged by the same standard as every one else (a thing forbidden at present), and it will be seen that in view of the high aim with which he started his plays are dull and his verse poor; that after all he has suffered shipwreck on the same rock as his predecessors. But all honor to him for his great and influential attempt to restore the ideal!

Now we come to "Othello," the "heir of all the ages." In the first place, it is not necessary to say much about the play. "Othello" needs no advocate. But we must insist upon the significance of going to Shakespeare for a subject. In truth he is for us the one fountain of what is greatest in drama. He is our Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes in one. Instead of trying to reconstruct the classical Greek drama, as the early Italians and Gluck did, or of inventing a classical German one, as Wagner did, following the same lines, but employing German legend instead of Greek, Verdi and Boito have gone to the great poet who truly represents our later age. In the second place, "Othello" has been most admirably and skilfully handled by the librettist. Boito possesses quite unique qualifications for the task. He is a poet of great taste and cultivation and a most gifted musician, who yet has the modesty to take a second place and work for another's glory. It is to Boito that a large share of the success of "Othello" is due. His work gave Verdi the stimulus and inspiration needed, and made the opera possible. Precisely for want of a Boito opera has so often failed in the past. This is markedly the case with the other Shakespearean plays that have been set to music. The drama has been largely spoiled, and in the French language at any rate there seems to be something inimical to Shakespeare. Boito on the contrary has surmounted the dramatic and verbal difficulties with great skill. Such alterations as there are are in good taste and do not spoil the action, while the translation is noble and poetical. In the

third place there is Verdi, the veteran composer. No man's work has been more belittled, or more popular. His operas are always called hackneyed; though why they should deserve that journalistic epithet any more than "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere," "Faust," or "Carmen," it would be difficult to say. Verdi is not a Mozart or a Beethoven, but one thing is to be observed about him which stamps him as a true artist; throughout his long career he has steadily developed and progressed toward a higher goal. The setting of "Othello" to music is the highest task he has yet attempted. Two qualifications he undeniably possesses, a complete mastery of the resources of modern orchestration, and, what is rarer, a thorough knowledge of the human voice, that most difficult of instruments. He is one of the greatest writers for the voice that ever lived. Moreover he seems to have been inspired by his theme and to have risen with it. To enter into a detailed analysis of the opera is not the present purpose. It is enough to say that the music throughout gives just and appropriate effect to the verse. Exception may no doubt be taken here and there, but on the whole the meaning is expressed with extraordinary truthfulness and power. And yet there is not a single unmusical phrase throughout. It is the true *musica parlante* of Peri and Caccini, the rendering of the play of passion by the medium of song. It is the nearest realization of the ideal of musical drama that has yet been attained in our age, and fairly represents our modern equivalent of the Athenian declamatory tragedy. On our comparatively small stages it is not necessary for the actors to increase their stature by artificial means, as the Greeks did, and Tamagno at least needs no contrivance to strengthen his voice. But the art is the same in essence, so far as our knowledge enables us to judge. Pretty it is not,—how should it be? there are no serenades in Othello—and many people may not like it. That is no condemnation of it or of them. Many people do not care for tragedy, and many more like their music mild. But the grandeur of the effect is undeniable. This very effect, however, shows us the limitations of musical drama. "Othello" is, as opera should be, ordinary drama extended and magnified. But what is gained in size is lost in delicacy. The whole

thing is painted in broader lines and brighter colors. It is impossible for any artist on the operatic stage to act like Salvini; the conditions forbid him; his grand effects are grander, but he necessarily misses the subtle ones.

In conclusion, then, the phenomenal success of "Otello," both here and wherever it has been performed, is due to the unique character of the work. It is a drama of the highest kind, appropriately set to music. But because "Otello" is the highest point yet attained, it does not follow that all operas are to be "Otellos." There is room for the lesser art as well as the greater. We can enjoy fun and ro-

mance as well as tragedy. We may shudder at Iago and be crushed by Otello; but we shall still be charmed by "Spirito Gentil," or "Salve Dimora;" we shall still smile at the Barber of Seville and Meister Beckmesser of Nuremberg; we shall still weep with Marguerite and Brünnhilde. As for Italian or any other opera being dead, and the great merit of a certain sagacious manager in reviving it, that is nonsense. The said manager, being a good man of business, perceived that what was dead was not the opera, but merely a bad article at a high price. That is dead and, let us hope, buried.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE, AND ITALY'S PLACE IN IT.

BY OUTIDANOS.

FOR eleven years Europe has not heard the clash of arms: nor, except in the Balkan Peninsula, for eighteen. Yet her soldiers are counted by millions, and her charge for military and naval establishments by hundreds of millions. These establishments, which are huge, require to be contemplated in various lights; but, whatever point of the compass we select for our inspection, the view is a dismal one. In the United Kingdom alone of the great States do the enormous burdens, which these establishments require, fail to constitute an apology for so-called protective laws, which fetter industry, diminish wealth, and aggravate distress. In some, at least, of the six greater countries, the pressure upon the national finance in this time of peace is very heavy. In Germany, it is said to be so severely felt as to endanger the policy of peace. In Italy, it represents what might more properly accompany the extremities of an exhausting war. The growth of the huge mass of national debts is rapid and continuous. The existence of enormous armies stimulates the martial spirit, and creates in each country a military class thoroughly centralized and of increasing power. In this state of facts a "league of peace" is, indeed, a sweet-smelling savor, if it answer to its name. But that is the very question which it is needful to examine. For assuredly the military condition of Europe as a whole is not the outward sign of a settled tranquillity, but is rather the announce-

ment of the strong and rather early likelihood of an agonizing war.

The European public may be said to know that the members of this league are Germany, Austria, and Italy; that its purposes are declared to be defensive; and that it expires, unless renewed, with the year 1890. Does this league altogether correspond with the character announced by its name? is its strength adequate to its purpose? is that purpose rational and just? and can the league itself be expected to endure?

The Holy Alliance, after the Treaty of Vienna, purported to be a league of peace. It was in friendship, though in an expiring friendship, with England. The power of France was then reduced, and her self-confidence abashed. There was no possibility of a counter-combination able to look the Alliance in the face. It was not a league of peace, for no one wanted, or indeed was able, to break the peace. It was not a league of defence, for there was no assailant. It was a league of offence, constructed in order to put down liberty by force, and to secure immunity for Sovereigns who had given promises to their subjects that they did not mean to fulfil. Still there was nothing in the subsisting features of Europe which confuted its pretensions in regard to peace; for it fulfilled this essential condition, that it could hold the field, with its three at length victorious armies, against all comers.

There was another league of peace in

the year 1853, and with a different history. The Emperor Nicholas, lifted to a pinnacle of overweening self-confidence by his subjugation of Hungary, determined to anticipate the course of Nature, and break up the Turkish Empire by that powerful instrument of internal interference, which the Treaty of Kainardji was supposed to afford him. From whatever motives, the other four great Powers of Europe entered into a league of peace against him. This, too, was a combination of overwhelming force, against which it was impossible that Russia should make head. But, before the day of action came, the King of Prussia, *relictâ non bene parvulâ*, was frightened or cajoled into turning his back upon his allies; so that Austria did not venture to expose her ill-covered capital to the risks of a Russian invasion. Thus the combination, which had not unjustly claimed to represent the whole moral force, and in vast preponderance also the material force, of united Europe, dwindled in dimension. The difficult though successful war of the Crimea was a war between parties, and not the punishment awarded by a superior and competent authority to a rebellious Power. But England and France made manifest from the first their military superiority. In population they jointly equalled Russia, in determination they were not inferior, in wealth and resource they enormously surpassed her.

But, there being now six great Powers of Europe, of whom three only are in the "league of peace," it does not at first sight appear that this league altogether answers to its name, if we are right in assuming that a body which advertises itself as intending to keep the peace ought to be able, as well as desirous, so to do. It does not appear clear, as it did in 1815 and in 1853, either that it has a commanding weight of moral authority, or that no counter-alliance can be formed against it with a possibility of success.

Still there might be an amount of available strength adequate to overcoming resistance, though not sufficient to prevent its being attempted. Is that quite certain in the present instance? The combined power of Germany, Austria, and Italy is doubtless very great. But from this combination France and Russia (to say nothing of England) are excluded. And this, not on grounds merely arbitrary, but for serious cause. Even apart from the state

of sentiment as between Russians and Germans, Austria and Russia have constituted themselves rivals in the Balkan Peninsula, and neither seems disposed to what some simple persons might take to be a probable method of escape from the difficulty—namely, leaving that Peninsula to the free use and disposal of its own inhabitants. France and Germany have between them the quarrel of Alsace-Lorraine, latent indeed, but, as it may be feared, profound. As between France and Italy, there are causes of difference which may be factitious or inadequate, but which nevertheless appear to have been sufficiently operative in producing a state of mind from which war may readily arise. But these reasons for the exclusion of two Powers from the league, if strong, seem to be hardly less strong for bringing about the union of those two Powers between themselves. Were that union to take effect, it does not seem that the match would be a very unequal one.

Granting that the German army is at this moment the first army in Europe, it seems not an unreasonable opinion that the Russian and the French, or the French and the Russian, armies are the second and the third, and that Austria and, in the fifth place, Italy, have to take rank behind them. Suppose we attempt roughly to measure relative strength by the threefold test of (1) numerical amount of army "with the colors" and navy, (2) population, and (3) revenue, we obtain, on resort to popular sources of information, something like the following results:—

	Germany with Austria and Italy.	France and Russia.
Army and Navy.....	1,652,000	1,578,000
Population (Europe only)....	118,000,000	125,000,000
Revenue	£279,000,000	£287,000,000

There is nothing in these figures demonstrative of gross disparity, or of an incapacity on either side to wage, if so minded, a deliberate and determined struggle. Especially does this seem clear, when it is borne in mind that the proportion of her population which Italy keeps under arms is enormous, so much so that to this total of forces kept on foot she contributes rather more than a moiety: while the wealth of France is probably equal to that of any two among the other Powers. It is a remarkable fact that during the war of 1870, while German porcelain, discharged from private houses, was to be had at prices denoting what we term forced sale, Franco

did not send her endless works of art and articles of *virtù* across the Channel, but indeed continued to import at high prices precious stones from the East Indies. It seems then, thus far, that the league of peace is not so much an aggregation of overmastering forces able to command obedience to its will, as (at first sight) a skilful consolidation of the material and moral strength of three of the great Continental Powers against the other two, who might not impossibly be a match for them. There are further indications that the astute and masculine brain, which has formed and which directs this league of peace, is well aware that it is in truth not more nor less than a powerful league of preparation for the possibilities of a deadly struggle. We hear of no league between France and Russia; nor, according to the ably written paper of M. Flourens,* have these States been uniformly careful, since the war of 1870, to avoid incidents of at least diplomatic disturbance in their mutual relations. They seem content to allow these relations to be moulded by the course of events, and neither the one nor the other has gone out of its way to seek the formation of special alliances. But on the other side the case is far otherwise. Although the three Powers are manifestly beforehand with the two in their arrangements for the array of their gigantic armaments, yet they seem to feel that something more is wanted. In August of the present year the public journals have presented to us rumors that Spain was to join the league of peace. It may be questioned whether the fact would be one of cardinal or determining importance; but the inquiry may be spared, on the ground of the unlikelihood, not to say the absurdity, of the rumor. Spain has no interests as a principal; as a mercenary, even were she willing to be bought, there is no one able to buy her. Nor could her entrance, crowned by success, insure her admission to the charmed circle of the Great Powers. Much more importance attaches to the notion, which finds currency from time to time, that there is a secret understanding between England and the league of peace. It is said that the vast maritime power of this country is to be employed for the purpose of preventing France from forcing Italy, by the use of her navy on the Italian

coasts, to keep her army at home, instead of placing, as we are told she has bound herself to place, 300,000 men on the Alpine frontier of France at the opening of a war. It seems that in this manner, without moving so much as a corporal's guard, England might be worth 300,000 Italian soldiers to the Triple Alliance. Rumors, perhaps due to these apparent likelihoods, have attracted notice in Parliament. Questions have been put on more than one occasion in order to learn whether there was any treaty or any understanding between Great Britain and the Triple Alliance which was to secure our co-operation by sea in the eventuality of war. The answers have been in the negative. The last, given by the representative of the Foreign Office in the House of Commons, and it is both recent and perfectly unequivocal. It is couched in the following terms, as reported in the *Times* of August 20, 1889. For the sake of clearness, we prefix the question put by Mr. Labouchere on the 19th ult.

"ENGLAND AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

"MR. LABOUCHERE asked the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs whether he had seen in the *Times* of that morning an extract from the *National Zeitung*, stating:—'It is believed in the best-informed circles that an understanding was arrived at at Osborne assuring an identity of policy between the Powers forming the Triple Alliance and England in European questions, and making provision for all the consequences of this policy.' He would also ask the right hon. gentleman whether there was anything justifying 'the best-informed circles' in entertaining this view.

"SIR J. FERGUSON.—The article in question is manifestly founded on pure conjecture. Its character is shown by the statement that the arrangements made with the Salisbury Government will be adhered to by their successors. (Laughter.) The reply that I gave to the hon. gentleman on the 19th ult. remains in force—namely, that the action of her Majesty's Government in the event of war breaking out will be decided, like all other questions of policy, by the circumstances of that particular time and the interests of this country. Her Majesty's Government have entered into no engagements fettering their liberty in that respect."

The declaration was followed by an admission that on the late visit of the German Emperor to England, conversations on the future of Europe might or must have taken place. This *addendum* cannot be taken as qualifying the substance; to which we now refer only for a limited pur-

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pose. From the rumors which have been afloat we deem it to be evident that the Triple Alliance is aware, on the one hand, of its ability to make war and to contend for the mastery, with high hopes of attaining it; but, on the other, of its inability to command the continuance of peace, should Russia and France join hands together for the determination of European problems as yet unsolved. The league of peace is, then, a solemn announcement, first, of the danger in which Europe stands; secondly, of the amount of force which will be arrayed on one of the two sides, in the event of war, should that war break out before the end of 1891; thirdly, of the anxiety of its heads to obtain additional strength, which is only to be had in a degree really available by the adhesion of England.

The general question is of such vast importance that no apology can be required for an attempt to arrive at a true and full appreciation of the positions of the several States; above all to ascertain whether the causes of danger are superficial and conventional, or substantial and even profound. And, in order to clear this question, it will be well first to draw the lines which appear to mark out the position of England, not according to the sense of this or that individual or group or party, but according to the dictates of her duty, honor, and interest, to which a great European war can never be wholly foreign.

It will hardly be contended that the British Empire has any such interest in continental war as to warrant its engaging itself by anticipation to take a part in it simply as continental war. It offers no immediate or probable prospect of danger to our shores, or to the Queen's possessions. Should it entail injury to our commerce, that would not furnish us with a legitimate cause of war. Should it be likely to threaten the balance of power in Europe, we have to inquire a little what is the nature and extent of our concern with the balance of power. It is easy to understand that if any Continental State were now to acquire the amount and kind of predominance which Napoleon had attained before his expedition to Moscow, such a state of things might drag England into war. But such a state of things may be taken as impossible. It was one thing to conquer or annex continental countries when many of the respective nations had little sense of interest in their institutions

or their independence, and when, consequently, war was an affair between government and government; and quite another to carry forward a similar enterprise when a spirit of nationality has been widely developed, and when, over a large part of Europe, the people are conscious that they themselves have largely to do with the making of the laws and institutions under which they live. Nor is it at all self-evident in whose interest or to whose detriment the balance of power would be injured by a proximate war, if at all. Those among us who speak most and loudest for maintaining the balance of power, commonly mean not its impartial maintenance, but its maintenance against France. Yet it seems as likely that the change would be to the prejudice of France as of Germany. There is not in truth the remotest shadow of an argument which, as matters now stand, would be likely to induce the British nation to enter into any engagement beforehand, however guarded by conditions, to take part at the outset of the apprehended European war, lest the balance of power should suffer harm.

There is indeed another source of danger, which is perhaps less remote, and which makes a more legitimate appeal to British feeling than the possible tyranny of some one of the Great Powers over the rest. It is something more than possible to conceive a corrupt arrangement between two or more of them to accommodate their differences by the spoliation or absorption of smaller Powers. Without inquiring what might happen in the Balkan Peninsula, it is very difficult to forget the famous Benedetti memorandum, which was distinctly aimed at the national existence of Belgium. There were indeed disputes as to the origin of that memorandum. It is, however, beyond dispute that it drew forth no repudiation, but slumbered quietly in its proper drawer until the moment arrived for using it as a telling weapon against Napoleon III. The best and purest part of the foreign policy of this country is that which has been directed to upholding the independence of the secondary Powers. It is among the virtues of England to cherish a ready indignation against the oppression of the weak; and a just cause for the intervention of England in the next great European struggle is perhaps as likely to proceed from this quarter as from any other. But this is a case to

be considered only when it makes its approach.

It seems, then, to be imperative upon this country to preserve intact and entire its liberty of action, its power and right to adapt its conduct to events. And the question arises whether, in this regard, we may now lay our heads upon our pillows with a sense of perfect security? The answer may possibly be found to lie between Yes and No. Let us explain.

In making his declaration on the 19th of August, in the name of Lord Salisbury and the present Administration, Sir James Fergusson used language which presents to us more than a single aspect. He stated that in the event of a war the action of the Government would be directed "by the circumstances of the particular time and the interests of this country." Nothing had been done to fetter their liberty in that respect. But he also sought to discredit the value of an article in a German newspaper, by pointing out that the article could have no authority, as it stated or implied "that the arrangements made with the Salisbury Government will be adhered to by their successors." Now the article was effectually extinguished by the affirmative statement that the Under-Secretary was empowered and was about to make. Why, then, this surplussage of confutation? And why a confutation impudently referring to a possible difference between the Salisbury Government and its unknown successors? Through this little rift in the Ministerial reply we seem to obtain a glimpse of what may be the true state of the case, and to be in a condition at once to account for the reassuring statement, and for the repeated resuscitations of the disquieting rumors that covenants existed which secured the intervention of England.

Notwithstanding the nauseating recollections associated with the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement (which, strange as it may seem, has never been laid before Parliament), we hold ourselves bound to accept, and we do accept without qualification, the declaration recently made, that there is no treaty, compact, or understanding between England on one side, and the Triple Alliance, or any of its members, on the other, which will bind a British Government as such to depart from neutrality in the event of a continental war. But how, then, to account for the tenacious vi-

talidity of the disturbing rumors, which could hardly have obtained so much of currency without a foundation of some kind? Well: let us suppose that the very brilliant statesman, who for the first time unites the functions of Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, should have held to the Triple Alliance, or some of its representatives, language to this effect: That the Government cannot foresee the circumstances, under which war may arise; that they cannot predetermine the action of Great Britain in circumstances not yet foreseen; that they must, therefore, leave it entirely free; but that a treaty or understanding between States is one thing, while the opinion of a Minister—or even a Cabinet—may be another. That in the opinion of Lord Salisbury and, as he believes, of his colleagues, if France were to make a war of revenge, or any war for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, it would be an unjust war, and a war so dangerous (possibly with some reference to our free use of the Mediterranean) that it would be the duty of this country to keep Italy safe by sea against any French attack threatening her in consequence of her having become a party to the Alliance. We cannot but conceive it possible that in some such strain of conversation as this may lie the reconciliation between the official statements, and the unaccredited but yet persistent and obtrusive rumors. And this is no far fetched supposition. For the announcement of the Government that there is no covenant is confined to a dry announcement of a fact. There has been no repudiation, no disavowal of the principle of committing this country, without the assent or knowledge of Parliament or of the people, to direct participation in a continental war of the nature which is so widely apprehended.

But though we may thus present conditionally the desired reconciliation, there are other difficulties from which we do not escape. Such an assurance as has been sketched is in the nature of a favor to Germany, an injury to France. Political favors are readily forgotten, but the memory of injuries is tenaciously retained. Further, may it not be said that to administer comfort of this kind to the Triple Alliance, and then to assure Parliament that the discretion of this country remains absolutely free, would be, in the homely phrase, sailing rather near the wind? For

supposing the case to occur while the present Cabinet is in office, it is at least evident that its members would not be absolutely free. And as we know, from the mouth of the Prime Minister, that they will not resign office unless compelled by a vote of want of confidence from the House of Commons, does it not appear that on the outbreak of the war they might at once, to maintain their honor, be caught within its vortex, and fastened down to their task, like slaves chained to the oar? In such a case, what value would attach to the assurance that no treaty or understanding subsists between Great Britain and the members of the Triple Alliance?

There are other objections to the course supposed to have been taken, of which two may here be named. In the first place, if any such declarations have been made, they ought not to remain a secret. We have a right to know what our Government, which is padlocked upon us by peculiar circumstances, would do in such an emergency. Germany, Austria, and Italy have combined in the face of day to act in a certain manner. If the gentlemen who now form the British Cabinet are personally bound, should they be in office, to share that action, they ought to be thus bound in the face of day, and ought not to skulk in the rear of the Alliance, carrying a dark lantern for their guidance. Publicity is in most continental States something of an exotic. But here, it is not only the growth of our soil, it is the breath of our nostrils.

Again: nothing in our view can be more preposterous than to suppose that England, having gone thus far, could plant her foot and refuse to go farther. A part from all other questions, who can doubt that before such a war as is supposed had lasted for a couple of years, perhaps before the expiration of a twelvemonth, two at the very least of the threefold, or rather fourfold, Alliance would thunder at our doors as applicants for pecuniary subsidies? And we should then have only the choice between the total breakdown of our policy, and, on the other hand, becoming again entangled in the least effectual, the least honorable, and the most odious of all the modes of carrying on war.

The prospect we have presented is not a cheering one. Participation in this league of peace means, be it observed, war

with half Europe, including our nearest neighbor: that nearest neighbor being the Power with which, during the last sixty years, we have had much more of close alliance than with any other continental State. It would be well if some extension could be given to the bland explanations of Sir James Fergusson. Failing, however, such comfort, we place some reliance on the evident desire of the continental Powers to postpone the settlement of the terrible account. We rely more largely on the evident march of opinion on domestic questions in this country which may, before the outbreak of a war, have secured to the nation a broader and deeper interpretation of the assurance vouchsafed by Lord Salisbury than Lord Salisbury himself may ever have dreamed of. But further: once or more than once, during the sway of Lord Beaconsfield, we have seen war averted by the vigorous action of opinion outside and against the Cabinet, and we deem it highly probable that the preventive process might, on a future occasion, be not less prompt, not less efficacious.

So much for the attitude and duty of England. Now let us make the round of the Five Powers; let us assume the two to be in mutual understanding, while the three are in formal alliance. And let us put to each of them in succession, with due deference and respect, the time-honored question, *que fais tu dans cette galère?*

Some among them will undoubtedly have a ready answer, supported by so much at least of reasoning as even parties in a controversy require each on his own side; not demonstration that he is right, but indications that he may be right, and may not unnaturally assume the right to be on his side. Such is the case certainly with Germany, perhaps also with France, in the face of the problem presented to them by the territory, now called a Reichsland, of Alsace-Lorraine.

An irreconcilable politician is commonly a personage easy enough to deal with. But an irreconcilable people is not: and smaller masses as well as greater are apt to have an opinion on the great question with whom they shall unite. It is indeed impossible to fix by definitions the action of centripetal and centrifugal forces in political societies. Their balances are determined by experience, which, stronger than decrees or speculations, has aggregated

Germany, France, and Italy into wholes, but has severed Belgium from Holland, Holstein from Denmark, in accordance, as it would seem, with natural laws. In an intermediate class of cases, the secret of harmony is found to lie in local self-rule, combined with some form of imperial control or influence, practically found sufficient to secure common action in common matters. Such are the cases of Austria with Hungary, Russia with Finland, Denmark with Iceland, Sweden with Norway. There remain the instances where the problem has not yet been solved. Poles and Irishmen await its solution, and a painful friction marks the interval of their suspense. Into which of these classes is Alsace-Lorraine ultimately to fall? Before 1870 it was more French than the average of France. Since 1870 it has been subjected to the full power of the German Empire, exercised for its transformation. Will Germany succeed, as France succeeded after her conquest of these territories, in establishing a union of affection with them? If she does, she will have complete moral as well as legal right on her side against the reorganized army of France, against her unforgotten traditions, and against her sorely wounded pride. But what if she should fail in this great and capital purpose, and should ultimately find herself to be holding them only by the hand of force?

It would be much to expect of Germany that she should regard this failure, when proved, as at once cancelling her moral title. She may urge that she did not assail them, or the France of which they were a part: that in a just war, which she was compelled to prosecute to extremities, she fairly conquered them: that her conquest was ratified by treaty: that it has not disturbed the European equilibrium. She may go farther, and may question whether they have a voice in the matter. She may say, a people may exercise an authoritative choice, but they are not a people. They are not even a unity. Alsace is not Lorraine, nor Lorraine Alsace. Neither the two jointly, nor each of them singly, have a strong historical tradition of their own, or have suffered a solution of any continuity except that of a union with France, which, though harmonious, had not acquired anything like a venerable antiquity. Can these fractional assemblages of human beings claim the supreme

right of self-disposal? Is not such a right limited by Nature and usage to communities having a certain magnitude, and having such marked features of their own, as to stamp them with the character of political units entitled to independent action?

Germany has a full right to assert that she did not either covet, or prosecute with levity or precipitancy, the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine. There is or was published in London a little known German newspaper, which on the eve of the war in July 1870, exhibited one of the usual placards of its contents, among which there were set forth in conspicuous characters the words *Sollen wir Elsass, oder sollen wir Rücksicht nehmen?* Shall we take Alsace, or shall we take counsel? Nor was it the fault of Germany that this sagacious warning remained without effect. The war forced upon her by France, and upon France by infatuation in high places, took its course. It is believed that to the last Prince Bismarck was averse to exacting the cession of Lorraine, and that he was overborne by military influences. It is a fact, known to have been stated on unimpeachable authority, that, at the period when he held his famous interview with Jules Favre, at Ferrières, he promised peace to France on the condition of ceding only Strasburg with its *banlieue*. Had that magnanimous offer been accepted, it is probable that we should have been spared all immediate occasion of conflict between Germany and France, for there would have been no European question depending on the fate of Alsace-Lorraine.

There is such a question at this moment. Those whom it concerns show a prudent and laudable desire to postpone the issue, but they constantly betray their consciousness of its existence. And it is a moderate assertion to say that according to the established codes of national action, Germany not only will defend, but has a strong presumptive title to defend, her possession of the annexed Reichsland of Alsace-Lorraine. Germany, then, has an easy answer as to the legitimacy of her place in the Triple Alliance. The question how far that moral title can be impaired in the course of time by the common sentiment of the provinces, is one hardly to be solved by the arguments of mere critics from a distance. But there is an aspect of the case which fairly comes within our cognizance. France, historically aware of

the identity of feeling between the inhabitants of the conquered provinces and the rest of her population before 1870, cannot be expected to do otherwise than believe in its persistency. No one seems able to predict with adequate grounds the result, or no-result, of the process, which the Germans from their vantage ground of authority are resolutely pressing forward. The measure for the enforcement of passports, to which the young Emperor clings with such tenacity, does not look like success. We cannot exclude the supposition that they possibly may fail. If the process be ineffectual, if the population of Alsace and Lorraine stretch out the hand of persistent supplication, and implore the ejected mother again to take them to her bosom, can she or will she refuse? Or can she so frame her ideas and policy from this time onward, as to shut out this contingency for all time from the eventualities which stand on the line of her political horizon? If she cannot, then she, too, has potentially a place in the *galère*, in any combination which may be formed to resist the Triple Alliance.

Nor is it difficult to see that strong, and, from their respective points of view, sufficient motives may tend to keep Austria in alliance with Germany, and to draw Russia into co-operation with France. Louis Napoleon projected alterations in the political map of Europe, which restricted Austria on her German and westward side, and gave her compensation in the East. And Lord Salisbury has hailed as good tidings for mankind the scheme which would bring Austrian power nearer to Constantinople, though he must know that many Austrians, perhaps the most and wisest, regard with aversion a policy which, by the re-enforcement of the Slavonic element, would disturb the delicate and critical balance of races and nationalities in that curiously constructed Empire. The supposed or real necessities of 1878 gave her at Berlin an extension of responsibility and power in that direction, by investing her with the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina. To this she seems gratuitously to have added a sort of sponsorship for the Government of Servia, which as has long been known to the instructed, and has now become palpable to the world through glaring facts, has been extremely unpalatable to the Servians. On the other hand, Russia, unless greatly

belied, has exhibited with less disguise her policy of intervention in Bulgarian concerns. The splendid service which she rendered to that people in 1877 was calculated to insure to her an immense moral influence, had she been content to rely on it. This is not the place to examine the particulars of her conduct. But it is the place to observe that both of these great Empires appear to regard the Balkan Peninsula as intended by Providence, not for independent enjoyment by its own inhabitants, but for the eventual aggrandizement of one of these Powers, and for a field of present rivalry between the two.

Whatever may be the merits of the contest between them, the overweight of Russia in the possession of advantages for waging it is immense. She has some sort and degree of hold upon the goodwill of the populations, through the remembrance of previous services. Austria has none. Russia would appear in the real or assumed character of a liberator. Austria could not. Of the two Empires hers is at once the more powerful and the more compact. The Southern Slavs are undoubted lovers of freedom, and have shown excellent capacity for using it. In this respect the institutions of Austria are, in a degree, nearer to their standard than the absolutism of Russia. But can these institutions be said to have made themselves at any juncture favorably felt in the foreign policy of Austria, and, if not, can this incidental trait form an appreciable weight in the scale? Another most serious drawback to Austrian influence with the Balkan populations is that marked hostility to everything Slavonic outside her own borders, which secured for Turkey the strong sympathies of the Magyars throughout the last great struggle. In the great particular of race, Austria has a very large Slavonic minority among her people, but nowhere and in nothing does their influence prevail against rival forces; while Russia is a genuinely and intensely Slavonic power. In the still greater particular of religion, though the spirit of the Southern Churches may not be identical with that which governs the Church and State system of the North, and the *cultus* carried down from Czar to Czar, yet the oneness of creed, of tradition, and substantially of rite, would of itself turn the scale against Austria, which is essentially a Roman or Romish power, and which seems unable to disso-

ciate its political predominance in Bosnia and Herzegovina from the spirit and the processes of a veiled proselytism.

There is another motive, more felt than spoken of, which deeply touches Russian action in the Levant. Two Powers may be said to share between them the coasts of the Euxine: Turkey and Russia. It is hardly conceivable that Russia, however destitute she may be of lawful title to the possession of Constantinople, should permanently acquiesce in that manufactured contrivance which, under the name of European law, imprisons her ships of war in the Black Sea, and absolutely denies them the only access which Nature has furnished for them through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

If this rivalry in the Balkan Peninsula undeniably exist, it constitutes an ample account of the motives which lead Austria to seek to strengthen herself, by association with her more robust Northern sister, against a military superiority to which are added on the side of her competitor so many elements of advantage. So far we may regret, but we cannot wonder at the divisions of continental Europe in its greater States.

But when we turn to the remaining name of Italy the case is reversed. For the four other Powers we find abounding circumstances, which, as they may severally hold, throw them into certain combinations or antagonisms. But none of these have the smallest application to Italy. Every maxim of policy, every suggestion of common sense, and the dictates of a necessity nothing less than trumpet-tongued, forbid to Italy all intermixture in Cisalpine antipathies or conflicts. It is best to be plain on these occasions. We will therefore not scruple to say that the appearance of Italy in the Triple Alliance is no better than a gigantic piece of political tomfoolery, which is so strange as to be grotesque, and which would even be comic if it were not ruinous. But there she is, and the fact of her presence is perhaps the most signal illustration ever yet afforded, in the political sphere, of the proverbial remark that fact is stranger than fiction.

When, by the greatest master-stroke of the last half-century, the illustrious Cavour sent 15,000 men to the Crimea, and thus secured for his country, at almost no cost

or risk, a contingent place among the Great Powers of Europe, a result was achieved which was nothing less than stupendous with reference to the means employed. Never was there such a case of good brickmaking without straw. Then, if ever, approached and arrived the time when Italian statesmen, in all politics beyond their own borders, should have taken for their motto "Rest and be thankful." Italy had to complete, through alliances astonishingly fortunate, the work of her own integration. Could she not rest content with successes which were of an astounding magnitude, and which were principally due not to herself, but to others? If she goes on to assume responsibilities that are not hers, and to court dangers that need never threaten her, for purposes which can only be those of selfish and thoughtless aggrandisement, her conduct is no wiser than that of some youngster at Monte Carlo, whose early winnings, by drawing him on to greater and yet greater risks, become the efficient cause of his final ruin.

By the provisions of Nature, Italy was marked out for a conservative force in Europe. As England is cut off by the Channel, so is Italy by the mountains, from the continental mass. There are even those who think that the Alps form the more effective demarcation of the two. If England, however, commits follies, they are the follies of a strong man who can afford to waste a portion of his resources without greatly affecting the sum total. She has paid off (a poor affair) two hundred millions of debt since the peace of 1815. Were she (which God forbid) again to raise her debt through war, say even from seven hundred millions to two thousand, she would still stand immeasurably better than she did at that epoch. She has a huge free margin, on which she might scrawl a long list of follies and even crimes, without damaging the letter-press. But where and what is the free margin in the case of Italy, a country which has contrived in less than a quarter of a century of peace, from the date of her restored independence, to treble (or something near it) the taxation of her people, to raise the charge of her debt to a point higher than that of England, and to arrive within one or two short paces of national bankruptcy?

The Italian people are as full of virtues as they are of charm. But Italian politics

are not wholly without defects ; and among these was noticeable, before Cavour put his strong hand to the helm, a tendency to the theatrical, which has reappeared of late years in enlarged dimensions. It is a fine thing, be it admitted, when politics are theatrically dealt with, to have upon paper an army of eight hundred thousand men ; to see unsurpassed iron men-of-war afloat in the Italian harbors, at from eight hundred thousand to a million sterling each ; to have Italy, which for so many ages knew nothing of Germany except from contact with her iron heel, landed in the German press ; to find the excellent King Humbert fêted (but not for his excellence) and bepraised ; and when Signor Crispi, travelling in his suite, has an interview with Prince Bismarck, to hear of the minutes or the hours during which "the two statesmen" were closeted together. But these are the arms of copper, which Italy receives in exchange for her arms of gold ; and it requires no cloaking to learn that the inclusion of Italy in any Cisalpine alliance, for or against France, or Germany, or anybody else, is a one-sided bargain, the triumph of the stronger over the weaker mind, and the harbinger of downfall or of woe.

All this, however, undoubtedly implies that Italy has no enemy on this side the Alps. By joining the Alliance she has taken a step which implies, on the contrary, that, in the judgment of her recent Governments, she has one enemy, and that that enemy is France. Sad as the avowal may be, it must be confessed that two nations may conceivably go to war as dog and cat go to war, with no greater cause, and with rather less title to respect. Nor is it easy to deny that in the surface-opinion of one or both countries there is plenty of animosity afloat, the scum is thick upon the face of the cauldron. There is not the least reason to believe that the independent mind, or that the popular masses, of either nation, share these got-up or official enmities. Traditional hatred between them there is none : for if the historic record of France toward Italy be not absolutely clear, at least it will bear favorable comparison with that of Austria, and of Germany, through its relations with Austria, prior to 1866. Italy sins against policy, and sins also against justice, if she moulds her policy into hostile forms toward any European State on the ground of

events which happened when her own Governments were the friends of the stranger, and used him for their evil purposes. Plainly she ought to recollect the great service rendered her in 1866 by Germany, and the yet greater service which she received from France in 1859 ; a service still greater than that of 1866, because he that breaks the first link of the captive's chains makes the most effectual contribution toward his complete and final freedom.

It may have been, and probably it was, a paltry measure on the part of Napoleon III. to exact from Italy a payment toward the liquidation of the charges incurred in the short war, best known in connection with the names of Magenta and Solferino. Savoy, indeed, could under no circumstances have been moved in freedom and harmony with a great Italian kingdom, but the exacted cession of Nice was a measure condemned by the liberal sentiment of Europe. These, however, are simply limited deductions from a debt of gratitude, which would otherwise have been immeasurable. They do not cancel the obligation itself, and they impart an evil taint to any course of action which proves that it has already been forgotten.

But the shining service of 1859, blazoned on the page of history, is not the only reason which makes the accession of Italy to the Triple Alliance a matter of mingled grief and marvel to those Englishmen, who felt strong and early sympathy with her upward and onward movement, and rejoiced in that happy spirit of co-operation between Italy and their own country, which is reasonably believed to have produced important and beneficial results at certain junctures of European policy. It is with an earnestness proportioned to the strength of their interest in Italy that they deprecate and denounce what seems to them, upon anxious consideration, a course of suicidal action. It is suicidal when it happens to be directed against France, but it would not have been a whit less irrational if it had Austria or Germany for its mark. Animosity, growing into hostility, without cause both just and of adequate magnitude, is a great sin. There is no such cause as between France and Italy. Sometimes we are told that France behaved ill to Italy in Tunis ; but Italy never would have set up political pretensions there, were it not for the prevalence of that theatrical spirit which seems

to have been the evil genius of some among her more recent statesmen. Sometimes it is complained that a section of French opinion is against her in the vital question of the temporal power. But that section is the very same which is in deadly hostility to the French Republic, and which ought to be counteracted by frankly cultivating the liberal sympathies of the French nation at large. Who can say that German or Austrian opinion will ultimately afford a firmer support to Italy in the Papal controversy, than the opinion of France?

It must not, however, be forgotten that the duty of Italy to avoid intermeddling in Cisalpine conflicts is dictated not more by political honor and consistency, than by the strictest and sternest laws of self-preservation. Italy is an united country, and she derives her title to national existence wholly and absolutely from the doctrines of popular will. She cannot honorably undertake engagements which might bind her to aid in suppressing anywhere popular will by military force. Should it happen that Alsace-Lorraine is found to remain incurably French in sentiment, that France, listening to her appeal, should at some future time enter into a struggle which, *ex hypothesi*, would be a war of liberation; and that Italy was found to act as a member of a military partnership for the purpose of stifling local freedom, even in an area so limited; then, whatever might be said of Germany and Austria, there would be recorded against Italy one of the gravest, one of the most shocking scandals in history. It is not, indeed, the object of these pages to incriminate the conduct of any Power, but equity seems to require the remark, since Italy is a liberal and popular State, that France has promoted the cause, or even fought the battle, of liberty on more than one occasion. She has promoted the emancipation of Greece, of Belgium, and of Spain, the self-government of the Lebanon, the Union of the Danubian Principalities; and some of us may now be sorry that she was prevented, in 1840, from advancing and elevating the status of Egypt. It would be difficult to draw up any similar record on behalf of the principal members of the Triple Alliance. If such is the state of the case on the side of honor, feeling, and consistency, what aspect does it present when we examine it on grounds of rational

calculation? Has she reason to suppose that France cherishes the evil intention of making war upon her? Or rather is it not plain, and beyond dispute, that France is in a condition, wealthy indeed and strong, and perhaps well equipped, but one in which she cannot afford to waste one jot or tittle of her resources? Now there is no mark of waste so gross and fatuous as to turn gratuitously into enemies those who might be friends. To ascribe to France in her present position hostile designs against Italy is to impute to her the extreme of wickedness combined with the extreme of folly. No doubt there may be found cases where such extremes have been combined; but rational calculation takes for its materials the usual forms of human motive, and the average of conduct, and not those exceptional and prodigious cases which may occur, as frolics of Nature, once in a generation or a century. And what are the internal conditions under which Italian statesmen are contemplating an enterprise, from which Don Quixote would have shrunk in dismay? They may be set forth intelligibly in very few words. First of all, it seems plain that a nation's infancy is not suited to the efforts which demand full maturity of strength. Italy is old in the civilization of her people, but young in political experience. The gristle has not yet hardened into bone. The noblest charger must needs break down, if he have to begin his campaigning as a colt. But there is unhappily the yet more commanding consideration that financial excesses have already brought about a premature decrepitude. In peace Italy already totters under a taxation truly afflictive. She has to lament the prevalence among her people of grinding though not universal distress. The inexorable figures of her public accounts demonstrate that all the resources, commonly husbanded for the extreme contingencies of war, have been already dissipated amid the serenity of perfect peace. The neglect and apathy of the older Governments, now happily displaced, left Italy under special and urgent necessities of internal development, which are in direct competition with the devouring demands of her military and naval establishments; that is to say, of her eccentric, and perhaps unexampled, foreign policy. And the Power that has calmly embraced this policy, which may be called one of dementia, is the very Power,

and the only Power, that carries folded in her own bosom a foe sufficiently formidable to make even such lessons of prudence, as might be optional for others, imperative upon her. Every enemy of Italy will know that she has to reckon a part of her population, doubtless a minor, but possibly a considerable and somewhat powerful part, who are the Pope's men first, and the King's men afterward; and that he can negotiate with a great personage seated in the Vatican, who has the disposal of the hearts, and at the critical time perhaps also of the hands, of what may prove to be a respectable fraction of Italians.

Surely the statesmen who, in a state of things whereof the aggregate is almost intolerable (and is worse each day than it was the day before), can employ themselves in creating dangers absolutely gratuitous, must be adepts such as the world has rarely seen in the art of shutting their eyes.

It may be said that, if this be a true picture of the case, then, in introducing the Italian people into the European concert, there has only been created a new obstacle to peace, instead of that fresh guarantee of stable equilibrium which impartial observers, forming their estimate from the great character and policy of Cavour, had desired and hoped from the erection of Italy into a great Power. But there is no warrant for saying that the policy of the more recent Governments had received its inspiration from the nation. The theory of self-government is a gain for mankind, but it is a long way, "a far cry," from the theory to the perfect practice. Even in this country, what multitudes of people give their votes according to the pressure not of what is greatest, but of what is nearest; just as, if your child has the scarlet fever, you are more impressed than by the news that five hundred people have been drowned by a flood in China.

A sleepless vigilance, an incessant activity, a large command and free expenditure of time, constitute the conditions which alone could enable the mass of a people to restrain all sectional forces and all partial tendencies, and to determine from point to point the fashion in which its own public interests are to be handled. This aggregate of silent influences upon the State is usually lodged in persons who have wealth, or station, or culture. All of these imply command of leisure, and the power

to make appropriations of time such as the multitude cannot from the pressure of their daily necessities afford. In contradistinction to the people, we may call these persons of influence the select. Having leisure, and, as a rule, not being pressed by daily toil or care for their subsistence, they have a free margin of time available for the constant supervision of political affairs, which, it must be observed, have in themselves great attractions for men of leisure and of easy circumstances. The nation, then, is divided into these two parts: the first, inferior in force when directly pitted against the other; the second superior in force, but requiring to be roused and drawn away from standing, and more or less imperative, avocations, in order to bring its force to bear. On the few occasions when the facts are palpable and salient, motive is proximate and urgent, and the atmosphere well warmed, the people, being awakened, will have their own way. But as to that large proportion of affairs which is either unimportant, or without salient and telling interest, or recedite, or with issues hidden from view, down to the present day all these affairs, which constitute the vast majority, have in all European countries been mainly in the hands and under the management of the leisured classes. And all this manifestly applies in a particular degree to what are regarded departmentally as foreign affairs, of which not one but all are of necessity remote from the eye, and which are for the most part only apprehended by a nation when remedies for error are too late, and procrastination is followed, and its evil results often aggravated, by precipitancy.

It is difficult, with the imperfect means we possess, to say positively that the Italian Government does not in this grave matter represent the people. Yet the signs, as far as they go, suggest that conclusion. Within no long period, unless we are mistaken, University students (who are the warmest of patriots) have made vigorous demonstrations in this sense. The voice of what may be termed the literary portion of the press has sounded in many quarters to the same effect. For example, in this very month, an emphatic denunciation of the policy has proceeded from the Marchese Alfieri di Sostegno.* No manifesta-

* *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1889: "Italy Drifting."

tion of individual opinion in that country could possibly carry greater weight than the *Pensieri* of Iacini,* one of the few Italians still surviving who have received the lessons of experience in all the stages of the great revolution of the Peninsula, and who are qualified to point the moral that they teach.

How different might and should have been the prospects of Italy ! Her people have imbibed the sentiments of nationality with a rapidity and a thoroughness beyond the highest expectations of their friends. Self-government at many points on the surface of the country vindicates itself, in despite of the enormous taxation, by material and by social developments. All the hazards of a tremendous transition have been faced, with a complete success. The King and the Queen reign in the hearts as well as over the bodies of their subjects. It would be very difficult for either the Pope or the clergy (many of whom are believed to be liberal) to make out a case of practical grievance under the existing system. The party of reaction never can be formidable to a country which has no enemies, and no serious

ground of quarrel with any State or nation in the world, unless she herself chooses spontaneously to sow the dragon's teeth from which the hostile army are to spring. Italy by Nature stands in alliance neither with anarchy nor with Caesarism, but with the cause and the advocates of rational liberty and progress throughout Europe. Never had a nation greater advantages from soil and climate, from the talents and dispositions of the people ; never was there a more smiling prospect (if we may fall back upon the graceful fiction) from the Alpine tops, even down to the Sicilian promontories, than that which for the moment has been darkly blurred. It is the heart's desire of those, who are not indeed her teachers but her friends, that she may rouse herself to dispel once and forever the evil dream of what is not so much ambition as affectation, may acknowledge the true conditions under which she lives, and it perhaps may not be yet too late for her to disappoint the malevolent hopes of the foes of freedom, and to fulfil every bright and glowing prediction which its votaries have ever uttered on her behalf. —*Contemporary Review*.

THE CITY OF LHÁSA.

BY GRAHAM SANDBERG.

It seems strange that at this advanced period in the world's history there should still remain any city of importance which has never yet been visited by any European now living. Nevertheless the huge city of Lhása, the capital of Tibet, the Rome of the vast family of Northern Buddhists, occupies at the present day that unique position. Three only, or, at the most, four, natives of Europe during the past hundred years have managed to reach the confines of the mysterious metropolis. It is already forty-five years since the two last of these adventurous heroes, the French missionaries Huc and Gabet, made their residence of six weeks, and were then expelled from the Grand Lama's stronghold. Twenty-five years have elapsed since the Abbé Huc, the survivor, died, after giving to the world his charming series of volumes

concerning Tibet, Mongolia, and China. In the meantime many Indian sportsmen have boasted in recent years of having "entered Tibet ;" but on cross-examination it is always made evident that they have not penetrated at the furthest a dozen miles beyond the actual frontier-line of Tibet proper, even at the Ladak side of the country. As to reaching Lhása itself, neither Englishman, Frenchman, nor Russian has in our own time advanced to within 200 miles of that coveted goal. Alas ! that the dauntless traveller Pryevalski should have been cut off, the dream of his life unrealized. However, although no European now existent has ever been even near to the forbidden city, yet it is equally strange that the topography, defences, and general features of Lhása, as she stands at the present day, are tolerably familiar to several English officials in India. The very names of the streets are recorded ; while two independently-drawn

* "*Pensieri sulla politica Italiana.*" Firenze: Civelli. 1889.

plans of the city are now in the hands of the Government ; or *were* in its hands, for it is whispered that one—the most correct—has been lost !

We have been enabled to procure by degrees this recent and accurate account of the greater portion of Tibet by a somewhat ingenious machinery. At Darjiling there has been established an institution known as the Bhutia School, where certain lads of the Sikkim clan of Tibetans are clothed and educated at the Government expense. English is taught them by a Bengali master, and Tibetan by a resident lama. From these a few of the more promising are drafted elsewhere, to be trained in surveying and the use of observing instruments ; and ultimately, if they seem discreet and of the proper metal, they are despatched as secret explorers beyond the Himalayas. It is from the private reports and observations of these trained emissaries that at length a fair half of the inhabited parts of Tibet has been described and mapped out with some degree of minuteness. The explorers, from their thorough knowledge of the language and manners of the people, usually succeed in deceiving the Tibetan guards stationed at every accessible pass along the frontier line. As the authorities have long ago become aware of our tactics, when within the forbidden land, the utmost guile is still essential. But our agents are true masters of craft. Observing instruments and diaries can be hidden in the cylinders of their prayer-wheels, and detection is rarely their lot. Thus, A. K. resided for a whole year in Lhásá ; and by the help of his Buddhist rosary measured nearly every street in the place. Again, through the observations of N. S., M. H., and L., the dimensions of lakes, heights of mountains, and the latitude and longitude of numerous fortresses and towns, have been accurately determined and recorded.

But the most remarkable exploring adventure of all remains to be mentioned. This was a secret enterprise under the auspices of the Indian Government ; but it was the performance, not of one of the trained spies who are of Tibetan extraction, but of a Bengali, one Sarat Chandra Dás. This gentleman was at one time headmaster of the Darjiling Bhutia school ; and there he was seized with a perfect mania for the study of the Tibetan language and literature. His learning and

general abilities soon attracted Government notice. Though a Bengali by birth and education, he acquired a marvellous acquaintance with colloquial Tibetan, which differs greatly from the literary language. Accordingly he was taken into special Government employment ; and, although holding, as he still does, the nominal office of Inspector of Schools, has been constituted ever since a confidential referee in all technical matters relating to Tibet. In the year 1881 Sarat Chandra Dás offered to undertake a secret journey to Lhásá in the disguise of a Tibetan lama. He had already accomplished an expedition of this kind, wherein he had managed to reach Tashi-lhumpo, the second capital of Tibet. Having been furnished by Government with money, and with various costly presents to reward any great Tibetan officials who might befriend him, he set out from Darjiling, on our side of the Himalayas, one dark night in November, 1881. He was accompanied by a Sikkim lama of the Red Cap Buddhist school, one Lama U-gyen Gyats'ho, a resident at Darjiling. The pair had to leave Darjiling and traverse even the quasi-friendly state of Sikkim with the utmost secrecy ; otherwise information would have reached the Tibetan frontier before them in the magical manner it always does, and the travellers would have been inevitably stopped. They entered Tibet *via* Nipal over the dangerous Kanglachhen Pass, 17,000 feet high ; and, after the most arduous and surprising adventures, and after visiting many places and monasteries hitherto undescribed, Babu Sarat Chandra Dás at length saw before him the glittering domes of the mysterious Lhásá. They resided in Lhásá not longer than two weeks, but he seems to have made good use of that time in visiting everything that was notable, even obtaining an interview with the Grand Lama. His return journey occupied six months ; and he did not reach Darjiling until the 27th of December, 1882. The narrative of his travels is really most fascinating reading. It was written in the outward form of a confidential report to Government, but has been only privately printed and is not allowed to be made public. If published we believe it would prove one of the most delightful books of travel ever written. Its simple narrative style—most creditable to a Bengali—is relieved by the introduction, every few pages,

of Tibetan legendary lore of a very interesting kind. The suppression of this narration seems somewhat of an injustice to the worthy Babu's reputation.

Notwithstanding governmental secrecy—both that which is necessary, and that which seems unnecessary—it has been the good fortune of the writer of this paper, not only to inspect copies of the native explorers' reports, but also to read the narrative communicated by Chandra Dás. The information thus derived has been, further, supplemented by interviews with the leading natives who have visited Tibet. With such trustworthy materials in his hands and head, the writer feels himself justified in presenting to the curious a new description of the city of Lhásá, its buildings and its inhabitants.

After crossing the magnificent valley of the Yaru Tsang-po, the great west-to-east river which traverses Tibet for a length of 500 miles, you find yourself again in the meshes of a network of ravines and radiating mountain ranges. But, down into the Tsang-po from the north-east, making for itself a narrow valley amid this rocky region, there runs a lesser stream known as the Kyi Chhu, or River of Happiness, which strikes the main river in longitude $90^{\circ} 42'$. Some forty-five miles up this branch stream, where the narrow valley has widened out into a broad and fertile plain, with the mountains frowning in wondrous embattlements to the north and north-west and north-east of it, has been built the capital of Tibet. Lhá-sá, or in English "the Seat of the Gods," is well situated in this verdant flowery plain. You see its domes overlaid with gilding, glittering from afar. To the north-west, just outside the city proper, rises the abrupt conical hill known as Potala; and terraced on this hill stand temples and palaces and chhortens in a curious jumble. Turn your eyes eagerly toward those tiers upon tiers of buildings which tower up yon mount; for, encaged within one of them, is most certainly to be found the central object of veneration in the Buddhist world, the Dalai Lama of Tibet! And look straight ahead of you, as you ride due east along the main road to the sacred city; and, lo! there is seen another lofty mound crowned with domed palaces. That is Chokpoi Ri, whereon stands the Waidurya Ta-ts'ang ("Lapis-lazuli school"), the medical University of

Tibet, where 300 students are being constantly trained for the profession.

But we are still five miles from our goal; and this plain which surrounds Lhá-sá deserves further attention. Its elevation above sea-level is 11,600 feet or so; but even that height allows it to be a valley compared with the altitudes we have just been traversing—quite 14,000 feet, with here and there a shoulder ascending to over 16,000 feet. The plain over which we are riding is a wonderfully fruitful one. It is skirted on the south by the Kyi river, and is watered, moreover, by another smaller stream from the north, the Toi-lung, which flows into the Kyi, just where we are, some five miles west of Lhá-sá. All this land is carefully irrigated by means of dikes and cross channels from both rivers. Fields of buckwheat, barley, pea, rape, and linseed lie in orderly series everywhere. The meadows near the water display the richest emerald-green pasturage. Groves of poplar and willow, in shapely clumps, combine with the grassy stretches to give in places a park-like appearance to the scene. Several hamlets and villages, such as Cheri, Daru, and Shing Dongkhar, are dotted over these lands. A fertile plain truly for a besieging army!

Presently we come to a region of suburban character. Large and small houses—shall we call them "villas?"—seated in gardens and flanked by orchards, the homes to which the non-ecclesiastical gentry of Lhá-sá retreat after business hours. Immediately outside the city are several groves and parks. A large and beautiful park, the Norpu Linga ("Grove of Precious Gems"), abuts at the south-west quarter. The river flows due east and west near the city, keeping an average distance of a mile from its southern boundary. Here lies a marshy flat of sand-banks and dikes, over which the Kyi is constantly encroaching; and canals and embankments have been made to save Lhá-sá from submersion.

And now you are about to enter the magic city herself. She is famous for her gilded domes and gold-plated spires; and as you approach the gates, the morning sun flashes in quite a splendid manner from the burnished ganjiras of the Ramo-chhe and Cho-khang temples, and is glinted back, as from a hundred heliographs, from the golden domes high up on the Potala

hill to your left. You enter Lhásá from the west by the Pargo Kaling gate. You find yourself at once in a broad roadway, with trees planted boulevard-wise on either side, green in foliage in spite of their decrepit trunks. The houses which line the road are lofty and whitewashed, roofed in a very pretty fashion with Chinese tiles, glazed and blue. Every house has long, narrow, perpendicular windows, the window-ledge fringed below with colored strips of cloth; and every house has a turret; and from turret to turret across the road are stretched ropes strung with bits of painted cloth in true Buddhist fashion. This first portion of the town is called Bana Shol and is not considered to be Lhásá proper, but the lay town or suddar bazaar of the schools and monastery buildings in Potala. But here you approach the inner gate of the city—the entrance, as it were, to the Kremlin of Lhásá. You cross a little stone bridge known as the Yu-t'ok Sampa (or "Upper Turquoise Bridge") and stand beneath a massive gateway. Now indeed you will have small chance of escaping detection if you are at all a suspicious-looking character. Guards are stationed at this gate to interrogate all new-comers or unknown persons. Once over the bridge and through the archway, the glazed-roofed houses and trees disappear. You are in a street of shops; many of which, it is apparent, are kept by Chinamen. This is a pastry-cook's. It is a much more inviting establishment than an Indian confectioner's would be. Very low, cushioned seats, six inches or so in height, are ranged round a room within; and here the Chinaman's Tibetan wife will place a ridiculous little doll's table beside you. On this she sets a cup and a *shaluk*, or slop-basin. She next brings a *chambin*, or tea-pot, and thence pours forth a steaming jorum of Tibetan tea—a mess of tea and butter and salt, all churned up together into a seething and not unpleasant decoction. With the tea—or *sol-chá*, as the woman terms it, using the respectful designation for the beverage—you may have sweet twisted biscuits, made of sugar and egg; or a bowl of barley-meal to make into huge soft dough-balls in your tea. Other dainties are *bre-sil*, or hot buttered boiled rice, served with sugar and dried apricots; *mok-mo*, or balls of finely-chopped meat cooked in a thin crust of pastry; *gyá-t'uk*, or Chinese broth, which is made

from a sort of portable soup-compound of egg and flour and minced mutton, and can be bought in solid form and carried about with you; and *p'ing-shá* or meat-curry. If you wish for comestibles less *recherché* you can go into the neighboring Sá-khang or Tibetan restaurant and have the more vulgar *p'ák-t'uk* or barley-gruel, yak-beef, dried or fresh, boiled mutton, minced radishes, and dried mutton with barley-flour dumplings. Thick dried curds, or *sol-sho*, are always to be had here. Most customers, it should be remarked, produce from among the filthy rags within the bosom of their cloaks their own *p'orpa*, or basin-cups, and will take tea, soup, minced radishes, and gruel successively from it without any cleansing of the vessel in between. Yak-beef is the favorite meat; for Tibetans have no Hindu prejudices. The prices at the Sá-khang are low: a *khá* (1½d.) or at most a *korma* (2½d.); while two *tanka* (1s. 3d.) will feed a large party sumptuously.

Other shops in the street are carpet and rug stores, cup and bowl stores, tea-brick sellers, silversmiths, second-hand clothes dealers' emporiums—the latter most evil-smelling dens. In front of every shop stands a pedestal of dried clay, shaped at the top into a bulbous tapering structure, like a miniature Burmese pagoda. In the hollow top incense is burned to propitiate the many terrific deities in the Tibetan Buddhist calendar. Many of the shops in Lhásá are kept by Nipalese merchants, who are all good Buddhists; but their premises will not be found in this first street, the Nipalese shops standing in fine array in the T'omse Gang, the great open space in front of the Chokhang, or principal temple in Lhásá, which lies at the eastern end of the street we are traversing. The Kashmiri tradesmen are Mussulmans, and are tolerated in this stronghold of Buddhism for their mercantile talents. These latter are styled contemptuously "La lo," and are suffered to have a mosque, known as the Khá-chhe Lha-khang ("Kashmir god-house"), outside the city.

But it is high time to notice the living beings in these thoroughfares. Gendun-pa, or clergy, of every degree swarm in greater plenty even than do ecclesiastics in Malta. Here are ge-nyen and lamas and déwas (theological students), and now and then a great *khembo*, or incarnate abbot. Riding on sorry ponies along the lanes and

streets are continually to be met fresh arrivals from every district in Tibet. These are orthodox lamas from Tashi-lhumpo, draped in ample yellow robes, and each wearing a coarse piece of red silk on the crown of the head. Those others are Ladáki travellers just arrived from Lé, 600 miles away; they are clad in rough and dirty sheepskins. Now comes a Palpo merchant from Kho bom, the capital of Nipal; he on a pony, and his servants stalking ahead of him, the first of them carrying over his shoulder a long lance, from which flutters a red streamer. These wild-looking tall men, with unkempt locks, are pilgrims from Khams on the Chinese border. They are born highwaymen and robbers, but are Buddhists of the fiercest sincerity, and are noted for their savage fidelity if you happen to lay them under a personal obligation. Heavy big-faced Mongol Tartars are also to be seen, but they usually arrive at a particular season of the year in one large body by caravans from Urga, Sachu, and Kokonur. New-comers are remarked upon in the most free and easy manner by the loungers in the streets; and, whenever the opportunity of a pause in their progress occurs, are generally accosted and cross-examined by the curious. Each nationality has its own common lodging house, often large rambling buildings in filthy by-lanes. The more important visitors are housed in the monasteries or in the town mansions of the nobility. What we wish to lay stress on is this incessant influx and departure of visitors in the sacred city. The traversers of the streets on ordinary days are mainly of this class, more especially when some important festival or grand function is approaching.

A point to be noticed here is the freedom with which women of all grades go about from place to place; in the shops, in the streets, in the vaulted entries which give access to every dwelling-house. The Tibetan female is an independent and buxom dame, very unlike her Hindu sister across the border. Her frame is well-knit and sturdy; she can carry any weight you like on her back. Moreover there is a jollity about her smile and general deportment which would be very engaging if she made herself a little better acquainted with the wash bowl. Though she rarely uses water for ablutionary purposes, the black stains which cover the

Tibetan woman's face are not due to dirt. It is a custom, said to be founded on a strict law enacted 200 years ago, for all the adult females to stain their faces with blotches of a black dye styled *tui ja*. This disfigurement, which originally was ordered for the purpose of subduing the natural attractiveness of the female face to the other sex, forms almost a complete disguise to the countenance. In reality a Tibetan girl's face is most comely and pretty. Before the blackening process, her cheeks are as picturesquely ruddy as any Scotch lassie's; and, as the pigment wears off, the ripe wall-fruit glow which the keen mountain air insists on producing is continually to be seen overcoming the sooty patches. Higher-class Tibetan women frequently traverse the streets of Lhasá on small white horses, seated astride the animal's back. They generally have intellectual faces, and are often in truth highly educated and learned. Every better-class female in the streets of Lhasá wears a head-dress called a *pá-tuk*, not unlike an old-fashioned English travelling-cap with long, turned-down ear-flaps. This is often studded with turquoise and pieces of coral; sometimes, in the case of the wife of a State councillor (Kálon), with emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Its use is very ancient. Another characteristic part of the women's dress is the bib or breast-cover, styled *pangden*.

However, it is as the head centre of northern Buddhism—as the Rome of the Buddhists of China, Mongolia, and Siberia—that this wondrous city of Lhasá ought chiefly to be viewed. The whole place, at least ostensibly, is given up wholly to religion and to nothing else. Not within the city walls but outside it, flanking and supporting it, as it were with moral buttresses, stand the great props and foundations of its religious life. The mighty monasteries,* all of historic lineage, where the majority of lamas are trained, have been erected a few miles distant from this centre. Approaching Lhasá from the west, five miles from the city gate, we passed within a mile of the famous Dairung monastery, which stands upon a commanding hill. It is one of the three great Gelukpa foundations containing four rich-

* As a specimen of the inaccuracy of published information concerning Tibet, we read in a recent edition of the *Popular Encyclopedia*: "At Lhasá alone are 3,000 monasteries!" The real number in this city and its suburbs is 16.

ly endowed schools (ta-ts'ang) for the study of philosophical Buddhism, and giving shelter and training to 7,000 monks and students at once. Two miles to the north of Lhása is Sera monastery, stated to harbor 5,000 *gendunpa*. Again, some twenty-five miles north-east of the city, built on the Wangkhor hill, is the renowned Galdan Lamasary founded by Tsongkhapa himself, the abbot of which ranks ecclesiastically next after the Grand or Dalai Lama. The number of inmates here is 3,200. The heads of these monasteries are all Khempoes, and are held to have within their bodies the transmigrated spirits of various historic personages, who were themselves each the incarnation of some deity or Bodhisattva. The Dai-pung monks are notorious for getting up frays and orgies in the city, and murders are continually being laid to their charge; on the other hand many are well-read Sanskrit scholars, deeply versed in Tantrik lore. But the pivot round which the whole system of Tibetan Buddhism revolves, resides not in the huge lamasaries, but beneath those gilded domes upon the Potala hill, just immediately without the sacred city. We refer to

THE GRAND LAMA OF LHÁSA.

Every Tibetan or Mongolian with any ambition in his soul lives in hope of being one day permitted to see the Kyap gon,* the Ocean of Wisdom, the Vice regent of Buddha upon earth, the Incarnation of the Blessed Eleven faced Chenráisi, known to Mongols and Chinese as the Dalai Lama, and to Englishmen as the Grand Lama of Lhása. This unutterable being is nominally temporal monarch of all Tibet and apiritual monarch of all Buddhahood; above the Panchhen Lama of Tashilhumpo and above the Khutuktu of Urga. The special protector of Tibet in the Buddhist heavens is held to be the Dhyani Bodhisattwa Chenráisi. He is not considered to have attained unto full Buddhahood, but has voluntarily permitted himself to continue in successive incarnations upon earth in order to extend the blessings of Nirvana to all mortal beings. He is held to be incarnate in the successive Dalai Lamas of Lhása. Whenever a Dalai Lama dies (not

that his death is ever admitted as a possibility in Buddhist circles) the *karma* or psychic essence of the blessed Chenráisi will reappear within a year in some unknown infant whose identity is discovered by certain prescribed magical methods. Until each new Dalai Lama reaches the age of eighteen, his temporal authority is wielded by the Desi or Regent of Tibet. By a singular monotony of events—or shall we say plainly by the rascality of the Regent—during the past sixty years not one of these poor youths, clothed in this mockery of power and holiness, has been suffered to survive his eighteenth birthday! Thus the kingship of the Dalai Lama has become in recent years nothing but a name; the sceptre being continuously wielded by his villainous guardian who (under Chinese pressure) scruples not to poison the rightful occupant of the throne. The name of the present Grand Lama of Lhása is Ngag Dbang Blo Bzang Thubldan Rgya-mtsho (pronounced “Ngak Wang Lobsang T’up-den Gya-ts’o”), and he was “discovered” in the year 1875, being then one year old. His age now (1889) is therefore fifteen years; and if the present Regent is as big a rascal as his two predecessors, the time of the poor youth’s continuance in deified splendor upon earth is now drawing very short. He who went immediately before him, the Grand Lama P’rin Las Rgya-mtsho, who died at the age of eighteen in the year 1874, lies beneath a vast tomb plated with thin sheets of gold on the Potala Hill. Sarat Chandra Dás was allowed to see the youth who still so pathetically sits as joint god and king of many million human beings. He says:—

We were seated on rugs spread in about eight rows, my seat being in the third row, at a distance of about ten feet from the Grand Lama’s throne, and a little to his left. There was perfect silence in the grand hall. The state officials walked from left to right with serene gravity, as becoming their exalted rank in the presence of the Supreme Vice-regent of Buddha on earth. The carrier of the incense-bowl (suspended by three golden chains), the Head Steward who carried the royal golden teapot, and other domestic officials then came into his holiness’s presence, standing there motionless as pictures, fixing their eyes, as it were, on the tips of their respective noses. The great altar, resembling an oriental throne pillared on lions of carved wood, was covered with costly silk scarfs; and on this his holiness, a child of eight, was seated. A yellow mitre covered the child’s head, his person

* Kyap-gon, or “the protector,” is the familiar title given by the populace to the Grand Lama, but his official Tibetan name is Gya-ts’o Rimpo-chhe.

was robed in a yellow mantle; and he sat cross-legged, with the palms of his hands joined together to bless us. In my turn I received his holiness's benediction and surveyed his divine face. I wanted to linger a few seconds in the sacred presence, but was not allowed to do so, others displacing me by pushing me gently. The princely child possessed a really bright and fair complexion, with rosy cheeks. His eyes were large and penetrating. The cut of his face was remarkably Aryan, though somewhat marred by the obliquity of his eyes. The thinness of his person was probably owing to the fatigues of the ceremonies of the court, of his religious duties, and of ascetic observances to which he had been subjected since taking the vows of monkhood. . . . When all were seated after receiving benediction, the Head Steward poured tea into his holiness's golden cup from the golden teapot. Four assistant servers poured tea into the cups of the audience. Before the Grand Lama lifted his cup to his lips a grace was solemnly chanted. Without even stirring the air by the movements of our limbs or our clothes, we slowly lifted our cups to our lips and drank the tea, which was of delicious flavor. Thereafter the Head Butler placed a golden dish full of rice in front of his holiness, which he only touched; and its contents were then distributed. I obtained a handful of this consecrated rice, which I carefully tied in one corner of my handkerchief. After grace had been said, the holy child, in a low indistinct voice, chanted a hymn, which I understood to be a blessing for the translation of the soul of the late head of the Meru monastery, in whose honor we were assembled, to the mansion of Devachen. Then a venerable gentleman rose from the middle of the first row of seats, and addressing the Grand Lama as the Lord Chenráisi Incarnate, recited the many deeds of mercy which that patron saint of Tibet had vouchsafed toward its benighted people. At the conclusion he thrice prostrated himself before his holiness, when a solemn pause followed; after which the audience rose, and the Grand Lama retired.

The buildings on Potala are most extensive, and form a perfect labyrinth, piled, in the most extraordinary grouping, up the steep face of the hill. The entire hill, in fact, is covered with towering palaces, and halls, and temple-like structures surmounted by domes and spires; leading by passages and by ladders the one into the other. A large cloistered building at the base of the ascent is the Namgyal Taktang, which is the monastery to which the Grand Lama is especially accredited in his character of monk. At the eastern gateway of Potala is a long hall into which one can ride, ending with flights of long steps, up which you also ride until you reach a landing where stands a monolith known as the Doring Nangma. From

thence you ascend by means of long wooden ladders; when you gain the ground floor of the famous Red Palace, a structure which rises to an elevation of nine stories above the height you have already reached. The tombs of the Grand Lamas, the Dodpal Mint, and the Tse Lobta, a superior school for lads destined to the monastic life, are among the erections on the hill. The Grand Lama, it should be understood, does not always reside on Potala. He sometimes retires for change to the Norpu Linga park, on the south-western skirts of Lhásá. Here there is a palace for his accommodation.

THE RAMO CHHE TEMPLE.

A road known as the Lingkhör Road circles completely round Lhásá. Every pilgrim to the city on arrival should, as a religious duty, circumambulate the whole place by means of this road, carefully keeping his right side turned toward the centre of the city. Potala Hill faces the Lingkhör Road; and proceeding eastward from the sacred gates, in a little over a mile, you come to the gateway of the venerable shrine known as Ramo Chhe. It was built more than 1,200 years ago, by the Chinese wife of king Strong-tsan Gampo; and a crystal palace of Lu, or serpent-gods, is believed by the vulgar to exist beneath its foundations, and the temple was erected to counteract their evil influence. A very ancient image of Dolma, carved in turquoise, and another of a former Buddha Mikyo Dorje, are the principal objects of veneration here, in addition to the tombs of the famous king and his Chinese wife, who are alleged to have been buried in this shrine. Several extraordinary effigies in precious materials of Khadoma or witches, often referred to by the poet Milaráipa, are noticeable. The temple is three stories high, and bears an ancient Chinese inscription on the façade.

THE CHO-KHANG.

This temple is, as it were, the cathedral of Lhásá. Its fame has spread everywhere throughout Central Asia, and it is the first point to which the new-comer hurries. It is situated in the very centre of the city, in the great square at the head of the main thoroughfare from Yu-t'ok Sampa. Circumnambulation of shrines, propitiating malignant deities, and revolving the *khörlo*, or prayer-wheel in which

the invocations to Chenráisi are enclosed,* comprise nearly all the duties charged on the ordinary non-philosophical Buddhist. To these may be added the visiting of holy places on great festival-days to make salutation to the various deities set up therein. This ceremony is styled *khhoi-jal*; and the person who performs it goes to the shrine armed with a bundle of incense-sticks and a pot of butter, with perhaps some presentation scarfs. He shows his respect for the different sacred beings represented by depositing lumps of his butter in the lamp-bowl of liquid grease which stands with floating wick burning in front of each; while the scarfs are presented to the deities just as they would be in Tibet on a visit of ceremony to honored friends.

The Cho-khang is a favorite resort for making *khhoi-jal*; for no such marvellous collection of deities, unique effigies, and holy relics exists anywhere else save there in this ganglion of halls and chapels. You enter the buildings through a mean-looking colonnade, and find yourself immediately in the presence of the chief attraction of the place—a life-size figure of Buddha, profusely gilded with thick gold, and jewelled with costly gems. It is very ancient and held to be unique, in that it represents the Buddha as he appeared when only twelve years old. Everybody makes the profoundest prostrations to this image, and it is spoken of as Cho-wo Rimpo-chhe, "the most precious master" and the "Lord Buddha," as if it were a still living being present in the flesh. A marvellous image of the Eleven-faced Chenráisi, in one of the side-chapels, is the next most important effigy. And then comes a life-sized statue of the reformer Tsong-khapa set up in a chamber with iron gratings to prevent you from entering. Other curiosities are the stone slab on which king Srong-tsan Gampo and his two chief wives used to sit and bathe; some frescoes on the wall alleged to have been painted with the blood which oozed from that same king's nose; images of the seven past Buddhas; and a strange lump of rock which is believed to prevent the Kyi river from washing away Lhásá. But, in addition, the various chapels are filled with innumerable figures of Buddhas, gods, god-

desses, and saints; some are in solid silver, others of bronze, others of sandal-wood. Paldan Lha-mo (a goddess) is represented by one of the most grotesquely terrific figures imaginable, with a face so horrible that it is always kept veiled. The king of the serpent-gods and Tamdin are also savage-looking ogres. One peculiarity of this vast labyrinth of shrines is the herds of mice to be seen running about everywhere, even when the place is thronged by hundreds of people tramping in solemn circumambulation round each important effigy. These mice are said to hold the transmigrated souls of deceased lamas, and are never molested.

In the great courtyard of this temple are ranged some curious statues of men famous in the history of Tibet, and who are considered still capable of affording help and protection when invoked. One of these statues represents T'ang-tong Gyal-po, celebrated for having (circa 1420 A.D.) built eight chain bridges over the Yaru Tsang-po, which still survive. Of this public-spirited character, the *ku-nyer*, or image keeper of the Cho-khang, relates a quaint story. T'ang-tong, it seems, feared the miseries of this world very much, having inhabited it in former existences. Accordingly he managed to remain this time, before birth, sixty years in his mother's womb. There he sat in profound meditation, concentrating his mind most earnestly on the well-being of all living creatures. At the end of sixty years he began to realize that, while meditating for the good of others, he was neglecting the rather prolonged sufferings of his mother. He forthwith quitted the womb, and came into the world already provided with gray hair. Just after birth he made the profoundest salutations to his mother, whom he thus addressed: "Mother, pardon me for all your sad hours; but I was exceedingly comfortable during my long stay within you." After adding that there exist no such comfortable quarters for residence in this world as those he had just quitted, he sat down cross-legged, absorbed in meditation. People were at once struck with the beauty of his skin, like that of an infant, in spite of his gray hairs, and with the fragrance he exuded, which was that of the lotus. He remained thus seven days, during which time his body grew to the stature of a youth. Still sitting cross-legged another week, he

* The prayer-wheel contains the sentence *Om mani padme hum* repeated several hundred times. This is an invocation not to Buddha but Chenráisi.

attained the size of a man. He then at length got up, put clothes on, and began to lecture on the sacred literature of the Buddhists.

OTHER ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS

in Lhásá are the four great monastic establishments known as the Four Lings. These monasteries might be termed "peculiar," having exempt jurisdiction and other privileges, while their revenues are princely. The Four Lings of Lhásá are Tan-gyal-ling, Kün-du-ling, Ts'e-chhok-ling, and Ts'omoi-ling; and the mighty Desi, or Regent of Lhásá, is always chosen from the heads of these establishments, subject, however, to the approval of the Emperor of China. The present Regent of Tibet is the abbot of Kün-du-ling, Lama Ta Ts'ak Rimpochhe.* The Meru Tá Chhoi dé is also an important monastery in the city.

PRIVY COUNCIL AND GOVERNMENT.

Lhásá is possessed of a Palace of Justice and Government Council Chamber, as august as in any other capital city. However, the same personages sit as privy councillors and as supreme judges; and in the same building, the Ká-shák. Moreover when we examine who the councillors are, we shall find that the government is not so exclusively clerical as is generally supposed.

The Council of the Grand Lama and Supreme Government is termed the Ká-shák Lhen-gyai, and consists of the Regent and five members, and *four* of these members (called *Ká-lön*) *must be laymen*. These laymen are usually chosen from among the higher military officers of Tibet. Their functions are executive and judicial. The representatives of the Emperor of China,

the two Ampans, have nominally no voice in the council, but influence its proceedings by pressure upon the Regent.

Popularly a member of council is known as a *Shá-pé*, and this is the title which used to puzzle people in the newspaper reports of our operations against the Tibetans. It means the "lotus-footed" (*Zhaba pad*), and is sometimes given to other high lay officials besides the Ká-löns. Any one of respectability appears to be allowed admission to the Council Hall to watch the deliberations of the members. There they sit, cross-legged on sofas, clad in long rich yellow silk robes and crowned with tall Mongol hats, with a large coral button in front. The inevitable tea-cup is beside each, and every now and then is solemnly replenished by a stately attendant. In other rooms the *dung-khor-pa*, or clerks, are at work. They are the civil servants of Tibet, and they, too, are imbibing tea in the same official manner. Again you may enter the offices of the Tibetan Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chhak-zo Chhempo. There are other clerks registering the receipts derivable from the land-tax, the traders' tax, the pig-tax, and other sources of revenue; and as so much of it is paid in kind, chiefly in butter, tea, and sheep, these accounts must be somewhat intricate.

We come forth from the Ká-shák, and are no sooner without than we are greeted with a shout. We hurry along, but find we are being pursued. A dozen men, with filthy hair and foul ragged garments, rush up, headed by a tall scarlet-clad ruffian in a yellow turban. We soon know that they are clamoring for alms and we had better comply. For these fellows are the dreaded Ro-gya-wa, the scavengers and corpse-finders of Lhásá, the pests of the newly-arrived. They have special charge of the Lhásá cemeteries, and live in filthy huts built entirely of the horns of slaughtered yaks and sheep. To these ghouls the bodies of the lower-class dead are delivered up. They carry them, with horrid cries, to the corpse-yards outside the city, where dogs and vultures are in waiting to rend and devour. The Ro-gya-wa bury the bones.—*Nineteenth Century*.

* Since Huc made use of the term, "all books on Tibet style the Regent the "Nomekhan of Tibet." The explanation of Huc's mistaken use of the term is, that when he visited Lhásá the Regent happened to be the Abbot of Ts'omoi-ling, whose sacred cognomen is Nomekhan, and hence he and others have supposed it to be the Regent's usual title always. The Regent's real title is the Desi or Sakyong.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN INTRODUCTION TO HISTORICAL STUDY.

GREAT LEADERS. HISTORIC PORTRAITS FROM THE GREAT HISTORIANS. Selected with Notes and brief Biographical Sketches. By G. T. Ferris. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

A great and discouraging difficulty to one who surveys a course of historical study, is the enormous range both in subjects and writers. The embarrassment of riches is bewildering. Of course to the special student, who proposes to investigate some particular field, and who has a large preparation for his work, there is no question of hesitation or selection. But to the general reader, fascinated with the most interesting and instructive of all branches of literature, the confusion is almost misleading. Many guides and helps have been issued from time to time, and the volume under notice, without professing any such purpose, may be classed under this head. The compiler seems to have been animated by the wish to furnish to the general reader a collection of delightful and fascinating extracts, rather than to contribute a clew of selection in the prosecution of a more elaborate investigation, but the book certainly contributes to the latter as well as to the former result. The title gives an excellent notion of the work. It is a collection of brilliant and vivid pictures, taken from the great historians of the world, which paint the personality and character of the great men of action—soldiers, statesmen, monarchs, religious leaders, etc., who have stamped themselves ineffaceably on the history of men. We are more deeply interested in the concrete than in the abstract, in what men do rather than in what they think. At least such is the case with those who are not professed students of the world's affairs. Certainly it is thought carried into action, which gives a definite impulse to progress. Following this idea the theory of the compiler has been to deal only with those characters who were men of action, even though in some cases they were thinkers and idealists as well. No reader of history with any flash of imagination ever fails to try to conceive for himself some notion of the appearance, the manner, the individuality of such men as Cæsar, Mohammed, William the Conqueror, Savonarola, Richelieu, Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Mirabeau, Napoleon, etc. It is this irresistible instinct that makes volumes of memoirs

and historical gossip so enchanting to the general reader. Mr. Ferris has borne this in mind in the selections he has given us ; and while he has often united with the picture of the man a graphic summary of what he did, it seems to have been the aim to use the latter only to throw light on the former.

It will be observed by those who have been to any extent historical students, that many great names have been omitted which might naturally have been included in a list of the world's great men. This is easily accounted for, when it is remembered that the purpose of the book seems to include the consideration of great authors as well as great topics. Many distinguished historians have written history on a plan which does not admit of brilliant pictures of individuals ; who study human records with that grave and austere spirit which cares for principles, the philosophy of social and political evolution, rather than for those agents who have been appointed by fate to carry them out. Again, historians have their favorites, on whom they lavish the highest excellence of their literary skill. A good example of this is the portrait of Queen Elizabeth by that most delightful of English historical writers, John Richard Green. When once asked by a friend what he would wish to have saved of his literary work, if all else should be destroyed, he answered at once, " My Portraiture of Queen Elizabeth." Into this his interest and sympathy poured the finest essence of his genius. The facts that some great men have not presented the most salient features for picturesque treatment, and that brilliant historians have lavished their powers on special subjects, as, for example, the case stated above, Macanlay's sketches of Cromwell and William III., Gibbon's picture of Mohammed, and Carlyle's study of Frederick the Great, will naturally account for the compiler's omission of some characters who would naturally belong to such a work.

In any case the reader will find ample material to gratify both his historic and literary taste. There are portraits of some eighty characters, to which twenty-five historians have contributed the most graphic efforts of their genius. The sketches are short, and may be considered the plums in the historical pudding. Aside from the interest of this book to the general reader, and its value as a stimulant to historical study, it will be found an

admirable supplementary reader for the use of high schools throughout the land. It is probable that the book will have a special value in this direction from the literary excellence and the variety of its contents, as also from its suggestiveness as an entering wedge and guide to further reading.

MORE ABOUT ALASKA.

THE NEW EL Dorado. A SUMMER JOURNEY TO ALASKA. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In spite of the fact that a quarter of a century has elapsed since Alaska came into possession of the United States, it is but little known to most readers, though several interesting books have been written about it. It is true that there are vast tracts of the Alaskan peninsula which have not been explored even by adventurous travellers, who in this age of the world take delight in attacking each new terra incognita, so far as such portions of the world still continue to exist. It may be assumed, however, that those sections of Alaska which offer any immediate inducements to the money-maker have been visited and surveyed. To the general conception this semi-arctic province of ours is a bleak, inhospitable waste, only notable on account of its fur and fishery interests. Such books as that before us serve a useful purpose in clearing away some misconceptions and helping us to realize the great importance of Mr. Seward's purchase, which people laughed at when the transaction was carried out. Alaska is the most extensive of the geographical divisions of the United States, and would make a dozen States as large as Texas. Its territorial jurisdiction covers groups of islands stretching far toward the Asiatic coast, and reaching a parallel of longitude as far west of San Francisco as this city is from the eastern boundary of the United States. Owing to the effect of the great Japan current, which modifies the whole climate of our Pacific coast, Alaska has a comparatively mild temperature even in the winter months, and it is by no means the barren and inclement wilderness which has been the prevalent impression. One of the great rivers of the world, almost rivalling the Mississippi and the Amazon, and discharging an enormous volume of water, the Yukon, flows through the vast domain. It is otherwise well watered, and magnificent forests are found everywhere except in the northern section. Southern Alaska is well fitted for agricultural purposes, though the territory in general will

never stand high in this category. In mines of gold, silver, iron, copper, and most important of all, coal, the resources of this region are magnificent, and only need that development which is sure to come to turn the eyes of thousands of adventurous people longingly thitherward. The working of the precious metals has already yielded remarkable results, and insures a great future in this kind of mining enterprise. The gold quartz formation of Alaska is said to be the richest in the world, and the Treadwell claim, valued at \$25,000,000, has the most expensive and complete quartz-crushing plant known. The coal-fields are immense, and promise to produce both in quantity and quality to an extent which alone would have made the acquisition desirable.

The remarkable fisheries furnish the special interest which has so far animated the associations of Alaska in the general view. It is not too much to say that the world has nothing like them. The Yukon and other streams are the greatest of all salmon rivers, and when the fisheries and canning facilities are fully developed, the yield will be almost beyond reasonable computation. The same may be said of the halibut and herring fisheries. The resources of the territory and of its adjacent waters would almost suffice to feed the world. Of the fur seal fisheries at the Pribiloff Islands we do not need to speak, as this portion of the territory and the interests connected with them have been much written about and discussed.

The growth of the territory has been much delayed, it seems, by Congressional neglect and laxity of the administration of such law as there is. It is said to be impossible to acquire a clear title to land, and mining rights are subject to similar drawbacks. The ordinary territorial laws are not in force, and it is intimated in Mr. Ballou's book that the condition of affairs in the territory is a most perplexing one, owing to what seems to be mere neglect and indifference. Our traveller's descriptions of what he saw are graphic, and if we can trust the enthusiastic narrative (which is justified by other accounts), the tourist here may look on the most unique and magnificent scenery in the world. This is specially the case with the glacial phenomena. Ice rivers rise three thousand feet above the sea, and extend three hundred feet below it, and from these tremendous frozen torrents, which are without a parallel, immense icebergs are continually being born. The study of the glacial phenomena of Alaska affords to the scientist the finest opportunity in the world, as was

shown recently in Professor Wright's "Ice-Age in North America." Mr. Ballou prophesies that when the great fascinations of the Alaska tour are fully realized by the public, it will be a favorite resort for the pleasure-seeker, as it unites so many novel and unique features and can be made with such comparative ease.

To the sportsman and the naturalist Alaska offers also very great attractions. If all the intimations of the author are true, it is in one respect the most remarkable region in the world. Mr. Ballou, though not speaking from personal knowledge, avows his disposition to believe that in the mysterious interior of Alaska there still lurk living examples of the Siberian mammoth, or of a creature very similar to it. The statement is made on the authority of ex-Governor Swineford and of Mr. Fowler, late agent of the Alaska Fur Company. Both these gentlemen believe in the marvelous story, and put it somewhat as follows: "There exists a huge species of animals believed to be representatives of the supposed extinct mammoths, found in herds not far from the headquarters of the Snake River on the interior plateaus of Alaska. The natives call them bigteeth from the size of their ivory tusks. Some of these, weighing over two hundred pounds each, were from animals so lately killed as to have still some flesh upon them, and were purchased by Mr. Fowler, who brought them to the coast. These mammoths are said to average twenty feet in height and over thirty feet in length, in many respects resembling elephants, the body being covered with long coarse reddish hair. The eyes are larger, the ears smaller, the trunk longer and more slender than those of the average elephant. The two tusks which Mr. Fowler brought away with him each measured fifteen feet in length."

The inference drawn from the facts would not have been so convincing to Mr. Ballou, Governor Swineford, and Mr. Fowler, had they recalled the accounts of the vast quantities of the bones of the *elephas primigenius* found in the northern portions of European and Asiatic Russia, and the fact that in some cases frozen carcasses were found almost untouched by decay or carnivorous attack, preserved for thousands of years in their graves of snow and ice. Such is probably the true inwardness of the Alaskan mammoth story. The fact that the mastodon is the typical fossil monster form of the elephant kind found in North America does not lessen the possibility of the mammoth in Alaska. Geologists are satisfied that

during the period preceding the glacial epoch there was a much warmer arctic climate, and that the land connection between Asia and America permitted free passage of the fauna back and forth.

Mr. Ballou gives us no end of interesting information about a variety of matters connected with Alaska, and has used his eyes with the skill and alertness of the trained observer, besides acquiring a great mass of information at second hand. It is but just to say, however, that in the latter case Mr. Ballou has taken pains as far as possible to verify statements. Not the least interesting portion of the work is that relating to the various Indian tribes of Alaska, their manners, customs, etc. They differ materially in many cases from the other red races of North America, and bear strong racial and physiological affinities with some of the tribes of Eastern Asia. They vary widely among themselves, and have very quaint customs and superior natural intelligence. In no way do they markedly resemble that other race of arctic savages familiar to us, the Esquimaux.

Readers will find in Mr. Ballou's spirited and painstaking narrative much excellent matter to digest, and it differs from most books of travel in carrying us to a comparatively novel field.

A GREAT ENGLISH NOVELIST.

JANE AUSTEN. By Mrs. Charles Malden. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The name of Jane Austen will always stand among the English classics, though with this generation she is more talked about than read. It is not probable that one in a score of cultivated people has ever read a single novel of this writer, who in her day and the period immediately succeeding enjoyed a reputation unique of its kind. The cordial testimony to her genius from all her own contemporaries, including such great men as Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Landor, and others, has been echoed in more recent times by the best judges. Her novels, however, are marked by the style and methods of a bygone period, and their limitations were the defect of the quality which marks the type of their excellence. Miss Austen was the daughter of an English clergyman, and was born in 1775. In spite of a goodly share of beauty, she remained single, and devoted the latter years of her life to literature, which she pursued with unremitting zeal to the year of her death in 1817.

All of her books published during her life were given to the world anonymously, although her identity became known. The first that gained distinct popular favor was "Sense and Sensibility," published in 1811. Then followed in rapid succession, "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," the last of which was written the year before her death. "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion," published after the author's death, were among her earlier and weaker productions. Miss Austen's characters and descriptions have the beauty and finish of the most finely cut cameo, and show the file-marks of the severest labor. Her delineations of the English domestic life of her time and discrimination of feminine character are so masterly that no novelist has ever surpassed her in this field. So true is this, that it has been said that the social life of England could be reconstructed were all other records of that time swept away. Miss Austen herself, unlike most novelists, had the most modest appreciation of her work. Her opinion of one of her novels was "a little bit of ivory two inches wide," on which she worked "with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labor." This extreme delicacy and minuteness of touch would no doubt make her tedious to novel readers of today, accustomed to the bold, broad, free-hand work of our contemporary school, but it formed the basis of the admiration which people of Miss Austen's time had for her work, and which many persons of fine art susceptibilities still feel to-day.

Mrs. Malden has given us an interesting sketch of Miss Austen's life, the interest of which was curtailed within such narrow boundaries. The different novels by which she is best known are carefully studied, and the biographer displays nice taste and gift of analysis in showing us the beauties so much admired by Miss Austen's contemporaries.

TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA.

LITERARY LANDMARKS. A Guide to Good Reading for Young People and Teacher's Assistant. By Mary E. Burt, Teacher of Literature, Cook County Normal School, Englewood, Ill. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The author has given the public the benefit of twenty years' experience in the school-room in the preparation of this little manual. The purpose is to guide young readers and students in the line whereby they shall obtain the most valuable results with the least waste of time and effort. The great amount of desultory

reading, which even earnest young students find themselves betrayed into, is a fact which we all recognize. Miss Burt has made a study of the characteristics of the average pupil, and has striven to give such advice as will smooth their way into the paths of the best literature. Works of the Creative Imagination, Scientific Reading, History and Biography and Utilitarian Reading are considered in different sections, and many valuable suggestions thrown out. Miss Burt has given us what may be in many cases a useful manual, and it should find an appreciative public both among teachers and scholars.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE new edition of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates" was published. It has been thoroughly corrected and considerably enlarged, and is calculated to comprise about 10,000 distinct articles, and 120,000 dates and facts, embracing the history of the world to the autumn of 1889.

THE public library at Berlin has recently acquired two mss., one of Remigius, *Super Matheum*, of the tenth to the eleventh century, and the other containing the Commentaries of Eustathios and others on the Nikomachean Ethics of Aristotle. The first ms. is of special importance, since only one copy of the work, written in the sixteenth century, has hitherto been known, and even this is now lost. The second ms., which is of the fifteenth century, will be of service for the edition of the Commentators on Aristotle which is being prepared by the Berlin Academy. The two mss. come from the collection of Carlo Morbio, which was lately offered for sale at Leipzig. The University of Halle secured 400 parchment mss. for its library from this sale, some of them belonging to the tenth century, and containing much material for the history of Germany and Austria. A number of Italian mss. in the collection, which possess a special interest for the historians of German law, have been purchased for the Jurists' Library at Leipzig.

PROFESSOR MASSON'S new edition of De Quincey's collected works is well forward at press, and we believe the first volume of the series, consisting of fourteen volumes, will be issued at the end of next month. This new edition will contain the most complete and systematically classified collection of De Quincey's writ-

ings that has been yet issued, containing several most admirable papers long overlooked. The volumes will be suitably illustrated with portraits, etc.

THE Emperor of Austria has the praiseworthy habit of giving a valuable diamond ring to those doctors of philosophy who, both at school and at the university, pass through all their classes with the highest distinction—those who are at the top throughout their career. The Vienna scholar who is editing the "Romance of Sir Degrevant" for the Early English Text Society, Dr. Luick, is one of the latest recipients of this mark of his Emperor's esteem. "Ring-giver" was a favorite epithet for old Teutonic heroes. The Austrian Emperor is surely entitled to it.

THE library committee of the corporation of London have been empowered by the court of common council to devote a sum not exceeding £1000 to the production of a new work in two volumes, illustrating, so far as may be from the city's own archives, the history of the city of London from the earliest times. The object of the work is to show the pre-eminent position occupied by the city of London, and the important function it has exercised in the shaping and making of England, the distinctive feature of the history being a record of the lives and deeds of those remarkable men who have filled in succession through seven centuries the highest civic office to which it is possible to attain, and an illustration of the influence of London and its lord mayors at many of the most critical periods of English history.

THE *Tarık*, a Turkish newspaper at Constantinople, recently contained a letter from Ahmed Ata Oollah, Professor of Arabic at the Mussulman School of Kimberley in the South African diamond fields. There is a large body of English Mussulmans at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, the descendants of Malay seamen, and they have founded this offshoot. Their language is English, but they are provided with mollahs and Arabic teachers from Constantinople.

It is not often that the life of a journalist, and especially of a journalist who died under forty, can afford materials for a formal biography. But we are glad to learn (says the *Academy*) that the task has been undertaken in the case of James Macdonell, whose work was better known than his name in connection with the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times*. His only acknowledged writings appeared a few

months after his death, having been edited by his widow under the title "France since the First Empire" (1879); and some account of his early upbringing in "An Aberdeenshire Village Propaganda," published only a few weeks ago. But the story of his life will now be told by his friend, the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, who has had ample documents placed at his disposal by the family. The book will not only be valuable as tracing the career of a brilliant journalist, but will also contain reminiscences and notes of many eminent men of letters with whom James Macdonell was intimate. It will be published before the end of the year.

MR. MAX O'RELL is going to lecture again next winter in the United States. He sails on January 1st.

THE death is announced of Miss Eliza Cook, whose poems have for some fifty years enjoyed great popularity in England and in the United States. Her first volume was "Melania, and Other Poems," issued in 1840. In 1849 the vogue her writings had obtained induced her to start a weekly periodical called *Eliza Cook's Journal*. In 1854, however, it was discontinued, owing to the editor's ill health. Miss Cook did not print much after her "New Echoes" in 1864; but the sale of her poems was steady, and her publishers, Messrs. Warne, have continued, it is understood, to pay her handsome royalties down to the present time.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have made arrangements to supplement their "Epochs of Modern History," by a short series of books treating of the history of America, which will be published—in England and the United States—under the general title "Epochs of American History." The series will be under the editorship of Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, assistant professor of history in Harvard College. Each volume will contain about 250 pages, with full marginal analysis, working bibliographies, maps, introductions, and index. The volumes in preparation are: "The Colonies" (1492-1763), by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin; "Formation of the Union" (1763-1829), by the editor of the series; "Division and Re-union" (1829-1889), by Woodrow Wilson, professor of history and political economy in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

PROFESSOR GUSTAV STORM has reprinted from the *Memoirs* of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of the North an interesting paper of sixty-four pages, written in English, on "The Vine-

land Voyages." (Copenhagen : Thiele ; Christiania : Cammermeyer.) He begins by discrediting the astronomical calculations which have been used to place Vineland as far south as Rhode Island. He then examines the extant accounts, distinguishing between the early Icelandic, which he regards as historical, and the mythical embellishments of the later Sagas. Examining the former in detail, he is disposed to identify Helleland with Labrador, Markland with Newfoundland, and Vineland itself with Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. He argues that the descriptions of the sixteenth century are consistent with the Icelandic story of wild grapes and wild corn, which latter he identifies not with maize but with wild rice. The aboriginal inhabitants, called Skraelings by the Icelanders, he would identify, not with Esquimaux, but with the Indian tribe of Micmacs. Finally, he discusses the legend of a "Great Ireland" six days sail west of Ireland. This he regards as having grown out of an Irish tradition about Iceland itself, distorted by Icelandic skippers who had heard it in Ireland. Altogether, Professor Storm's paper is a very valuable contribution to a subject of perennial interest.

ADVANTAGE of Nasiru'd-din Shah's late visit to England has been taken by Messrs. Griffiths and Rogers, the joint authors of "In Persia's Golden Days," to dedicate to that monarch a small volume in eighteen short chapters, describing the career of one of his Majesty's "predecessors on the illustrious throne of Persia," Khusrau Parwiz. The reign of the said prince, who flourished in the seventh century of our era, is so rich in historical incident that it is hard to say which are really its salient points. Among those which can the more readily be recalled, it may be noted that, after dethroning his own father, and suffering loss of land and prestige from the invasion of Bahram Chobin (the Varanes of Greek writers), he entered into a league with the Greek Emperor Maurice, who gave him his daughter in marriage, and helped him to clear his country of invaders and rebels. He overran Syria, took possession of Jerusalem, conquered Egypt and part of Asia Minor, and established a camp on the Bosphorus. His contemptuous rejection of Mohammedanism, when invited to accept the new religion, and his love for the beautiful Shirin are, perhaps, the passages in his public life more generally present to the memories of Orientals *en masse*, and are specially dwelt upon in the *brochure* under notice. But that only two of the 189 pages of this narra-

tive should be given to the episode of the devoted Farhád is regrettable. Such treatment, however applicable to history, is unsatisfactory in romance ; and as the last is unquestionably the style affected by the authors of this book, we think they would have been amply warranted in making the sculptor of Bésitán a more important personage in the drama. Farhád and Shirin are a couple of names which represent one of the most deeply rooted of Persian love legends, and give the title to a poem (*masnavi*) by Mir 'Akil, surnamed Kausari, a Saiyid of Hamadan in the seventeenth century. Upon the whole, there is instruction as well as entertainment to be derived from the perusal of this small and unpretending volume, but it would have been greatly improved by some kind of preface or introduction, enlightening the reader on the sources of the story related, and showing to what extent fiction has been introduced into the record of truth.

THE Eighth International Congress of Orientalists was opened on Monday, September 2d, at Stockholm, by the King of Sweden and Norway in person. The meeting was held in the largest room of "Riddarhuset," the Palace of the Nobility, which presented a scene far more brilliant and varied than is usual in gatherings of scholars. Besides the presence of several members of the royal family and of the *corps diplomatique*, characteristic interest was added to the scene by the national costumes of the Oriental members, as well as by the academical dress worn, more especially by representatives of English and of Dutch universities, in accordance with the desire of the committee. His Majesty opened the proceedings with a short and admirably expressed speech of welcome, and was followed by M. d'Ehrenheim, the President of the Congress, and by Count Landberg, the General Secretary, to whose exertions the success of the present gathering has been mainly due. The last named speaker concluded a somewhat long discourse by the announcement of the award of the prizes and honors conferred in connection with Semitic literature. The King of Sweden had in 1886 announced two prizes for competition in this branch of Oriental research. No essays, however, were submitted from Europe, owing to the difficulty, in the present state of this branch of research, of adequately treating the subjects, which were (1) the history of Semitic literature and (2) Arab civilization before Mohammed. Of the several Oriental competitors only one, Shaikh

Al-Alusi, of Baghdad, was deemed worthy of mention, a medal being awarded to him. His Majesty, however, took the opportunity of bestowing gold medals on two distinguished scholars whose published works had been considered to be the most valuable extant productions relating to the subjects proposed. The first medal was accordingly awarded to Professor Noeldeke, of Strasburg, and was handed to the German Ambassador, as the professor's delicate health had prevented his attending in person. The second was received amid great applause by Dr. Ignaz Goldziher, of Buda-Pesth. Professor de Goeje, of Leyden, also received a decoration from the Khedive in recognition of his well-known services to Arabic literature by the publication of his *magnum opus*, *At-Tabari*. The head of the firm of the publishers of the same work, Mr. van Oordt (Brill & Co., Leyden), was similarly honored. The sitting was somewhat unduly prolonged by the speeches of the foreign delegates, some countries being represented by several speakers, not all of whom followed the happy example of brevity set by the royal chairman. Much interest was felt by English and Anglo-Indian members in a speech from Jivanji Modi, the Parsi delegate, who concluded an oration in Zend (perhaps the first instance of the employment of that language on a public occasion in Europe) by some remarks in English eminently characteristic of the enthusiastic native of India. His Majesty was probably not a little surprised to hear himself suddenly apostrophized, "O thou monarch of the North . . . mayest thou be rich in health, wealth, and progeny!"

MISCELLANY.

THE RELIEF OF MISERY.—Property in one shape or another (wife, child, food, house, land) is the object of all the needs, passions, and instincts aforesaid. It is the origin of all human community, whether it is seen in wandering tribes or the complex organism of cities. The economic system that obtains in every town has grown up out of it as naturally and certainly as the oak from the acorn; and though that system may be hateful for some of its attendant results, it is as useless to cavil at it as it would be to scout that awful law of nature which gives every living thing a prey to some other. The economic system under which the daily affairs of this world are carried on does undoubtedly leave a vast number of blameless creatures in misery so great that

they might almost as well have been left in barbarism. But no other system is possible, none can ever be, till the needs, the instincts, the passions of which it is the outcome suffer some such change as the Believer looks for after death. But that unalterable state of things does not leave us altogether hopeless or remediless quite. Human kindness, fellow-feeling, is also a growth of human association, and it is growing still. Religion has been its great inspirer; but though religion is said to be dying out in all the more civilized communities, I see no decadence in sympathy for suffering, but more and more desire to redress the miseries of the poor and a greater readiness to think of them as wrongs. Societies are but units drawn together by the need of mutual help and forbearance. The stimulus originated, both branches of it, in pure selfishness, but it has not stopped there. Mutual help and forbearance have gone some way beyond the selfishness that determined their adoption when savagery began to take thought; and I do not know what bounds might be set to their extension if the existence of every community, like the life of every man, were not too short for any near approach to perfection. But neither is it of any use to sit down and mourn over that fact. Let us do what we can upon the solid grounds of hope and endeavor that lie beneath our feet, and leave the rest to whatever denies us more. As units we are drawn together into societies based from end to end on a footing that cannot be changed, because we ourselves cannot be changed altogether at one and the same time. But though society cannot destroy and rebuild itself on any better design, the individual heart and conscience does become more pained and more oppressed by the miseries that no human law can abolish; and as ever-multiplying units of pity working on neighboring units of distress, like atom upon atom in the physical world, the good we may do in the mass is no small thing. I hear of a religion of humanity which I do not understand; I know of a religion of humanity (consonant with every wholesome creed, and more than consonant with the Christian faith) which has no more to do with the State than the Wesleyan Connection has, and yet one from which everything may be hoped that human nature is capable of, and nothing feared. It is in existence, it is advancing, and it has taken such a hold in this country that to preach it is one of the most hopeful things as well as the most blessed thing that can be done.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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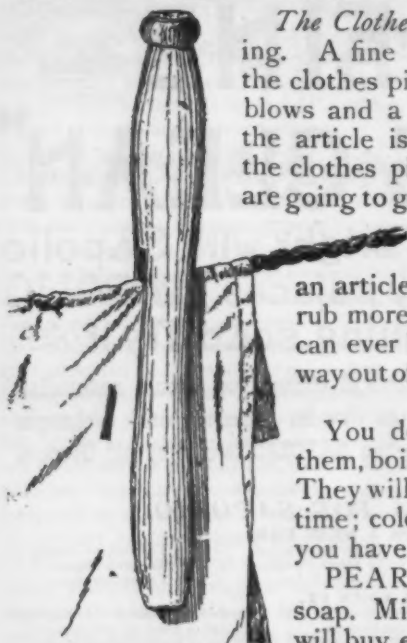
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PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE PARIS SEWERS.—After one of the Congresses recently held in Paris, a large party interested in hygiene, led by M. Bechmann, engineer in chief of Paris, visited the large sewers that run from the Place de la Madeleine to the Châtelet. In barges and in a sort of tramway they travelled through underground Paris. The sewers were illuminated by many lamps and also by electricity. The barges were supplied with cushioned seats, the ladies came in elegant toilettes, and so that they should not soil their dresses, the steps down into the sewers were carpeted. As an engineering feat these palatial sewers, as they have been so justly described, are certainly most remarkable, and well worth a visit. From the Châtelet the members of the Congress were conveyed in comfortable brakes to the sewage farm of Gennevillier. At Clichy they stopped to see the pumping machines, which lift a third of the sewage and send it over the river in an iron pipe to Gennevillier, where it is used to irrigate 750 hectares of market gardens. The remainder will in course of time be sent to Archères and to Méry. In the meanwhile, two-thirds of the Paris sewage still falls into the Seine at Asnières, and the members of the Congress were able to witness how it fouls the waters of the river. They then went over the sewage farm, admired the vegetables, ate some of the fruit, and drank the beautiful clear water derived from the sewage of Paris. It contained, they were assured, a smaller number of microbes than the best spring water, the Vannes water supplied to the town of Paris.

ELECTRICITY IN LIGHTING.—President Henry Morton, in his article on "Electricity in Lighting," in the August *Scribner's*, will describe the actual processes of manufacturing dynamos and incandescent lights as carried on in some of the largest factories in this country. The illustrations add very much to these descriptions, as they are made from instantaneous photographs taken while the men and women are at work.

A WATER RAILWAY.—The correspondent of the *Daily News* (London) at Paris gives an account of a "water railway," or "slide railway," which has been erected at the Exhibition. It seems that it is a "singularly original" contrivance for enabling trains to run, by means of water power at a speed hitherto undreamt of. The train consisted of four carriages, affording accommodation for about 100 passengers. The carriages had no wheels, being supported at the corners by blocks of iron of a size somewhat larger than a brick, which rested upon a double line of iron girders. In the middle of the line at regular intervals jutted out irregularly shaped pillars, the use of which was not apparent. The correspondent says: We glided along very gently for the space of a few yards, when suddenly we gathered speed; two or three tugs were felt, and we were flying along at the pace of an ordinary train, but as smoothly as a boat on the river. There was a clicking noise on the rails, due to a defect in the construction of the slides. The absence of any vibration, shaking or "tail motion" was wonderful. A slight jerk there was at regular intervals; but then, again, it was said that it was due merely to the shortness of the course and the inability to get up a proper pace. In a hydraulic train travelling at full speed—that is to say, at the rate of 144 to 200 kilometres, or 87 to 124 miles an hour—there would be almost no consciousness of motion. The journey down the length of the Esplanade only occupied a few seconds. The "slide railway" was, it seems, invented by M. Girard some years ago, and it has been improved by his assistant, M. Barre. The slides are, it appears, water-formed, and there is, consequently, little friction; but the "clicking" noise to which the correspondent refers is caused by the turning on of the taps as the train reaches the irregularly shaped pillars. The correspondent has evidently been told that a water train "running at one hundred miles an hour could be pulled up within thirty yards."

THE PLEIADES.—The little group of stars in the constellation of the Bull, known as the Pleiades, has attracted the attention of star gazers from the time of Job. Keen eyes on clear nights could just catch sight of seven stars, a mystic number, which perhaps had something to do with "the sweet influences" which this group of little stars were supposed to possess. Job's question, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?" (Job xxxviii. 31) seems to be a poetic way of saying, Canst thou stop the rotation of the vault of heaven, and keep the lucky little group of seven stars in the ascendant for any time you may desire to be fortunate?—*Knowledge*.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR A PENNY.—One of the latest novelties in the application of electricity has recently been fitted to the cars of an English railway line. The apparatus is conveniently placed just above the head of the passenger and is contained in a small box about 5 inches long and 3 inches wide, in which is a five-candle-power light. To obtain the desired illumination a penny is dropped in a slot in the top of the box, and by a subsequent pressure of a knob the current is turned on, giving a light that will last half an hour, at the end of which it is automatically extinguished.

A second push button affords a means of putting out the light at the will of the passenger. Should the light be desired for a longer time than half an hour, a penny dropped in at the end of that interval will suffice. Should the instrument be out of order the penny drops right through and comes out at the bottom of the box, so that it can be recovered, and the same result happens in the case of any coin other than a penny. Each carriage is fitted with an accumulator for supplying the electricity. The invention has been found to add greatly to the comfort of passengers, and is very much superior to the lamp formerly in use, screens being supplied to prevent the light interfering with those who do not care to use it.

THE TELEPHONE IN THE FRENCH NAVY.—Some interesting experiments are about to be carried out at Cherbourg with the view of testing the possibility of establishing telephonic communication between vessels forming part of the same fleet at sea. It is stated that a preliminary trial which took place recently demonstrated the fact that a torpedo-boat can be kept in communication with the command afloat and receive direct

orders as to where to steer and how to act in general operation. The result of further experiments will doubtless be watched with considerable interest in English naval circles.

Electrical Review.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FEAT.—A very unique photographic feat has just been accomplished in New York. Every yard on the banks of the Hudson River between New York and Albany has been photographed from mid-stream. Upwards of eight hundred negatives were taken, and from these process blocks were made, the result being a volume so arranged that the shores are on each side and the river in the centre. Such a project would probably entail too much labor and expense so far as the Thames is concerned, but what a picture it would present of the greatest city in the world could it be carried out!—*Photographic News*.

A PLAN FOR GETTING RID OF MOSQUITOES.—Robert H. Lamborn has placed in the hands of Morris K. Jesup, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, the sum of \$200, to be paid in three prizes of \$150, \$30, and \$20, for the three best essays on the destruction of mosquitoes and flies by other insects. It is suggested that the dragon fly is an active, voracious and harmless "mosquito hawk," and that it might, if artificially multiplied, diminish the numbers of the smaller insects. A practical plan is called for in the breeding of the dragon fly or other such destroyer in large numbers, and its use in the lava, pupa, or perfect state for the destruction of mosquitoes and flies in houses, cities and neighborhoods.

NEW EDITION OF LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.—We learn from the London letter in the New York Times that a most unexpected literary novelty is announced in England in the form of a new series of letters by the famous Lord Chesterfield. "The correspondence in question is considerably later in date than the celebrated letters to his son, and was addressed to his cousin and heir, the fifth earl through the death of his grandson in 1871, who caught typhoid fever at the same shooting party which nearly killed the Prince of Wales. These old letters passed to his sister, Lady Carnarvon. They are now prepared for the press by Lord Carnarvon, and are said to be quite as remarkable and valuable in a way as their classic predecessors."



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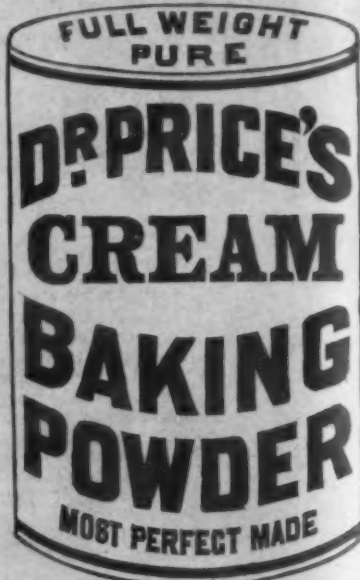
will send one-half dozen bottles for

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